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DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.

THE

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A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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DEDICATED

TO

PROFESSOR DUNCAN M. McEACHRAN, MONTREAL, CANADA,

A DISTINGUISHED SON OF KINTYRE,

Whose love for his native land and its people, literature, and antiquities, has been manifested in many useful ways.

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Printer, GLASGOW.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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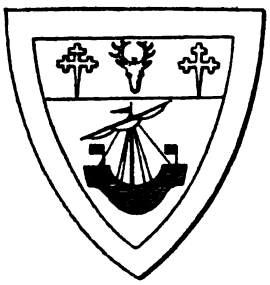
DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.



We are pleased to be able to present our readers this month with a portrait of Mr. Donald MacGillivray, who has just been elected as Honorary Secretary of the Gaelic Society of London.

Few Highlanders are better known among his countrymen south of the border than the subject of this sketch. A son of the late Mr. John Macgillivray, schoolmaster, Muir of Ord, he was born at Highfield, Ross-shire, in 1871. Leaving home in 1887, he went to Inverness, where he served for three years as a pupil with Mr. Duncan Cameron, architect and surveyor. From Inverness Mr. Macgillivray proceeded to Lancashire in 1890. During his two years in Blackburn he succeeded in rallying his fellow Scots and was mainly instrumental in founding the Blackburn Caledonian Society, which still exists and flourishes. But Blackburn to the young Highlander was merely a stepping stone on the road to London, and in November of 1892 he came to the metropolis, and at once threw himself into the Highland movement. It speaks volumes for Mr. Macgillivray's charm of manner and the contagion of his enthusiasm, that in practically six months after his arrival in London, he founded the London Highland Athletic Club, of which he was honorary secretary and treasurer, and of the associated annual Highland Gathering, until February, 1898, when, to the great regret of the Club and of his friends generally, he had to resign on account of his health. Mr. Macgillivray, however, as chairman of committee, still guides in a great measure the destinies of the Club. The subject of this sketch is himself no mean athlete, being able to throw the 16 lb. hammer well over 100 feet. He is equally at home on the dancing platform, where he has taken first honours on more than one occasion.

Mr. Macgillivray has also served as captain and honorary captain of the London Camanachd Club, is a member of committee of the London Inverness-shire Association, and was one of the committee of the Highland Societies which presented Colonel Macdonald, of Omdurman fame, with a sword of honour.

For eight years Mr. Macgillivray wore the Queen's uniform as a volunteer, having served in the 1st V.B. Cameron Highlanders, as well as in London's crack corps, the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers.

But though a keen and enthusiastic Highlander, athlete, and volunteer, Mr. Macgillivray has been by no means neglectful of his professional interests. High as his name stands among his countrymen for his work connected with the societies, his name is more distinguished still as an architect. On many occasions his designs and schemes have secured large premiums and taken first places in open competitions. Among other public buildings, he designed the Hammersmith Town Hall and the Leyton Town Hall and Technical Institute. He also secured a premium for his design for the Bury Art Gallery and Technical Institute. Mr. Macgillivray is now entrusted with the designs, etc., for the public buildings of at least two of the London Vestries.

Such then is a brief sketch of Mr. Donald Macgillivray, but it is at best but a fragmentary outline of the career of one of the cleverest young Highlanders in the metropolis, a man whom his friends expect to do greater things yet. All who know him admit his charm of manner, his courtesy, and his modesty, both as regards his work for the societies and his professional work, and it is these traits which endear him to the hearts of his many friends.

The London Gaelic Society is to be heartily congratulated on the election of Mr. Macgillivray as honorary secretary of their ancient society. A Gaelic scholar, a gentleman, a man of brains, of infinite tact, he will make an ideal secretary, and we are sure that under his regime the annual Gaelic concert will increase in popularity and the society flourish even more than of yore.

WM. C. GALBRAITH.

ROB DEARG'S WAY OF IT.

A SUTHERLAND ROMANCE.

'THERE be three things that are heartsome to hear—the sound of the sea, the cry of the whaup, and the soughing of wind in the trees. But it is far I am from them all. *Och, och!* to smell the peat reek, the heather and the sea-wrack, to see the hinds creeping down the side of the corries in the mouth of day! Aye, Rob Dearg, it is fain you would be on the hills this night, where the cold clean winds are blowing."

So Rob Dearg Mac-Aoidh kept whispering to himself as he lay in a garret far from Strath Terry. Three full years had he lived in the towns of the south, working in places where his ears were deaved with the whirl of wheels, and the air was for ever full of evil smells and the sound of strange tongues. But always his heart was turning to the hills and the glens he had left far away, and through his dreams there passed the image of a woman's face, with the eyes of her full of tears. Night after night he lay down in his poor room, and night after night the woman's face seemed to beckon him. The big red man would groan in his lonesomeness, and stare up through the skylight in the dark, where he could see the stars twinkling.

LAIRG, AND LOCH SHIN.

And his thought was the same thought always —Mairi, Mairi!

Rob Dearg was the strapping lad. Fine did he know the salmon pools on the Shin river, and the corries far up the sides of Clebrig. There was no lad about Lairg who was more namely for the quickstep and reel. But in the heat of words which he had one summer night with Paraig Gunn over Mairi, Rob Dearg took the way for the south, and next day the eyes of Mairi were red with the weeping.

Hot is the Highland heart in love, and hotter still when love is slighted.

So for three years Rob stayed in the south, working by day in the din of wheels, and playing wild pranks by night. But one day there came to him the sound of a woman's weeping, sore and long and low. The clatter o' wheels could not silence the sound. Rob tried to put it away from him, but every time he tried the vision of Mairi's face rose up with the terror on it. Then he knew that it was Mairi's voice that he heard at the weeping. She was in trouble, and she was crying for him. And only those whose home is among the hills will ever know the power of the Vision, or the meaning of the sound of a weeping voice heard through the loudest clatter that is. So Rob knew that his time had come, and that not all the foolish pride in his heart that had sent him off to the

south could stand against it. He was in the trouble then, and rising up where he was at work, he flung down his tools, and marched out into the street without a word, and with a queer look on the face of him. There is one thing that never dies in the soul of a man, and that is stronger than all the other things in the world to him—it is the thought of the woman he has loved. There can be no forgetting of that.

Through the crowds of strange folks he wandered hour after hour, like one in a dream. The spring sunshine was trying to break through the grime and smoke of the foul town, and when a shaft of it fell on Rob Dearg's face he smiled a weary-like smile, and saw, in his dreaming, the same shaft of light striking Strath Oykell—the fairest strath, with the fairest river, in the north. Beautiful are the hills of home to the Highland heart, but beautiful beyond all knowing are the mountains of Sutherland to a Gunn or a Mackay when he stands upon the high ground above Invershin, and views the great Kyle of Sutherland stretching far up between the bonny pine clad hills, until the bens of the west rise like a mighty rampart against the sky. The Oykell river, broad and full, comes winding down in the sunshine, sparkling and gleaming and flashing between the fertile banks and holmlands. The pine trees rise above the pasture grounds—their bosky depths touched

THE WATCH HILL, TONGUE, SUTHERLAND.

everywhere with the tender green of the larches —and then they lose themselves in the moors that run, clear cut and sharp, against the sky line. Aye, it is on Oykellside that the sky can be bluer and the clouds snowier in the clear spring weather than on any other spot on earth. And it was to Oykell and Shinside that the face was beckoning Rob Dearg as he wandered through the crowd. The longer he dreamed the wilder grew his hunger for home. He saw the clean-run salmon leaping in the falls, and heard the young lambs *meh-ing* on the hillsides. Suilven and Clebrig, and Loyal and Hope—their very names seemed to come in a whisper from the lips of the woman whose face was wet with the weeping.

"Here's good-bye to pride," cried Rob, as he stood stock still at a crossing, "and it's the road for Lairg I maun be taking."

He turned round and set his face to the north.

. . . . . .

When Rob Dearg found himself standing on the road two miles from Lairg, he lifted up his face and let the caller winds blow about him. For three wearisome years he had dreamed of this very road, and now he could see the Shin river rushing below at his feet.

"Enough o' yon for me! The glen will be seeing my back no more. And Mairi—she did beckon to me, and now I will go and find her."

When Rob had got the length of the church which stands on the height across the water, he met Angus the stone-breaker.

"Blessings on us, Rob Mac-Aoidh, but is it you I am seeing?"

Angus had on his blacks.

"Aye, Angus, the air of the towns was choking me, and it is back to Shinside I am for a breath o' the clean winds."

"You heard the news, Rob?"

"What news, Angus? You glower as if the fear was on you. Speak, man!"

"God keep us, he does not know!"

"What is't, Angus? Why have you on your blacks? Speak! Who's away?"

"It is Mairi, Rob."

And the colour went slowly out of Rob Dearg's face, until it was as grey as a granite stone. He waited for more. And Angus jerked the bad news out.

"They said you were not caring for her, Rob, and she dwined away. I am just new come from the kirkyard. God, how he looks!"

For Rob Dearg stood glaring in the middle of the road like a very *bòchdan*, and he shook from head to foot with the bitter remorse that was creeping over his soul.

"Angus," he hissed at last, "was it Paraig Gunn that did it with his black lies?"

"It was Paraig with his lies."

"Tell me what he said, Angus. Quick!"

"He was miscalling you, Rob, for a low fellow to Mairi, yon night. The lass was so scared with the foul lies he put on you that in her fright she broke her trysting wi' you. And then when Paraig was going up to the shielings he met you and told you that the lass had spoken shame of you to his face. You will be knowing the rest yourself, Rob, for you were up and away to the south, and her crying for you all the time. And Paraig Gunn has been dandling a bairn on his knee these two years back!"

"*Amadain dhoill*! O, blind fool, blind fool that I am! Let me go, Angus; let me go!"

For Angus, in his distress for the red man, had taken hold of him by the arm.

Then Rob Dearg went striding along the road with a look of white death on the face of him. On past the big house in the trees he went, round the corner and through the village, looking neither to right nor left. The folks saw who it was, but when they saw the look on the white face of him they drew back with a start.

Then he began to go up the road to the kirkyard, which stands on the hill. With the glazy look still in his eyes, he opened the gate and stepped into the place of graves, where the great grey monument stands in memory of Sir James, the good laird. And in a corner near the wall he found a new made grave. But the grief of the sore heart belongs to none but him who grieves. It is not ours that we should look on it.

. . . . . .

Calm and still fell the gloaming that night. The hills were lying asleep in the early twilight —which is the borderland of shadows betwixt the day and night. And Rob Dearg took the path that many a lover has taken, in dool and in glee, up the side of the hill that rises from the Strath Terry road. There is a scaur of rock above the woods, and from it you can see the calm waters of Loch Shin lying below you, while away to the right the road over the Crask to Alt-na-harra stretches like a thin white ribbon across the moors. It was to this black rock that Rob began to climb. The heather was dry and springy there, and it was three years since he had seen that picture of the hills of home spread beneath his eye.

But when he got above the trees and turned his eyes to the Black Scaur, standing high and sharp against the sky, he heard the sound of voices. Then a child cried. He paused and looked round. But he could see no man or child.

Up again he went, with a wild pain at his heart, and far away a whaup sent its lonely cry across the hills.

Then Rob paused again. He was above the black rock now, and had only to turn to the right and walk down the heather to be on the top of the crag.

Near the rock face he saw a man sitting with a woman by his side. Behind them a bairn lay sprawling and cooing on the heather. The man laughed on a sudden. It was Paraig Gunn. And the woman at his side was the mother of his bairn—the cooing bairn that lay in the heather all unconscious that Rob Dearg's eyes were on it.

The pain at Rob's heart came near choking him. Like a snake, he began to creep down the heather to the place where the wee one lay. In an instant he had the child in his arms, and before it could cry out he had rushed past the man and woman, and stood on the edge of the cliff, holding the child out in his right arm above the tree tops far below.

The woman shrieked, and the man rose to his feet deathly white.

"Paraig Gunn, you have killed one woman with your black lies, and you have put a shame on me that is worse than the shame of death."

"But the bairn, Rob Dearg, what ill has it done? For the love o' God and it's mother here, spare the bairn and do to me as you will. Come back from the cliff. Back, Rob, back!"

"Paraig Gunn," said Rob with a laugh, "if

JOHN MURDOCH.

you would save your bairn, strip your back bare, and give the woman there your belt. Kneel down, man of lies, and until the woman has scarred your back with the leather thong, your bairn hangs betwixt life and death. Quick, Paraig. And you, woman, if you would spare your bairn, see that you spare not the man of lies."

In an instant the woman began to pull the man's coat off. And with a groan Paraig Gunn knelt down with a bare back, and handed his leather belt to the woman. She was more eager than any of the three to begin.

For she was a mother.

Then the blows fell fast and cruel, and the kneeling man groaned at every lash. Strange to say, the woman increased in fury at each stroke. She did not see that the buckled strap was now bloody. She was muttering to herself all the time. In the thought of the wee one she forgot the pain of the man whose back she was ploughing up into great red furrows. Yet he was the father of her bairn. This was Paraig's bitter fate.

"Enough, woman," laughed Rob from the edge of the cliff, "let the man of lies stand up."

And Paraig Gunn rose with a fearful groan to his feet. But he could not stand straight.

"Give me my bairn now!" cried the woman, and she rushed towards Rob Dearg.

But, with another laugh, Rob gathered the wee one in his arms, and leapt far out into the air, crying as he went—

"Here's another for the Dark Road, and a curse on the man of lies!"

The woman swooned on the heather, and when the man with the bleeding back crept to the edge of the cliff, he saw a stir in the trees far below, where a hoodie crow was flying. And then—there was silence.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

JOHN MURDOCH.

THE HIGHLANDER.

IF one were to ask, who is the best known Highlander of the present day? there would be a general concensus of opinion in declaring Mr. Murdoch to be that individual. Indeed, he is so well known to Highlanders everywhere, that it is difficult to say anything regarding him that is not already known.

Mr. Murdoch was born at Lynemore, Ardchlach, Nairnshire, on 15th January, 1818, so that he is now in the eighty-second year of his age, and we can say of him that "his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated."

Although born in the north, Mr. Murdoch is by education and upbringing an Islayman, and his heart's best emotions are centred in that island. Entering the excise in 1838, he was during his connection with that service stationed in Stirling, Dublin, Lancashire, Shetland, and Inverness. He retired in 1872, to the regret of many friends of the service, who marked their appreciation of his valuable services by a handsome testimonial. During his connection with the excise he was continually contributing to the formation of public opinion on a variety of questions, such as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Temperance, and the Land Question. With the Temperance movement he has been connected for over sixty years, while as regards the Land Question, he is generally acknowledged to be the apostle of Land Law Reform. As early as 1853 he contributed a series of articles on the subject to the *Nation* and the *Mark Lane Express*; and to a perusal of these articles, in the seventies, the writer is indebted for his first lesson in Highland economics.

On his retirement from the excise Mr. Murdoch started *The Highlander* newspaper in Inverness, in which he advocated the cause of the people, and particularly the right of the Gaelic people to their native soil. The paper lived for eight years, and did much to formulate that healthy opinion regarding this important question, of which the Crofters' Act is the first fruits, and doubtless an earnest of further concessions to the Highland people.

Mr. Murdoch in 1883 gave valuable evidence before the Highland Commission, of which Lord Napier was chairman. At present he is enamoured with the mode of cultivation adopted by Sir Arthur Cotton, at Dorking, and is advocating its adoption by small cultivators everywhere. Mr. Murdoch has not only been the advocate of the Highland people in the past, but also the warm and trusted friend of the "sea-divided Gaels." He is a fluent speaker in Gaelic and English, and a typical Highlander, wearing the kilt summer and winter. As a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch we cannot do better than quote Professor Blackie's opinion of honest John Murdoch—

God bless thee Murdoch! thou'rt a man to stand
On thine own legs, and very good legs they be,
Like a strong swimmer thou hast gained the land
When wave on wave yawnéd to swallow thee.
Time was when only valiant men might show
Their face on Highland hills; a baser brood
Now to the Saxon lordling duck them low,
With fashioned smiles of smooth-lipped flunkeyhood;
Not in this school was Murdoch bred, who wears
His manhood on his front, and in his breast
The memory of high hearted fathers bears
Who never crooked the knee or drooped the crest;
True to whose blood, he battles in the van
For truth and right, and fears no face of man!

People may differ from Mr. Murdoch, but all respect and regard him, and we know of no one who will not fervently respond to our wish of *mair beò!*

FIONN.

BADENOCH AND LOCHABER LORDSHIP COURTS AND RECORDS.

By C. Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D.

THE ancient jurisdictions conferred upon the owners of Lordships and Baronies in Scotland served their day; and the time does not seem far distant when the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace shall be superseded by the Sheriff Courts, possessing all civil and criminal authority within limits already fixed, or to be hereafter fixed, by Parliament.

The records of several of the Lordship Courts have been preserved, including those of Badenoch and Lochaber, with their corresponding Registry of Estate Deeds, forming interesting and valuable reading, coupled with an authenticity not permitting of challenge.

As showing how people in bye-gone days behaved, and the manner in which justice was dispensed, some extracts of an interesting or exceptional character, from the proceedings in the Badenoch and Lochaber Courts, held by authority of the family of Gordon, are now given. It may be said in a sentence that, as a rule, the decisions pronounced were founded upon justice and equity. In one case to be referred to, a serious charge of murder, with the intervention of a jury, was held at Ruthven. The Lochaber Gordon cases were tried in Badenoch—the Gordons thus endeavouring by side wind to avoid the jurisdiction of Mackintosh, who held the office of Steward of all Lochaber, by grants from the Lords of the Isles, confirmed by the Scottish Kings, prior to the acquisition by the Gordons of a foot of land in Lochaber. The ancient Lords of Lochaber were Comyns and Macdonalds.

I.—Extracts from the Register of Deeds of the Regality of Huntly.

The first Register, commencing in 1686, has these words of preface:—

"Note by Patrick Gordon (of Glastirim) that as he is empowered by the undernoted Commission to appoint deputies for registering and giving extracts of all papers mentioned in the said Commission, he ordains James Stewart, Nether Boat of Spey, clerk to the Lordship of Gordon, to register and extract the same. He reserves power to appoint any other depute. He delivers to the said James Stewart this book, consisting of 385 leaves. Dated at Gordon Castle, 20th October, 1685. (Signed) P. Gordon.

The deeds are not to be found in any public register.

1687—February 24.—Registration of Bond granted by John Gordon, of Littlemiln, to George, Earl of Huntly, for 250 merks of borrowed money. Dated Bog O'Gight, 15th January, 1658.

Same year—March 19.—Contract of marriage registered, dated at Dalmaine, 29th July, 1682, between John Leslie, of Tillichallum, and Margaret Stewart, daughter of the deceased Andrew Stewart, tutor of Tannachie, for whom John Gordon, of Achynachie, is "cautioner" as to the lady's tocher of 1600 merks. This sum is to be weared out on land or annuals at sight of the said tutor of Tannachie, John Leslie, of Wardhouse, and John Leslie, of Parkhill. John Leslie agrees to assign a legacy of 200 merks left to him by Andrew Stewart in the year 1655. The witnesses to the contract are John Leslie, of Wardhouse; Robert Derg, in Achynachie; John Gordon, of Bognie; and Patrick Stewart, apparent of Tannachie.

1688—March 14.—Bond registered, granted by William Macpherson, of Noide, narrating that his late father, Donald Macpherson, of Noide, had granted a wadset to Beatrix Gordon, then his spouse, now his relict, in which she is provided to the life-rent of 3600 merks, the fee falling to their children. Now, Helen Macpherson, his sister, and second daughter of his father, Donald, was unprovided for. Therefore, he as principal, and with him Paul Macpherson, of Knockdars, John Grant, of Gaich, and John Macpherson, of Benchar, as cautioners, obliges him to pay to his sister £1000 Scots at the first term after she attains the age of 18 years, the annual rent going to her mother, Beatrix Gordon, while Helen remains with her unmarried. Witnesses at Allenbay, 1st June, 1681, Robert Gordon, of Cairnfield; Patrick Gordon, of Glastirrim; John Rose, of Allenbay; and Andrew Macpherson, notary.

Eo Dié.—Another bond by Noide to his sister, Anna, youngest daughter of Donald Macpherson, of Noide, for 100 merks only. Signed and witnessed *ut supra.*

1695—June 5.—Registered bond by Angus Mackintosh, in Garsabeg, to Alexander Gordon, for 70 merks. Gordon gets tack of the lands, and is not to be removed until the debt be paid, although the tack may have run out. Dated at Ruthven, 13th June, 1686.

1702—May 8.—Contract of wadset, dated Gordon Castle, 28th May, 1701, whereby the Duke of Gordon wadsets to Robert Gordon, eldest lawful son to the deceased Ludovick Gordon, brother german to Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, in respect of 4000 merks advanced by William Mackintosh, of Borlum, the pupil's grandfather and tutor, the lands of Haugh, in the Parish of Inverness. Witnesses—Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun; George Gordon, of Swelltoune; and Andrew Macpherson, notar.

1705—June 25.—Bond, Duncan Macpherson, of Invertromie, to George, Duke of Gordon, for £11 12s. 0d., dated Edinburgh, 5th December, 1696. Witnesses—Mr. George Gordon and George Rioch, servitors to the Duke.

1706—May 11.—Another bond by Invertromie to the Duke of Gordon for 200 merks, dated Edinburgh, 11th March, 1698.

A sum of 2000 merks was mortified for the support of a schoolmaster in Badenoch, and frequent traces of its being lent out, and failure in payment of principal or interest, or both, are to be found in the annals of the Lordship. The following refers to this mortification of the early date of 1656:—Gilbert Hannay was schoolmaster for a considerable period, and wrote or witnessed many of the Badenoch legal documents of his time. After his death, his relict, Mrs. Annand, was a source of much trouble to the managers of the school and heritors of Kingussie, being in very truth "an importunate widow."

1707—February 21—Discharge of George, Duke of Gordon, as assignee, narrating that the deceased John Macpherson, of Ballachroan, as principal; and with him Ewen Macpherson, tutor of Clunie; Donald Macpherson, of Noide; and Malcolm Macpherson, of Kingussie-Mor, as cautioners, by bond dated 18th June, 1656, bound and obliged themselves to pay to the incumbent master of the Grammar School in Badenoch the interest of the sum of 2000 merks, while that sum remained in the hands of the deceased John Macpherson; and that James Macpherson, now of Ballachroan, as heir of his deceased father, John, had granted a bond of corroboration on 10th October, 1684, in favour of Gilbert Hannay, then schoolmaster. That Hannay, on 22nd February, 1700, had assigned the bond to the Duke of Gordon, who had taken steps against the said John Macpherson, as representing his said father James, and William Macpherson, now of Noide, as representing his said father, Donald, and against the said Malcolm Macpherson, of Kingussie-Mor, for payment of five years' interest on the said sum. Ballachroan alleging that he had already paid interest for two of the years claimed for, to the Duke's chamberlain, and had instantly paid the other three years, is discharged by the Duke in full; but if Ballachroan fail to exhibit the chamberlain's discharges, claim for the two years alleged to be paid is reserved. Discharge signed at Gordon Castle, 9th November, 1706.

(To be continued.)

CLAN GREGOR.—At the last meeting—Rev. Dr. MacGregor, Edinburgh, presiding—several votes of money were made for charitable and educational purposes. The total sum given away exceeded £50.

GEALL AIR SON BHREUGAN.

THACHAIR gu 'n do chuir duine àraidh a mhacgu muileann le sìol a chum a bhleith. Ach mu 'n do chuir e air falbh a mhac mhol e dhà gun e a bhleith an t-sìl am muileann 'sam bith far an tachradh dhà coinneachadh ri Fear-gun-fheusaig. Dh' fhalbh an gille agus thàinig e gu muileann; ach bha Fear-gun-fheusaig an sin roimhe. "Gu'm beannachadh Dia thu, Fhir-gun-fheusaig" ars an gille. "Gu 'm beannachadh Dia thusa," ars an duine. "Am faigh mi mo shìol air a bhleith?" dh' fheòraich an gillle. "C' ar son nach faigheadh," ars Fear-gun-fheusaig, "tha mo shìol-sa gu bhi uile bleithte, agus faodaidh thusa bleith a'm dhéigh." Ach chuimhnich an t-òganach air comhairle athar, agus dh' fhàg e am muileann sin agus chaidh e gu muileann eile. Ach ghabh Fear-gun-fheusaig cuibhrionn d' a shìol agus shiubhail e le cabhaig air rathad aithghearr, agus ràinig e am muileann gus an robh an t-òganach a' dol ròimhe; agus chuir e cuid d' a shìol g' a bhleith. Ach air do 'n ghille ruigheachd, ciod bu mhò a chuireadh iongantas air na e a dh' amharc Fear-gun-fheusaig 'sa mhuileann roimhe; agus thill e gu muileann eile. Ach rinn Fear-gun-fheusaig cabhag a rìs, a' dol air slighe aithghearr, agus bha e aig an treas muileann roimh an òganach; agus thug e cuibhrionn d' a shìol gu bhi air a bleith. Rinn e an nì ceudna 's a cheathramh muileann. Ach mu 'n àm so bha an gille a fàs sgìth de 'n ghnothach, oir bha e am beachd gu 'm biodh Fear-gun-fheusaig roimhe aig a h-uile muileann. Air an aobhar sin leig e sìos a shac, agus rinn e suas inntinn gu 'm bleitheadh e a ghràn anns a mhuileann so ged bha Fear-gun-fheusaig ann. 'Nuair thàinig gràn an òganaich gu bhi g' a bleith, thubhairt Fear-gun-fheusaig ris, "Eisd rium, a mhic; deanamaid breacag de 'n mhin mhìn." Ach am feadh na h-ùine so uile bha 'n t-òganach a' beachd-smaointeachadh air briathran athar; ach cha bu'rrainn da an gnothuch a chuideachadh. Uime sin dh' aontaich e le Fear-gun-fheusaig. Dh' éirich Fear-gun-fheusaig agus thòisich e ri measgadh na min mhìn an uisge; agus bha e a' measgadh gus an robh a ghràn uile bleithte; agus mheasg e a mhin mhìn uile 'na h-aon bhonnach mór. An sin rinn iad teine agus ghreidh e 'n t-aran. Agus an uair a bha e greidhte, chàraich e a suas ris a' bhalla am bonnach; agus thubhairt e, "A mhic, éisd ri mo dheadh chomhairle. Ma roinneas sinn a' bhuileann so, cha bhi gu leòr ann do gach aon againn; ach innsidh mi dhuit ciod a nì sinn. Innseadh gach aon againn breugan, agus an tì a dh'innseas a' bhreug a's mò, gheibh e am bonnach uile gu léir. Sheas an t-òganach car tacain an ioma-cheist agus thubhairt e ris féin, "Cha bhi mi cho faoin a's

tilleadh air m' ais ; nì mi an nì a's féarr a's urrainn domh." Fhreagair e Fear-gun-fheusaig agus thubhairt e ris, "Thig air t'aghaidh agus tòisich." Dh' aithris Fear-gun-fheusaig móran bhreugan, agus an uair a bha e sgith sguir e. Thubhairt an t-òganach " A ! Fhir-gun-fheusaig, mo ghràidh, ma 's e sin uile na 's aithne dhuit, tha thu fada fada air ais. Ach éisd riumsa agus cleachd foighidinn gus an innis mise barrachd 's an fhìrinn. An làithean m' òige, 'nuair a bha mise 'nam sheann duine, bha sinn ag cumail móran de sheilleanan, agus b' e mo ghnothuch-sa gach maduinn an cunntas ; agus b' urrainn dòmh-sa na seilleanan àireamh soirbh gu leòr, ach am feasda cha b' urrainn domh na sgeapan àireamh. Air maduinn àraidh am feadh a bha mi ag àireamh nan seilleanan chunnaic mi gu 'n robh an seillean a b' fhèarr air seacharan. Chuir mi dìolaid air a' choileach agus mharcaich mi air a' choileach cho luath ris an each a's meamnaiche a shireadh an t-seillein. Thog mi a lorg a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich agus chunnaic mi gu 'n deachaidh e thar a' chuain. Gidheadh lean mi a lorg. Agus 'nuair a chaidh mi thar a' chuain gu tìr chéin, chunnaic mi gu 'n d' fhuair neach e. Agus bha e a' treabhadh achaidh leis, anns an robh e gu meanbh-pheasair a chur. Thubhairt mi ris " 'S e sin mo sheillean-sa. C' àite 'n d' fhuair thu e." Fhreagair an duine agus thubhairt e, ' Mo bhràthair, ma 's leat-sa e, thoir leat e.' Thug mi air ais mo sheillean domh ; agus a thuilleadh air an t-seillean thug e dhomh làn poca de mheanbh-pheasair. Chuir mi am poca air mo dhruim agus dh' atharraich mi an dìolaid o'n choileach gus an t-seillean, agus mharcaich mi air, a' treòrachadh a' choilich a'm dhéigh, a chum gu'm faigheadh e anail am feadh a bhithinn a' tilleadh. Ach air dòigh eiginn, bhris an còrd a bha a' ceangal a' phoca agus thuit mo mheanbh-pheasair uile do 'n mhuir. 'Nuair a fhuair mi nall bha an oidhche a' dorchachadh. Theirinn mi dheth 'n t-seillean agus leig mi fuasgailte e air an fheur ; ach cheangail mi an coileach gu teann làmh rium, agus thug mi còmnlach dha ri ith. An sin laidh mi féin sios gu cadal. Agus feuch 'nuair a dhùisg mi suas 'sa mhaduinn bha madadh-ruadh an déigh mo sheillean a mharbhadh agus itheadh suas. Agus bha mil an t-seillein air a dòrtadh air feadh nan gleann ionnan 's gu 'n rachadh neach fodha innte gus an aobran, agus na beanntan cho làn 's gu 'n rachadh neach fodha am mil gus a ghlùn air am bàrr. Agus aig an àm so smaointich mi c' àite an cruinnichinn a' mhil. Ach chuimhnich mi air mo thuaigh bhig ; agus ghlac mi a'm laimh i, agus chaidh mi do 'n choille leatha an dòchas gu 'm marbhainn uile-bheistean eiginn a chum 's gu'n deanainn poca de na craicinn. Agus nuair a bha mi 'sa choille, chunnaic mi dà fhiadh ann, a' dannsadh Gille-Calum air an leth-chois. Bhris mi an casan le m' thuaigh agus ghlac mi iad agus rinn mi feannadh-builg orra. A nis air an dà fhiadh bha trì craicinn air an d' rinn mi trì pocannan anns an do chruinnich mi suas a' mhil uile. Chàirich mi na pocannan air muin a' choilich a ghiùlain iad dachaidh gu h-eutrom. Agus 'nuair a ràinig mi dhachaidh fhuair mi m'athair 'na naoidhean air ùr-bhreith. Chuir mo sheanair mi gu neamh a shireadh uisge coisrichte. A nis 'nuair a bha mi beachd-smaointeachadh air cionnas a gheibhinn suas gu neamh chuimhnich mi air a' mheanbh-pheasair a thuit uam do 'n mhuir. agus dh' fhalbh mi a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich. Agus feuch bha mo mheanbh-pheasair air fàs suas ionnan's gu 'n robh a mullach a' ruigheachd gu neamh. Agus streap mi a suas orra do' n athar far am faca mi gu' n robh a' mheanbh-pheasair làn abaich, agus i air a buain. Agus an neach a bhuain i, rinn e. bonnach mór eòrna dhi, a bha e ag ith, air a mheasgachadh am bainne blàth. Chuir mise fàilte air ag ràdh ' Gu 'n còmhnadh Dia leat, a charaid.' Agus fhreagair esan mi air an dòigh cheudna, ag ràdh ' Gu 'n cuideachadh Dia leat-sa cuideachd.' O 'n duine so fhuair mi uisge-coisrichte agus thill mi. Ach mu 'n d' fhuair mi air m' ais, shil uisge mór o neamh air an talamh, agus thuirling e cho trom 's gu 'n d' éirich a' mhuir cho àrd 's gu 'n do sguab i air falbh mo mheanbh-pheasair. Bha mi air an uair sin am buaireas inntinn gu mór cionnas a gheibh-inn a nuas gu talamh. Ach am beagan ùine thug mi fainear gu' n robh m' fhalt anabarrach fada, eadhon cho fada 's 'nuair a sheasainn air mo dhà bhonn gu 'n ruigeadh e bho m' cheann gu m' shàilean, agus 'nuair a shuidhinn, ruigeadh e a nuas gu 'm dhà chluais. Agus air ball ghlac mi mo sgian agus ghèarr mi ròineanan de m' fhalt a cheangail mi ri cheile. Agus air ròineanan de m' flalt theirinn mi a nuas gu h-aighearrach. 'S a cheart àm bha an oidhche a' dorchachadh agus b' éiginn domh snaim a chur air an ròine agus tàmh a ghabhail air an t-snaim ré na h-oidhche. Ach cionnas a dhèanainn gu 'n teine. Bha e ag cur mór ghruaim orm. Bha bocsa 's acfhuinn agam ; ach cha robh fiodh agam. Chuimhnich mi gu'n robh snàthad mhór am broilleach mo chòt-uachdair. Bhris mi an t-snàthad mhór 'na mìrean móra air son connaidh do 'n teine, agus rinn mi teine mór, mór. Agus an uair a bha mi gu math blàth, shin mi mi féin a sìos ri taobh an teine gu cadal, agus chaidil mi gu fior-shunndach car tacain. Ach gu mi-fhortanach loisg sradag de 'n teine an ròine air an robh mi an crochadh, agus thuit mi car mu char a nuas a dh' ionnsuidh na talmhainn ; agus stop mi fodha anns an talamh gu ruig an dà chruachainn. Dh' amhairc mi ceithir-thimchioll orm a dh' fheuchainn cionnas a gheibhinn à sàs. Ach bu dìomhain domh amharc air son cuideachaidh, oir cha robh neach ri fhaicinn timchioll an àite. Ach rinn mi

cabhag dhachaidh a dh' iarraidh sluasaid, leis an do chladhaich mi timchioll orm gus an d' fhuair mi à sàs. An uair a ràinig mi dhachaidh bha na buanaichean a' buain an arbhair. Ach bha an t-arbhar cho àrd agus bha a' ghrian cho teth 's nach mór nach robh na buanaichean air an losgadh suas le teas na gréine. An sin ghlaodh mise riù, agus dh' àithn mi gu 'n d' thugadh iad an làthair an làir bhàn a bha cho fad ri astar dà là agus cho leathann ri aon là samhraidh, agus air a druim bha craobhan móra daraich a' fàs, a chum gu'n cuireadh am faileas sgàil air na buanaichean o theas an latha. Air ball thug m' athair an làir gus an achadh, agus dh'oibrich na buanaichean gu sunndach, fonnmhor 'na sgàile. Agus an uair sin féin ghabh mise soitheach-uisge a thug mi leam gus an tobar a chum deoch a tharruing do na buanaichean. Ach fhuair mi 'n tobar còmhdaichte le deigh ; agus cha robh lunleachd agam air an deigh a bhriseadh. Ach mar a tha 'n seanfhacal ag ràdh, "Cha robh bean riamh gu 'n lunleachd 's a cas air tìr." 'S ann mar sin a thachair dhomh aig an àm sin ; oir ghlac mi mo cheann a'm dhà laimh agus an déigh tacain de shaothair chruaidh bhris mi 'n deigh le iomadh buille throm de mo cheann. Agus lion mi mo shoitheach le uisge agus ghiùlain mi an t-uisge a chum nam buanaichean. Ach ghlaodh iadsan agus iad air tì teicheadh uam le h-eagal, 'C' àite 'm bheil do cheann ?' Thog mise suas mo làmhan gu mo cheann fheuchainn ; ach, mo thruaighe ! cha robh ceann air mo ghuailnean, oir dh' fhàg mi aig an tobar e. Is iomadh dòruinn a tha 'leantainn na dì-chuimhne. Dh' fhalbh mi le cabhaig a dh' ionnsuidh an tobair a shireadh mo chinn. Ach, mo chreach ! bha sionnach ann romham. Oir 'nuair a ràinig mise an tobar bha an sionnach a' deòchdadh na h-eanachainn as mo chean ; gidheadh fhuair mi dlùth dha agus bhuail mi e gu garg. Ach thòisich e ri ruith, agus am feadh a bha e ruith thuit leabhran agus leugh mi e. A nis b' e an nì a bha sgrìobhte ann : Gu 'm biodh am bonnach mór uile agam féin agus nach faigheadh Fear-gun-fheusaig ach neo-ni." Uime sin thog an t-òganach leis air falbh am bonnach, agus cha robh aig Fear-gun-fheusaig ach tàmh ag amharc 'na dhéigh.

Eadar-theangaichte le CALUM MACFHEARGHUIS.

THE "PALADIN" OF THE SOUDAN.

(Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.M.G., who so distinguished himself during the recent Soudan campaign, gained for himself not only the reputation of being one of the bravest of the brave, but a far higher and rarer quality, that of chivalry. By his mother's side a Grahame, showing that he follows in the footsteps of those two knightly Paladins of his clan, Montrose and Bonnie Dundee).

NOT mine the right, thou gallant son,
Nor yet the skill to sing thy praise ;
Till some more powerful hand shall wake
His tuneful lyre with polished phrase,
Some bard from out thine own Clan Græme,
So far renowned in Scottish fame,
His clansmen's deeds in verse portrays :
A sister Scot her right may claim.

Courage !—it is the heritage
Born in the mountain race ;
Yet e'en that glorious virtue
To one more rare gives place ;
The old time bards assigned the crown
To knights whose deeds of brave renown
Showed chivalry's high thoughts of grace,
Which thou, brave son, hast made thine own.

'Tis chivalry that fast enshrined
Brave Clavers in our Highland hearts :
The knightly deed, the courteous ways,
Such lustre to his name imparts.
Renown the highest to be gained
Is knighthood's spotless shield unstained ;
Cut facets from the diamond darts,
Where rougher stone is passed, disdained!

Heroic deeds are thine, brave son,
The outcome of the heart within ;
And yet a prouder title still
Is thine to hold, was thine to win.
Wise truth, experience ever taught,
That gentle birth breeds gentle thought :
One title—thine—young Paladin,
Beyond the reach of wealth—unbought.

Worthy of that brave clan art thou
That owned a Clavers—a Montrose :
Beneath their knightly banners furled
Thy name shall also find repose.
Nor courtly ways with these are sped,
Nor chivalry with these are dead,
So long as Scottish names disclose
One with such knightly virtues bred.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch,
Bardess of the Clan Donald.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GAELIC.

EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to our country ! ye glens and ye mountains
Adieu!
Your red deer and roe will the foot of the stranger
Pursue,
While far o'er the ocean in anguish and sorrow
I roam,
In the land of the stranger, to seek for a country
And home.

Dear land of our fathers ! the home of the faithful
And brave,
The foremost in battle their king and their country
To save!
Now far from that country your children to exile
Must go,
And spirits are broken that ne'er were subdued by
A foe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1899

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Annual Subscriptions are now due. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.*

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grant, Glasgow; Dr. Archibald Campbell, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Mr. Alex. K. Stewart, of Achnacone, Appin.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON. — The annual grand Celtic concert in connection with this Society takes place in the Queen's Hall, London, on 26th October, and promises to surpass even the great successes of former years. Gaelic music will be represented by its two most gifted exponents, Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan and Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, the latter of whom has just returned from the Clan Mackay tour in the Reay country, where he electrified the people with his charming rendering of *Iseabel Nic Aoidh* and other popular northern airs. The other artistes are all of the first rank, and the programme is a most attractive one. As the proceeds from the concert are devoted to the encouragement of Gaelic teaching in the Highlands, we trust that our large circle of readers in London will support this excellent object by taking tickets for the concert.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES OF GLASGOW have arranged to hold a great Scottish Concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on 2nd November, for the purpose of raising funds to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in the Highlands. A capital programme has been arranged, and we hope to see a crowded attendance. Tickets, price 2s. 6d. (reserved), and 1s. 6d., can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MACDONALD OF GLENTILLAN.

SIR,—Can you or any reader tell me who was Macdonald of Glentillan, mentioned in 1741, or at least where Glentillan is or was? Was it in Perthshire? Any information as to the above would be welcomed by SNUFF-MULL.

FARQUHARSONS OF ALLARGUE.

SIR,—I shall be glad if I may be allowed to point out to you an inaccuracy in a recent issue of the *Celtic Monthly*, in which the late Major-General G. M'Bain Farquharson (who died in November, 1898), is referred to as proprietor of Allargue and Breda. This was not the case, as Major-General M'Bain Farquharson was never proprietor of Allargue. My grandfather, Robert Farquharson (1783-1863) was the only one of the name who was ever proprietor of Breda as well as of Allargue. He was the sixth direct heritor of Allargue, and a few years before his death became proprietor of Breda, being the nearest male relative of the former proprietor. As none of my grandfather's sons outlived him, Breda, at his death, went to his brother, Lieutenant-General Francis Farquharson, of the Bombay Army, at whose death his nephew, Major-General G. M'Bain Farquharson succeeded to Breda, and he, some years ago, sold the estate. On the death of my grandfather, Allargue became the joint property of his four daughters (my mother and her sisters), the only members of his family who outlived him, and in 1893 I myself became the proprietor of Allargue.—Yours truly, D. WILSON FARQUHARSON,
Captain, The Black Watch.

TO EILEEN.

HEART of my heart, deep love of my soul,
Light of my life, my thought's only goal,
Bosom of snow, fair tresses of gold,
Eyes of the sun, arms that enfold;
Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

Round the Cuillins the soft mists creep,
But my love's passion it cannot sleep;
Joy of my dreams, we must not complain,
Though for us both our parting's a pain;
Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

Child of the restless sea, thou with thy sorrow
In Skye alone wilt be; I sail to-morrow.
Perhaps like M'Crimmon, away with these fears!
Just one more kiss, love, e'en through thy tears;
Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

THE MACKAYS OF ISLAY,

WITH SOME OF THE PREDICTIONS OF MACKAY OF THE RHINNS.

By Fionn.

THAT the Mackays got early foothold in Islay is assured by the fact that Donald, Lord of the Isles, granted in 1408 a Gaelic charter, the earliest extant in that language, to Brian, Vicar Mackay. This charter was discovered by Dr. Reeves in the possession of John Macgee, who asserts his descent from a family of Macgees in the North of Ireland, followers originally of the Scottish Macdonalds, who settled in Antrim. The charter, which seems to be of goat skin, is now much worn, and almost undecipherable. The charter was written by Fergus Macbeth or Beaton, "Fercos" being the only one of the four witnesses able to write, the others signing with a mark. This Fergus evidently belonged to the famous family of physicians of that name, and was probably at the time physician to the Lord of the Isles. The following is the opening clause of the charter :—

AN AINIM DE, AMEN.

Ataimse Mac Domhnaill ag bronnagh agus

FAC-SIMILE OF GAELIC CHARTER OF 1408.

tabhairt en mhairg deg go leith dfhearann uaim pfhein agas om oighribh do Bhrian Bhicaire Mhagaodh agus do oighribh na dhiaigh go siorthuighe suthain, &c., &c.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I, Macdonald, am granting and giving eleven mark and a half of land from myself and from my heirs to Brian Vicar Mackay, and to his heirs, after them for ever and ever, &c.

The charter describes the lands very minutely as follows :—"And these are the lands I have given to him and his heirs for ever, namely, Baile-Vicar, Machaire, Leargariabhoighe, Ciontragha, Graftol, Tocamol, Ugasgoc, the two Glenastols, Cracobus, Cornabus, and Baile-Neaghtoin." These lands, which are situated in the Oa district, have passed through the hands of more than one family since, and now neither a Mackay nor a Macdonald owns any land in Islay.

There seem to be representatives of several branches of the Clan Aoidh in Islay, and when speaking of them in the native tongue, the older people pronounce the name differently. There are Maa-Càidh, Maa-Caoidh, and the north country Mac Aoidh. It may be here stated that in Islay—and in a less degree in Kintyre—the *a* of Mac is prolonged, the *c* forming a prefix to the surname, thus Mac Aoidh becomes

Maa-Caoidh. The Maa-Càidhs are on the east side of the island, next to Kintyre; Maa-Caoidh in the middle, as Laggan; and Mac Aoidh in the Rhinns, as the Seer.

Brian Mackay, who in 1408 received the lands of Balvicar and other lands in the Oa district, is an historic character, but must not be confounded with Mackay of Rhinns—locally known as *Mac Aoidh na Ranna*, who belongs to a later period in the history of Islay. A glance at the map will make it apparent that these two real Mackays are not one and the same, but belong to two districts far apart, forming as they do the two great promontories, between which Lochindaal penetrates the land, making the island somewhat of the horse-shoe shape.

Mackay of Rhinns was gifted with prophetic vision, and quite a number of his predictions are firmly believed in by natives of Islay. In the churchyard on Isle Oarsay are said to rest the mortal remains of the seer. It is said that many of his predictions were written down by his son-in-law, Marmaduke Mackay, and the MS. was believed to be at one time at Innisowen in Ireland. Although the document seems to be lost, search should still be made for it in Londonderry, as, according to the following information which I have received from Mr. John Murdoch—who knows Islay and its history better than any man living—the MS. was in existence in 1829. Mr. Murdoch writes:—

"I think it was in the year 1829 that Lochindaal was crowded with shipping, stormbound. Many of the vessels were stranded on the shores all the way half round from Traigh Langa to Traigh Chill-a'-rubha. It seems that one of the vessels was owned or chartered or looked after by a Maclintock in Londonderry, and to settle about the salvage, the late John Maclean, Cultorsa, agent for Lloyds in the island, had to go to Derry. He was accompanied by John Macdonald, messenger-at-arms in Bowmore. Before leaving, the two Islay men were informed by Maclintock that he had a book in which they would be interested. It was a foolscap bound book, containing Mac Aoidh's prophecies. "The last time he was here he was short of cash, and my predecessor advanced some; and the seer, or the amanuensis of the seer, left the book as an acknowledgment." "Oh," said Mr. Maclean, "we shall be glad to carry it back to Islay." "And I shall be glad to let you have it if you can satisfy me that you are descendants, or in some way entitled to inherit what he has left." This they could not do, and they returned to Islay with no more than the story, which J. Murdoch had from Neil Mactaggart, of Leurabus, who died in Glasgow a few years ago. One of the duties of the Mackays and others, particularly in and of Islay, is to raise the money and choose the man to send to Derry, even at this late hour, to make all possible efforts to recover the book."

I have no doubt that some of the predictions of *Mac Aoidh na Ranna* could still be collected from old Islay men and women. I have been able to collect the following in the course of my readings and travels. Some were taken down from the recitations of the late Neil Mactaggart, Glasgow, already referred to by Mr. Murdoch, and others I have stumbled across in odd corners. According to my informant, the seer received his gifts in a peculiar manner. It seems he was employed as agent or factor for the Earl of Antrim, who had possessions in Islay (see "The Last Macdonalds of Islay," by Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, page 79). On one occasion he was going to Ireland with the rents, which at that particular time had been but partially paid, on account of the backwardness of the season. He was somewhat afraid to meet his master with such a light purse. While waiting at Portnahaven for a favourable wind to carry him to Erin, he fell asleep. When he awoke he found a book, made of parchment, under his head. This book was full of wisdom and prescience, and endowed its owner with wonderful powers of foresight. Along with the book he also received a silk purse full of gold. On the book were written the words—"*Caillear thusa ach cha chaillear mise*"—(*You* may be lost, but not *me*); while on the purse was inscribed the following legend, in letters of gold:—"*Cho fada 'sa thàirneas tu asam bheir mi dhuit, ach ma thilleas tu bonn orm, sguiridh mi*"—(As long as you draw out of me I will let you have, but if you return a coin I cease to yield). A favourable wind blew, and the seer was carried over to Ireland, where he paid the rental of the estate in full. For many years, and in many straits, the purse proved useful, but on one occasion he forgot the legend and returned a coin, and from that time the purse lost its charm. On one of his visits, Mackay left his book in Derry with the Maclintock family, and on his return journey he encountered a storm when he and his crew were lost, and so the legend on the book was confirmed—"*You* may be lost, but not *me*."

So much for the manner in which the Mackay seer became possessed of his foresight. Now for some of his predictions, many of which, like Gaelic proverbs, assume a rhythmical form.

"Tigh geal air gob gach rudha
'S muileann air gach sruthan fann."

A white house on each headland,
And a mill on each gentle rill.

The first line is being fulfilled, and who knows how soon the application of water power to purposes of manufacture may become an accomplished fact.

"Thig cànain do 'n eilean nach tuig na muinntirich; fàsaidh an talamh an sin na leacan reothaidh fo na casan is cha 'n urrainn iad fuireachd ann. Cinnidh coigrich an Ile agus Ilich ann an duthaich

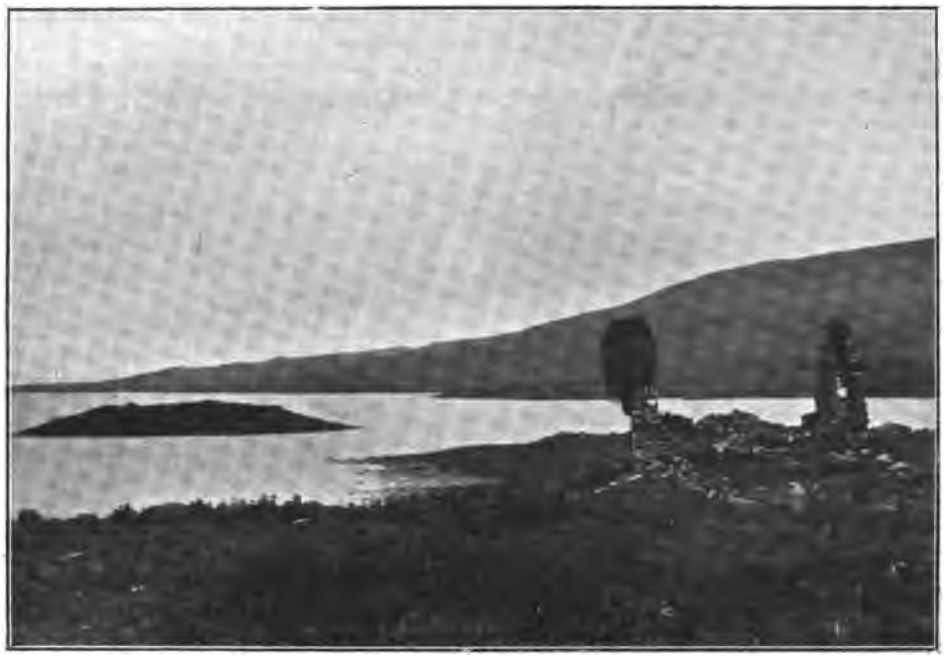
chéin. Fagaidh na muinntirich Ile 'n uair a dh 'fhairtlicheas orra feum a dheanamh aig a bhaile.

'Nuair a dh' fhàgas na muinntirich Ile
Beannachd le sith na h-Alba."

A language will come to the island which the natives will not understand; the soil will then become as slabs of ice under their feet, and they cannot remain in Islay. Strangers will grow (flourish) in Islay, and Islaymen in foreign lands. The natives will leave Islay when they fail to make a living there.

When the natives thee forsake,
The peace of Scotland is at stake.

Natives of Islay realise how much of the above has already been fulfilled. The English language is fast making way in Islay. In 1891 the population of Islay was 7,375, of these 1,164 spoke Gaelic only, while 5,217 spoke Gaelic and English. The proportion of Lowland farmers in Islay is considerable, while flourishing colonies of Islay men are to be found in Canada. It is stated for a fact that of the eleven Campbells who are represented in the Valuation Roll of 1751—proprietors and land settlers—there is hardly one to the good to-day in Islay. In 1833 the population of Islay was 15,500, so that emigration and other causes have reduced it to about one-half in little over half a century. There are more Islay men in Ontario, in Nottawasaga, Oro, Owensound, Cannington, &c., than in all Islay. William Living-



RUINS OF FINLAGGAN CASTLE, ISLAY, AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

ston, the Islay bard, sang in his poem, "Fios thun a' Bhàird," of the many changes he had witnessed. Some of the verses have been translated thus:—

"Though sunbeams still distribute
Light and heat to far and near,
Though still at eve the fold is seen
With calves they fondly rear;
Yet men grow scarce in Islay,
And sheep find more regard,
What I hear and see around me
Bring as tidings to the bard.

Their old abandoned steadings
Like cold cairns mark the land,
Oh, the Gael are gone for ever,
And their farm-work's at a stand;
Their lonely ruins mouldering,
Ever claim our fond regard,
What I hear and see around me
Bring as tidings to the bard.

. . . . . .

The needy finds no shelter,
Nor the weary rest at eve;
The preacher finds no people
His glad message to receive,
The spotted snake is twining
On the heath on which was heard
The stirring tales of heroes,
Bring these tidings to the bard.

While all this is, alas! too true, it is pleasing to note that the peace of Scotia is still preserved!

"Thig capull croinn le srianaibh cainbe is bheir i

a chiad sgriob air Ile. Caillidh Ile an sin a' cheann is bithidh trì tuill air lic léith Chiarain ann an cladh Chille-Ciarain."

A plough horse with hempen reins will come and will plough the first furrow in Islay. Islay will then lose its head, and there will be three holes in the grey stone of St. Kerran, in the churchyard of Kilkerran.

Regarding this prediction, I can only say, in words of holy writ, "the dream and the interpretation thereof are one," but I have no doubt some ingenious native can unfold the mystery.

"Tuitidh tolman mòine a tha ann an Lochmonadh-an-Lagain, is bheir aon each ban leis gu port ceann-teaghlach an eilein. An deigh sin éiridh a suas fear cogaidh gun iochd gun ghràdh. Thig an sin Tómas O'Reim 'sa chuid each 's bithedh latha nan creach mu Chluaidh. Marbhar leis naoi mìle oifigeach agus righ òg an deigh a chrùnadh. Ach is nearach a bhiteas ann an eilean iomallach na h-àirde 'n iar aig a chogadh so, ach gun fhuireachd r'a dheireadh."

A peat hillock that is at Lochmony, at Laggan, will fall, and one grey horse will carry to the landing place the head of the chief family in Islay. After that will arise a warrior lacking love and mercy. Then will come Tomas the Rhymer and his horses, and the day of forays will be about Clyde. There will be killed by him nine thousand officers and a young king newly crowned. Lucky is he who is in the uttermost island of the west during this war, but not to wait to the end thereof.

I am sorry I cannot conjecture what this means, but perhaps my friend, John Murdoch, may enlighten your readers regarding it and some other of the preceding predictions.

A little below Gartmain, and above Aird-chruaidh, is the ancient burying ground of Cill-a'-bholg. Regarding this spot the seer made the following prediction:—

"Cill-a'-bholg, Cill-a'-bholg,
Far an cuirear an cath borb,
'S nearach a bhitheas an toiseach a ruithidh 's a mhatha,
Latha catha Cill-a'-bhòlg."

Cillbolg, Cillbolg, where the furious fight will be fought; lucky is he who is in the front with his prosperity the day Cillbolg is fought.

Cill-a'-bholg was, by order of the farmer's wife, ordered to be ploughed up. But the plough could make no way, and the first pick-axe used struck sparks out of the stubborn stones, which blew out one of the worker's eyes, and the lady was struck with paralysis and never recovered. The family was likely to be prosperous in the island, but they did not stand, and her body is all that remains of them in the island.

"Bithidh eaglais Fhrangach air a togail air cnoc a' Bhogha-mór, agus tuitidh i agus ilàn Ghall."

There will be a French church built on the hill at Bowmore, and it will fall full of strangers or Lowlanders.

The Bowmore Church is quite circular, with a porch in front, looking down the Main Street, and a steeple with a bell above it. In the base of the steeple are buried Lady Eleanor, of Wemyss, and her daughter, the lady and daughter of the late Walter Frederick Campbell, of Islay. The late laird fully expected to lie beside his first wife, and the stone bed is there empty, he having died at Auvranch in Normandy. Even John Frances, the accomplished son and the much loved heir-apparent, is not buried there, but at Cannes, in France.

I trust that what I have been able to glean regarding the Mackay seer may prove of interest to your readers, and that such of them as know "green grassy Islay" will give us some additional prophecies, and endeavour to explain some of those curious predictions which I have submitted.

MALCOLM STEWART, EXILE.

A TINY sprig of bog-myrtle lies before me as I write, and this is the old memory which its scent brings back.

It was early morning—a morning which seemed loathe to dawn, as if the sun were reluctant to disperse the wet, clinging mists which hung around Mull and Lismore, and added mystery to the almost unseen peaks of Jura.

On board the "Chevalier" all was bustle and hurry—for the breakfast bell had sounded, and the motley crowd of tourists were trooping below. But there was one passenger still on deck, gazing fixedly at the fast disappearing crags of Kerrera, where soft tufts of mist still hovered like smoke amidst the knolls. Then suddenly a change came over the scene—a sigh seemed to pass through the atmosphere—the mists seemed to grow whiter and more dense against the dull grey sky. Then the wind rose, and the rain came down in a whirl of stinging fury, hiding everything in its downpour. Soon the damp decks grew more slippery—the white-crested waves became more boisterous.

Very soon the good ship began to rock as she felt the deep strength of the Atlantic's motion. And one man on board realised that another chapter in his life was closed. He who had so eagerly devoured the last sight of the castle of Gylen, now turned with a sigh, gazing southward where already, looming through the misty rain, lay jagged Jura.

Away to the south—to London—and whither no man knows!

. . . . . .

A white cottage on a hill overlooking the blue water of a far-away loch.

Two women—one, old and bent, white-haired

and frail; the other, tall and erect, black of hair, and with eyes of blue, sweet of speech, and pure as a flower.

But someone, for whom her heart was warm, had gone away.

"I am going away, Mairi," he had said, simply.

"Very well," was her cold reply.

"Is there no hope that you will be giving me?"

"No hope at all," though her face was as white as Malcolm's. And then he had turned on his heel.

That is why the moisture on his face, as he travelled southward on the great steamer, was not all rain and spray. That is why she of the white hair bent over her wheel even more than her wont. That is why the other sat at the loch edge with her head between her hands, and great bitterness within her. How dreary the weeks had seemed without Malcolm, and what had separated them?

Would that she could see him once more, and put matters right, but he had gone, and she had driven him away. He would never believe that . . . Angus was nothing to her, and that he was—her all.

Then a strange calm came to her. even through her tears. That night a letter was written from the little cottage by the loch, and a few days later the answer arrived, with the London post-mark.

It had been raining heavily all the previous night, so the low-roofed white-washed cottages, with their porches all overgrown with honeysuckle, looked sweeter and daintier in the sunshine than ever.

There were wild roses straggling in the hedges, yellow irises and pale forget-me-nots at the burn's edge, pink ragged-robin and purple fox-gloves at the wayside. The air was clear and pure, and the vessels on the glittering, sparkling sea, stood out in bold relief against the horizon, their smoke hanging lazily in the hot atmosphere.

Down on the little pier stands a young woman, scanning the blue expanse of water with an eager, anxious eye.

"Will the boat be long, are you thinking?" she asks of a big, hulking fellow, who is stolidly smoking his cutty at the pier head.

"Maybe," is his enigmatical reply.

But she does not notice his curt answer, for another blurr of smoke is now visible, staining the beauty of the fair view. Soon the steamer's bulky form appears small and insignificant on the wide plain of water. But she moves slowly nearer, until the churning of her paddles can be heard, and the passengers can be seen standing on the deck. But to Mairi there is only one passenger—he, the tall, travel-worn man, who waves his handkerchief from the upper deck. Then the steamer makes her cumbrous way to the pier, the curling ropes fly through the air, the gangway is noisily flung out, and half-a-dozen of the passengers file across. A sudden shyness comes over her, she cannot speak what she feels to be the right word. But he gently leads her away, and with scarce a word, for he understands. They walk together up the hill path which leads home.

Then granny comes out, shaking her head with a smile, but on the border line to the land of tears. That night Malcolm and Mairi sat hand in hand by the loch. The stern peace of the scene around them was imperceptibly transferred to the two figures as they watched the fading light on the hills.

Then the deep blue bens were wrapped in the cool mantle of night, the pale moon shone on the black peaks beyond, and no sound broke the silence in the still air. At last Malcolm rose, but before they went into the cottage, he stooped and plucked a sprig of warm-scented bog-myrtle. She kissed the dark green leaves which he handed her, and placed them in her bosom. Then, with a smile, she deftly divided the tiny bunch, and dropped a spray into his outstretched hand. And thus they walked up to the little cottage through the stillness of the fragrant night. KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

IN HOLYROOD, 1897.

I STAND in Edinburgh, in Holyrood,
Where Scotland's Mary flaunted; Iron Knox came,
With cavernous eyes and words of prophet flame,
And broke her soul as bonds of brittle wood.
And all stern Scotland's evil and her good,
Her austere ghosts, her souls of fiery shame,
Her adamantine passions none could tame,

Here in these walls, these guilty corridors,
Beside that bed where Elizabeth's eyes look down*—
Across the centuries with their fading band
Of angry years of Presbyterian frown,
I only know these tears of weird remorse†—
The woman rules. All else is shifting sand.

Ottawa, Canada. W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

* A picture of Queen Elizabeth hangs over Mary's bed.
† It is said that Knox, at this meeting, moved the Queen to tears.

DEATH OF MR. ALEX. D. CAMPBELL, JUNR., SOUTH AFRICA.—We regret to intimate the death of Mr. A. D. Campbell, Native Commissioner in Mashonaland. Mr. Campbell, who was 27 years of age, was born in Kirkintilloch. He went out to South Africa with his parents in 1883, and, going up with the pioneers to Rhodesia in 1890, soon made his mark, being entrusted with a responsible position by the Chartered Company. During the late war in Mashonaland he rendered invaluable services, sometimes as a scout and at others as leader of the native contingent. His father, Mr. A. D. Campbell, J.P., who resides in the Komgha District, was well known in Highland circles in Glasgow some years ago. His youngest son was killed in the Matabele war.

NORMAN JAMES M'KIE, M.D., Newton-Stewart.

OF the various septs of the Clan MacKay the most important and influential are the M'Kies of Galloway, who for several centuries have contributed in no small measure to the making of history in the romantic Borderland, and who still occupy positions of eminence in the country associated with the name. They were a warlike, fearless race, gaining their lands by their martial prowess, and like their kinsmen in the north, holding them by the "strong hand."

Dr. M'Kie is a descendant of the ancient house of Larg, a name not unfamiliar to students of Sutherland history. His famous ancestor, Sir Patrick M'Kie, took service with his chief, Donald, first Lord Reay, in the Strathnaver "old invincible regiment" of Gustavus Adolphus, and shared in the hardships and glory of the great Thirty Years' War. Dr. M'Kie was born at Sheerness, 10th December, 1862, his father being Fleet-Engineer John M'Kie, R.N., now retired, and known all over Galloway as the hon curator of the Stewartry Museum. He was educated at Kirkcudbright Academy, and graduated M.B., C.M., at Edinburgh University in 1887. He took two voyages to China and Japan, followed by a course of study in London, and then became outdoor assistant to Dr. Anderson, Loftus, in Cleveland, Yorks. In January, 1891, he settled in Newton-Stewart, were he quickly made a good practice, extending far into the rural country round about and often necessitating journeys beyond the reach of gig or cycle. A very interesting account of the doctor's experiences in these remote regions appeared recently in the "Gallovidian." He is naturally interested in outdoor sports, and plays golf, tennis, and in college days was a keen votary of football, swimming, and boating.

His absorbing hobby, however, is the collecting of Galloway literature, and a study of local history and families. This naturally led to the wider field of Celtic history in general, and archæology and heraldry. The common origin of the M'Kies and Mackays led to his joining the Clan Mackay Society, in the work of which he takes the keenest interest. He is also interested in the masonic craft, being in 1895-6 master of the St. Ninian Lodge, No. 499, and a companion of the Galloway Royal Arch Chapter, No. 262.

It may be interesting to mention that the elder of Dr. M'Kie's two sisters is a teacher in the Royal School for Naval and Marine Officers' daughters, at Twickenham, and is L.L.A. (St. Andrews). On 5th November, 1894, he married Miss Grace Brown, Dee Cottage, Tongueland.

THE CLAN MACKAY TOUR IN THE REAY COUNTRY.

THOSE who took part in the Mackay raid in the Reay country are not likely soon to forget their holiday. From start to finish it was a sort of triumphal procession, the whole country, from Thurso to Cape Wrath, welcoming the deputation with the greatest enthusiasm. To the clansmen concerned it was no mere holiday trip, for each day had its round of exacting duties which occupied the whole day, and which engaged the personal attention of every member, allowing little opportunity for even ordinary sight-seeing. The long drives each day through the most picturesque scenery compensated in a large measure for this lack of local opportunity. The golfers of the party were content to leave their clubs almost untouched, and pass the various enticing links with only a hasty and perhaps regretful glance. The deputation had a programme of important work to perform, the encouragement of Gaelic study was its great mission, and no one can say otherwise than that the Mackays did their duty well, and gave a stimulus to Gaelic which has already had the most gratifying results. To give an adequate account of the tour would require a volume, and as our space is limited, we must confine ourselves to the barest outline of the proceedings. The party met at Thurso on Tuesday, 5th September. Here they received a hearty welcome from the leading clansmen, and were invited to dine at the house of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Bank of Scotland House. The invitation was accepted, and the Highland hospitality extended to the party by the genial host and his charming sisters may be inferred from the menu card, which Mr. Mackay had printed. The following clansmen were present:—John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford; Donald Mackay, of Hereford and Ceylon; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A.; John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, hon. secretary; Alexander Ross Mackay, assistant secretary, Donald Mackay, Strathnaver House, John Mackay, S.S.C., John Mackay, West Preston Street, and Alex. Mackay, St. Andrew's Square, all of Edinburgh; George G. Mackay, Liverpool; Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., Westerdale; Roderick Macleod, Inverness, *Mòd* medallist, and other local gentlemen. After dinner, the evening was devoted to music, the party only separating in the early hours of the morning. Truly an enjoyable beginning to the clan tour, and a pleasing example of the traditionary hospitality of the Mackays. Next morning the deputation started in three waggonettes from the Royal Hotel, on their visit to the land of their fathers. The ancient churchyard of Reay was visited, and its many clan relics inspected. On entering the Mackay country it was evident the whole population was on the watch for the visitors, groups at many of the houses giving a hearty cheer, and waving anything handy which had a resemblance to the historic white banner of the Mackays—not the Skibo fiction, of course! At Melvich the party were welcomed by a large gathering, headed by three pipers, and soon the business of the day began. The large school-house was crowded to the door, and the greatest interest was manifested in the competitions (junior and senior) for Gaelic reading, reciting, dictation, singing, &c. The standard of excellence was surprising,

DR. NORMAN JAMES M'KIE.

the most difficult Gaelic books being required to fairly adjudicate the position of the senior pupils. The classes started last year by the clan society, inspired by Mr. Mackay of Hereford, have already shown marvellous results, almost every boy and girl in the district being able to read the Gaelic Bible more or less proficiently. The examinations ended at 4 p.m., and were followed by competitions for pipe music and races for the children. In the evening a grand concert was given, the hall being crowded to excess, and a handsome sum was raised by collection on behalf of Widow Macdonald. The concert was sustained by local talent, assisted by Mr. Roderick Macleod and other members of the deputation, and a capital programme was ably sustained. Mr. Mackay, Hereford, who presided, presented the prizes to the successful students, nearly fifty Gaelic books being distributed.

Next morning the party left for Farr, encouraged by the pipers and the hearty cheers of the people. All along the route, and often in the most solitary places, a loud cheer from some well-wisher testified that the presence of the deputation was expected and welcomed. The white flags displayed from the house tops and on the hills showed that the *Bratach Bhàn* of the Reay country was associated in no way with the bogus banner of the Grays of Skibo. Work was quickly commenced in the school-house, at the foot of "Bonnie Strathnaver," the hall being quite unable to accommodate the large gathering. The competition was again very severe, the examiner, Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., having the greatest difficulty in adjudicating the winners. The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie presided, and gave the deputation a most hearty welcome to the historic home of their clan. Children's races followed, the number of competitors

LORD REAY'S PEW IN TONGUE CHURCH.

being well nigh inexhaustible. One shilling was given to every first prize winner, and sixpence to *every competitor!* As this was done in every parish, the number of candidates may be easily understood, and the large sum of money divided among the little ones all over the country showed that the Mackays responded to the occasion in no ungenerous spirit. Piper Marcus Mackay, of the Seaforth Highlanders, wearing the medal for the Chitral Expedition, supplied the pipe music for the day. The evening concert was again a great success, showing a wonderful display of local musical talent. The hall was too small to hold the large gathering. Here the Rev. George Mackay, M.A., of Killin, joined the party, having travelled all the way from Altnaharra to overtake his clansmen, and to show his interest in the work gave a charming rendering of that beautiful old Gaelic melody, "MacCrimmon's Lament." A dance followed the concert, to which nearly all the young people waited, and which was kept up with great heartiness till early morning.

On Friday the historic Naver was crossed, the beautiful Strath, to which the Mackays are now to return after seventy years of expatriation, stretching away to the base of Ben Clibrig in a series of meadows and hills. Tongue, the beautiful capital of *Duthaich 'ic Aoidh*, was reached in due time, the journey being enlivened with Gaelic songs and rousing choruses. After luncheon, the party drove to the field where the sports were to be held, and were received there by a large gathering, recruited from all the surrounding districts. The local committee had made the most perfect arrangements, and soon the Gaelic competitions were in full swing. Athletic

sports then followed, handsome money prizes being offered for running, leaping, throwing the stone, &c., every event being keenly contested. The children also had their races, the proceedings extending to late in the afternoon. The concert was well worthy of Tongue, the singing would have done credit to any large town, and the number of performers evidently unlimited. The audience crowded the hall, the passages, and even the ante-rooms, while many outside had to be satisfied with the refrains heard through the open windows. The Reading Room benefited to the extent of £10 by the sale of tickets. Of course, a dance followed, but, as in other districts, the space was far too limited for the number of dancers. However, everyone entered into the reels with the utmost heartiness, regardless of minor discomforts. Saturday found the deputation across the Kyle of Tongue in Melness, where they were entertained to dinner by the Rev. Cathel Kerr, M.A., and thereafter held the competitions in the large school-house, which was again crowded. A very enjoyable concert followed, and after the children's races were held, the party returned to Tongue. On the way to Melness the deputation visited Tongue House, where they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Box. Sunday was welcomed by all, after such a busy and exciting week. Most of the clansmen attended the old Parish Church, to listen to a most eloquent discourse from their comrade, the Rev. George Mackay, M.A., Killin, a native of Sutherlandshire. The most conspicuous object in the church is Lord Reay's pew, a relic of the days when the Mackay chiefs were lords of the soil, and it was only appropriate that Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., should gravely occupy his chief's vacant seat! The burial vault of the Reay family is under the family pew, and altogether this ancient building has many close associations with the clan in the old days, when the Lords of Reay lived in Tongue House, and ranked

RISPOND, LOCH ERIBOLL.

with the noblest in the land. The times are changed. The Mackay chief of to-day worthily upholds the great name of his family and clan, but he does not own an acre of the vast territory which belonged to his ancestors.

Monday turned out unpropitious for the long journey to Durness, and Messrs John and Donald Mackay, of Hereford, Rev. Angus Mackay, and Mr. Alexander Mackay decided to remain at Tongue. The others resolved to proceed. The Kyle of Tongue and Hope Ferry being safely crossed, the dread Loch Eriboll was reached, but probably recollections of last year's experiences determined the party to drive round the loch, the scenery of which is very grand and wild. At Eriboll Farm they were entertained to an appetising Highland repast of oatmeal cakes, scones, and delicious milk, which was greatly enjoyed. During the interval of waiting for the conveyances, children's races were held, and when the thirteen little competitors were called out to receive their small silver prizes, it was found that every one bore the name of Mackay! The incident gave the deputation and spectators a hearty laugh. Durness was at last reached, Mr. James Mackay Scobie leading the procession in his carriage with a piper playing a lively tune. At the hotel a large gathering welcomed the visitors, but as it was then too late to go on with the competitions, it was decided to hold a concert in the evening. The hall was crammed, £10 being paid for admission tickets, which sum was applied to the Free Church Repairs Fund. The hall was tastefully decorated, a large floral motto on the wall being "Welcome, Mackays." Mr. Mackay, Scobie, presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., and Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*. The programme was worthy of the native parish of the great bard, Rob Donn Mackay, Mr. Roderick Macleod's rendering of Rob Donn's songs being received with great rapture. The gramaphone entertainment was another popular

item. The dance which followed was crowded, but what did a little jostling matter to the Durness lads and lassies when the members of the Clan Mackay Society were enjoying the lightsome reel with the heartiest of them.

The whole parish turned out again next day, the Gaelic competitions being held in the open air. A very large number of competitors came forward, and a high standard of excellence was evidenced, the Gaelic singing being specially good. The Rev. Adam Gunn and Mr. Torquil Nicolson have made their scholarly influence felt to some advantage in Durness. The Durness lads proved themselves athletes of no ordinary ability, no fewer than thirteen of them taking part in "throwing the stone." Indeed all the items on the Sports' programme were keenly contested, numerous handsome money prizes being offered for each event. The children's races brought forward nearly every boy and girl in the district. When the proceedings were about to close and the deputation were congratulating themselves on the completion of their arduous week's labours, a hint was conveyed to them that the people of Durness were by no means done with them yet, and that another grand concert was to be held that evening under the auspices of the clan, at which every member was expected to be present. The proceeds were to be devoted to providing lamps to light up some of the darkest corners of the village. The Mackays again turned out to the entertainment, and experienced the usual routine—a crowded and enthusiastic audience, a capital programme of Gaelic and English songs, and a dance, which was kept up with great heartiness to the early hours of morning. A sum of £5 was raised, sufficient for the object in view, and to give the promoters a good start Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, promised to provide the first barrel of oil gratis. On the following day a visit was made to Balnakiel graveyard, where Rob Donn's grave and monument were inspected, but there was nothing found to show that he was a Calder! The massive monument gives his name as Robert Mackay, and as it was erected by his "admiring countrymen" it would be insulting to their memory to insinuate that they did not know the bard's name. And it may be here stated that particular enquiry was made among the old people in each parish if anyone seriously believed in the Calder theory, and not one person could be found who entertained the idea that Rob was anything but a Mackay. The usual reply was "It's all Mr. Morrison's nonsense, we all know Rob Donn was a Mackay." When a whole race are practically unanimous on the subject, it is not at all likely that Mr. Hew Morrison will convince them that they are wrong.

So ended the tour of the Mackays in the land of their clan, an experience which will be a pleasant memory to all who took part in it. To some, who had never been there before, it was a revelation—it amazed them to find how keenly the old clan feeling is cherished among their clansmen in the North. That the whole population between Reay and Cape Wrath should make the visit of a few Mackays from the South the occasion of a public holiday in every parish was something they could not well understand. However, they came in time to learn what a power for good the Mackay Society had become in the Reay country; it had proved its usefulness by ten years of unceasing effort to further the prosperity of their kinsmen at home, and their sons when they came South were assisted into suitable situations; when a calamity overtook the fishing fleet the Mackays soon collected £500 to assist the bereaved relatives; they had done much to encourage education, and in many other ways a bond of kinship was cemented between the members of the clan society and their kinsmen in the old homeland in the far North, which found a natural expression in the splendid gatherings which were held in all parts of the Reay country, and in the enthusiasm with which the deputation were received everywhere. Besides this the object which prompted the tour, to foster the study of the ancient language of the race, appealed to the sympathies of the people, who will not willingly let die the Gaelic speech of their forefathers. The Clan Society appealed to them to do something practical, and they responded. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, urged the formation of Gaelic classes, and provided parcels of text-books for every school. The examinations just held prove that the whole population is deeply interested in the movement, the classes already showing excellent progress.

The Mackays have done their part in the most generous spirit. Two hundred and fifty Gaelic books were distributed in prizes during the tour; a large sum was given in money prizes for athletic sports at Tongue and Durness, and for children's races in every parish. The teachers and ministers who have taught the pupils were suitably recognised, each being presented with a specially bound copy of "Caraid-nan-Gaidheal," or "Rob Donn Mackay's Songs and Music," suitably inscribed, in acknowledgment of their generous and patriotic services. Gaelic in the Reay country has now become such a popular study that, instead of decaying, the language will be more generally used and more intelligently understood by the rising generation than it has been for many years past. It is quite evident that if other Highland Societies bestirred themselves in similar directions, there would be no possibility of the language of the Gael dying. Each district society could surely use its influence in the place from which it draws its membership; each clan could also exert itself in the old home of the race. A tour during the summer would interest the natives in the scheme, and classes would soon be formed. So far as the Clan Mackay Society is concerned, it is probable that these tours will become an annual institution in the Reay Country. Everywhere the people insisted on a deputation being sent next year, when preparations for their reception would be made in good time, and even a heartier welcome would be extended to them. That is the right feeling, and it will have due consideration by the society. That the holiday is likely to be a pleasing memory to those who took part in it is evidenced by a letter just received from a clansman in the south, who wrote saying: "I shall never forget the pleasure I derived from our tour in the Mackay country, and the many friends I made there. Even yet, in the night, I fancy I hear the refrain of "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" and those other beautiful Gaelic melodies which were so often sung; while "Over the Sea to Skye" and "Sound the Pibroch" are forever waltzing through my memory in such a masterful fashion that everything else must give way to them." Well, there are worse things to bother one than a good rousing Gaelic song, or a pipe tune.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

NOT a few of our finest Gaelic songs are by unknown authors, or by authors who are known by one effort of their genius. Such songs are frequently the composition of the gentler sex, who too often are

"cradled into poverty by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Such songs are distinguished by their simplicity, tenderness, and expressive sincerity. They are usually wedded to airs that are in full sympathy with the sentiments expressed, as if both were "the twin births of the one passionate experience." So much are the words and the music in unison that they must be thought of as one, the melody being in many cases "warblings not of the voice only, but of the whole mind." Of such a class is the well-known "*Fear a' bhàta*," or "The Boatman," "*Gun chrodh gun aighean*," "*Cuir a chinn dìlis*"—"Fairest and Dearest"—and the following simple song and melody, the bitter wail of some Highland maid whom the cruel sea has bereft of her sailor lad.

FIONN.

THUG MI GAOL DO 'N FHEAR BHAN—O, I LOVED THE FAIR LAD.

KEY A—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

:	d.,	r	m	:	r.,	m	l,	:	s,.,	s,	m	:	s.,	m	r
SEISD — Thug mi			gaol,		thug mi		gaol,		Thug mi			gaol	do 'n fhear		bhàn
CHORUS-To my			fair		sailor		lad		I gave			love	most sin	-	cere,
:	d.,	r	m.,	r	: m.	s,	l,	:	d.,	l,	s,	:	m.,	r	d
	Agus		gealladh		dhuitse		'luaidh,		O,	cha		dual	dhomh	bhi	slàn.
	And I		promised		his to		be,		But my			life	now	is	drear.
:	d.,	r	m.,	r	: m.,	s,	l,	:	s,.,	s,	m	:	s.,	m	r
RANN—Chaidh	am		bàta		troimh	na	caoil		Leis na			daoine	Di	-	màirt,
VERSE--'Twas	on		Tuesday		after	-	noon,		That the			ship	left the		bay,

D.C. for Chorus.

:	d.,	r	m.,	r	: m.	s,	l,	:	d.,	l,	s,	:	m.,	r	d
	'S mise		phàigh		am faradh		daor,		Bha mo			ghaol	air	a	clàr
	For that		voy	-	age sore I		paid,		When my			love	sailed	a	- way.

Chunn'cas long air a' chuan,
'S i cur suas nan seòl àrd,
'Nuair a dhiùlt i cur mu'n cuairt
Bha mo luaidhs' air an t-snàmh.

Tacain mu'n do luidh a' ghrian,
Bha mi 'm fiannis mo ghràidh
Tha e nis an grunnd a' chuain—
O' gur fuar àite-tàimh!

Bha mi bruadar an raoir,
A bhi 'n caoimhneas mo ghràidh;
'S 'nuair a thug e rium a chùl
Shil mo shùilean gu làr.

Bha mi deas is bha mi tuath
Bha mi 'n Cluaidh uair no dhà
Dheth na chunna mi fo 'n ghréin
Thug mi spéis do 'n fhear bhàn.

Cha téid mise 'thigh a' chiùil,
Thuit mo shùgradh gu làr,
O'n a chualas thusa 'rùin
'Bhi 's a' ghrunnd far nach tràigh.

As they raised the canvas hoar
A fierce squall struck amain,
Then my lover lost his hold,
And was ne'er seen again.

But a few short hours before
I held converse with thee,
Thou art now asleep, my love,
'Neath the cold cruel sea.

Yesternight, when in a dream,
To my love I was nigh;
But at dawn the vision fled,
And I waked with a sigh.

I have been to foreign lands,
I have sailed far and near;
But I never yet saw one
I'd compare with my dear.

Life is reft of all its joy,
I shall ne'er smile again,
Since my own, my sailor lad,
Sleeps for aye 'neath the main.

PETER GRANT.

MRS. PETER GRANT.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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PETER GRANT, GLASGOW.

AMONG the many ancient clans of the Scottish Highlands, there are few that boast a purer Celtic descent than *Na Granndaich*, or Grants, whether of Strathspey, Urquhart, or Glenmoriston. Mr. Peter Grant, the subject of this brief sketch, is a Grant of the Grants. Born in Glen Urquhart on 6th May, 1864, Mr. Grant comes of a typical Highland race, the Grants of Corrimony, second only to that branch of the clan of which the Earl of Seafield is the head. Many distinguished men have sprung from the same stock, and made the name of Grant world famous. For over four hundred years his ancestors have dwelt in Glen Urquhart, and in the same beautiful glen his father, Mr. John Grant of Oakbank, died but a few months ago, deeply regretted by all who knew him. At the age of fourteen, Peter Grant, having received a sound educational training in Glen Urquhart, came to Glasgow, where he served an apprenticeship with Messrs. Ogg & Hodge, and after making one or two changes, was appointed representative in Scotland and Ireland of the well-known firm, Messrs. Barry, Ostlere & Co., Ltd., linoleum manufacturers, Kirkcaldy, a position which he still occupies with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. His leisure time has been largely taken up in furthering by every possible means the various Highland Associations with which he is connected. Joining the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association about fifteen years ago, Mr. Grant, who was elected its hon. secretary in 1895, has, by dint of hard work, in which he has been ably seconded by his brother, James, the popular president, brought the Association to its present flourishing condition. In addition to his connection with his County Association, Mr. Grant is treasurer of the Clan Grant Society, a member of the Glasgow Gaelic Society and the London Inverness-shire Association, and is to be found lending a helping hand wherever his Highland compatriots require assistance. On 8th June, 1888, he married Ada, daughter of Mr. Thos. Warwick, Sherwood, Nottingham, an amiable and accomplished lady, who enters heartily into her husband's enthusiasm for things Highland. Their family consists of two sons and a daughter. We wish them all a prosperous and happy future, and success in all their undertakings.

MRS. GRANT.

W. DRUMMOND NORIE.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

THE MOD.

THE eighth annual Mòd was held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on 5th October, Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., presiding, and was supported by Rev. Dr. Blair, William Mackenzie, Crofters' Commission; Henry Whyte (Fionn), Malcolm Macfarlane, Duncan Macgregor, of Arngask; Major A. Y. Mackay, Gregor Macgregor, Theodore Napier, Prof. Mackinnon, Miss Yule, of Tarradale, Archibald Menzies, S.S.C.; John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly;* Alexander Ross Mackay, John A. Stewart, Dr. Geo. Henderson, A. Mackay Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson-Matheson, B. H. Peach, Neil Macleod, John Mackay, Donald Mackay, Donald Nicolson, J. M. Campbell, John Campbell, Evander Mackay, James Grant, Dr. Alexander Dingwall, Peter Grant, W. Drummond Norie, Alexander Mackay, John Mackintosh, &c. The hall was well filled, and we recognised many prominent Gaels from all parts of the country. Apologies for absence were intimated from Mr. John Mackay, Hereford; Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, and others.

The CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings with a brief address, in which he expressed his warm sympathy with the Gaelic movement, referred to the revival of interest in the language which had become general among the Celtic races, and strongly advocated that Gaelic should be taught in all Highland schools.

Addresses were next delivered by Lord Castleton, Messrs E. Fournier, and P. H. Pierce, who represented kindred societies in Ireland.

Mr. HENRY WHYTE read the report of the adjudicators on the literary competitions, from which it appeared that no less than 79 papers had been sent in, and the standard of excellence was greatly improved on former years.

Thereafter, the various musical competitions took place, the proceedings being of the most interesting nature. The choral competition especially was followed with keen appreciation, the Inverness choir's splendid rendering of "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" well entitling them to first place. As usual, Mr. Roderick Macleod received an ovation on his appearances, and he was again successful in carrying off some prizes. The following were the prize-winners in the various competitions :—

Best original and unpublished Gaelic poem or sonnet—1, Neil Ross, Glendale; 2, Mrs. K. W. Grant, Glasgow; 3, John Macfadyen, Glasgow.

Best metrical translation from English into Gaelic of the poem, "The Graves of a Household," by Mrs. Hemans—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant; 2, Rev. Alexander Macdougall, Colonsay; commended, John Macfadyen.

Best original and unpublished competition in Gaelic prose—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant; 2, Alex. Mackinnon, Partick.

Best Gaelic essay (open only to boys or girls under tuition in schools in Skye)—1, John Macleod, Rona, Portree; 2, Kenneth Maclennan, Rona; 3, Isabella Nicolson, Rona.

Best Gaelic essay on any topic of local interest (open only to boys and girls under tuition in schools in the Reay country)—1, Alastair Macleod, Melness; 2, Angus Macleod, Melness.

Best Gaelic letter on a simple subject within the knowledge of the pupils—1, Jane Currie, Islay; 2, Flora Mackinnon, Islay.

Best Gaelic ode in honour of Flora Macdonald—1, John Macfadyen, Glasgow.

Best Gaelic prose account of the Battle of Killiecrankie—1, Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon.

Best collection of technical terms in Gaelic for actions, materials, and implements used in any trade or occupation—The Rev. Chas. Robertson, Inverness.

Gaelic teaching in schools, highest percentage of passes in Gaelic—1 (£9), Paible, North Uist; Oban High School; Hellipool, Tiree; Ballemartin, Tiree; and Staffin, Skye—equal (£6 each).

Best four part harmony of the air, "Soraidh slàn do'n àilleagan"—£1 1s—Ivor Black, 54 Queen Street, Glasgow.

Solo singing (open only to those capable of conversing in Gaelic)—1, Joan Macvean, Oban; 2, Alex. Macleod, Inverness; 3, Alex. Fraser, Glasgow.

Solo singing with clarsach accompaniment—Miss Mary Ann Mackechnie, Oban.

Solo singing (open)—1, Miss Katie MacColl, Oban; 2, Miss Lizzie Mackenzie, Inverness.

Solo singing for seniors, female voices—1, Miss Tena Carmichael, Glasgow; 2, Miss Mary M. Macleod, Glasgow; 3, Miss K. S. Macgregor, Dundee.

Male voices—1, Allan Hunter, Oban; 2, Dan. Munro, Inverness; 3, John Cameron, Glasgow; 4, Alexander Fraser, Glasgow.

Choral competition for seniors—1, Inverness Gaelic Choir; 2, St. Columba Church Choir, Glasgow; 3, Choir of Northern Counties Institute for the Blind, Inverness.

Duet competition—1, Miss Kate Fraser and Mr. R. Macleod, Inverness; 2, Miss Lizzie Mackenzie and Mr. John Mackenzie, Inverness.

Quartette competition—1, Inverness No. 2; 2, Dundee.

Gaelic recitation—1, Neil Ross, Glendale; 2 (equal), Alex. Macdougall, Glasgow, and Duncan MacCallum, Glasgow.

Gaelic reading—1, Malcolm MacCallum, Taynuilt; 2 and 3 (equal), Miss Minnie Keith Macarthur, Campbeltown, and Duncan MacCallum, Glasgow.

Choral competition for juniors—1, Rhinns Junior Gaelic Choir, Islay; 2, Oban Junior Gaelic Choir.

Solo competition for juniors, female voices—1, Miss Margaret Cameron, Oban; 2, Miss Betsy Anderson, Islay; 3, Miss Maggie Macniven, Islay.

Male voices—1, Donald Mackinven, Campbeltown; 2, Angus Keith Mackinven, Campbeltown.

BUSINESS MEETING.

As soon as the proceedings were concluded, the annual business meeting was held—Rev. Dr. Blair presiding. It was agreed to form branches of the Association throughout the Highlands, and a committee was formed to submit a scheme. Next year's Mòd will be held in Perth, with the Marquis of Tulliebardine as president; Mr. John A. Stewart to act as local secretary. The following were added to the Executive Council :—Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, James Grant, Rev. George Mackay (Killin), and Alfred Macaulay (Golspie). It was decided to increase the secretary's honorarium to £20. Delegates were appointed to attend the Celtic gatherings in Ireland and Wales, which concluded the meeting.

EVENING CONCERT.

The Music Hall in the evening was crowded with one of the most influential and enthusiastic Highland gatherings ever held in Edinburgh. The capital has always been notorious for its coldness towards things Highland, but on this occasion it belied its reputation. The concert was entirely Gaelic, and every item was applauded. On several occasions the five combined choirs, assisted by the famous Reel and Strathspey Band and the organ, gave a splendid rendering of favourite songs, such as probably no one in the hall ever heard the like before. After this experience no one need say that a programme must be almost entirely English or Lowland to secure a good audience.

THE LOCAL SECRETARY.

If there is one word to be added, it is in acknowledgment of the services of Mr. Archibald Menzies, S.S.C. To him the great success of the Mòd is nearly wholly due; his energy and enthusiasm created a like interest in others, and he is entitled to the greatest credit for the time and labour he devoted to making the Mòd by far the best yet held by the Association. We were pleased to hear him stating that he received more assistance from the Clan Mackay Society than from any other association in Edinburgh. That the clan were deeply interested in the meeting was evident from the fact that we counted no less than twenty Mackays in one part of the hall during the day.

NA H-UAIGHEAN AIG AON TEAGHLACH.

THE following translation of Mrs. Heman's "Graves of a Household" is by Mrs. K. W. Grant, Shawlands, Glasgow, and gained the first prize at the Mòd held recently at Edinburgh:—

GU h-àluinn dh'fhàs iad taobh ri taobh,
Aon àros llon le àigh—
Air feadh an t-saoghail tha'n uaighean sgaoilt',
Air màgh, is cnoc, is tràigh.

Aig oidhche phòg 'n aon mhàthair chaomh
Gach mala òg gun ghruaim,
Ghléidh i fo 'sùil gach blàthan maoth—
C'àit' 'bheil iad nis 'nan suain?

Measg choilltibh ciar na h-Aird-an-iar,
Taobh uillt tha aon 'na thàmh—
Seach air tha 'n t-Innseanach a' triall
Fo sgàil nan seudar àrd.

Tha aon 'an glaic na fairge mòir',
Measg neamhnuidean a' chuain:
An Gaol!—gun chàirde caomh 'na chòir,
An deòir cha ruig air 'uaigh.

'S an Airde-deas, air màgh na gaisg'
Tha fear dhiubh taisgt' le sàir;
Fo chraobhan meas, 'na bhratach paisgt',
Air blàr a' bhuaidh 's an Spàin.

Is aon—fo mhiortal tha i slnt',
Shearg ise 'n tìr na gréin';
'Measg bhlàith' na h-Eadailt luidh i slos,
Uan deireannach an tréid.

Sgapta mar so, aig fois tha 'chlann
A chluich fo 'n aon chrann-téil',
Aig glùn aon mhàthar 'an laoidh 's 'an rann,
A thog an guth le chéil'.

Iadsan a las an tigh le aoibh,
An dachaidh 'llon le ceòl—
Mo thruaigh! b'e 'n gaol an fhaileas fhaoin
Gun Saoghal ùr nam Beò!

TIR NAN OG.

(Tìr nan Og was an Elysium in Celtic mythology.)
FONN—"My love is like a red, red rose."

THE following poem by Mr. Neil Ross, Glendale, Skye, received the first prize for original Gaelic poetry at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

C'àit 'eil aoibhneas Tìr nan Og
A mheudaich ceòl nam Fiann?
O c'àit 'eil cala rùin nam bàrd
Is dùthaich àigh am miann?
Oir chrom na bàird an cinn 's an ùir,
Tha 'n clàrsach tùrsach balbh;
Is chaochail maise Tìr nan Og
Bho'n theich a glòir air falbh.

Oir mhùchadh soillse Tìr nan Og,
Rinn aoibhneach ceòl nam Fiann.
Is dh' fhalbh Malmhìn do Thìr nan Og
'S an laochraidh mhòr o chian.
Oir chrom na bàird an cinn 's an ùir,
Tha Cheòlraidh tursach balbh.
Is thuit an oich' air Tìr nan Og
Tha 'loinn 's a glòir air falbh.

Nach cianail mar a shearg an dreach
Air cluaintean Tìr nan Og,
Mar 'sgaoileas bruadar faoin mu seach
Aig briseadh fair' an lò.
An till a snuadh gu 'cluaintean àigh,
Am faigh na bàird am miann?
An till a' mhaise ghrinn ni's mò
'Rinn aoibhneach ceòl nam Fiann?

Ach cuin' a thig an loinn air ais
A thàmh air Tìr nan Og?
No cuin' a dhùisgeas fuaim nam fonn
Mac talla trom nam fròg?
Cha laidh an Aois air Gaol no Ceòl,
Cha dean i leòn d' an dealbh;
Oir chum iad sonas Tìr nan Og
'S cha teich an glòir air falbh.

MY LOVE ACROSS THE SEA.

Sea gull on the wave that rideth
Come to me, come to me;
Tell my love that love abideth,
Tell from me, tell from me,
Tell my love across the sea.

. . . . . .

Sea gull, take a loving greeting
O'er the sea, o'er the sea;
Winter's past, and time is fleeting,
Say from me, say from me,
Say to my true love from me.

SURG. LT.-COL. ALEX. K. STEWART, OF ACHNACONE.

BORN in India, 30th August, 1852, and after a service of 21 years in Her Majesty's Indian Medical Service, from which he retired in 1897 as a Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel, few would give Achnacone credit for his years and tropical experience. His father, the late Alexander Stewart, who was in the Indian Civil Service, was tenth of Achnacone in unbroken lineal succession from father to son, from Dugald, first of Achnacone, third son of Alan Stewart, third of Appin; the Appins in turn being the direct legitimate male representatives of the last Sir John Stewart, Lord of Lorn, who was assassinated in 1643 at Dunstaffnage, and who was descended through Sir John de Bonkyl from Walter, sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland. The Achnacones are now the senior Cadet branch of the Appin Stewarts, owing to the Strathgarry branch from the second son of Alan having become extinct; and though by a family arrangement Charles Montague Duncan, his elder brother, is eleventh Achnacone, Alexander Kenneth is now "of Achnacone," his eldest son, Alexander Dugald Lorn, being heir male of the line.

The lands of Achnacone were granted to Dugald soon after the return of his father, Alan, with his five sons, from Flodden, A.D. 1513; and the eventful history of the Achnacones is bound up with that of their chief of Appin, with whom they took a distinguished part in all the notable engagements from that year on, ending with the disastrous field of Culloden, where Alexander and Duncan, the second and third brothers of Donald, seventh of Achnacone, were killed.

Alexander Kenneth, the subject of this note, was educated at Haileybury College. Going from thence to Edinburgh University, he took the degrees of M.B. and C.M. in 1874, as also the degree of L R C.S., Ed., at the College of Surgeons. In 1876 he passed very high, being second in professional subjects, for the Indian Medical Service Examination in London; and he went out to Bombay the same year, when the great famine was raging. He saw famine work at once, but was early appointed to the medical charge of the "Poona Horse," with which famous regiment the remainder of his service as a regimental officer was mostly associated. In 1880 he was through the Afghan campaign with the corps, and was present at the defence of Kandahar, affair at Kairabad, sortie against Deh Khoja, where he was twice slightly wounded, and battle of Kandahar, for which he has the medal and clasp. He saw further service in the Chitral campaign of 1895, being then in medical charge of No. 31 Native Field Hospital, Reserve Brigade, for which also he has the Chitral medal. Among other good work in India, in 1883 he received the thanks of the Government of Bombay, by Government resolution, for his researches and report in regard to an epidemic then existing in parts of that Presidency.

As an athlete he was distinguished in Rugby football, having been captain of the Edinburgh University football team in 1874, in which year also, and in 1876, he played quarter in the International for Scotland against England. In the saddle and as a horseman he had few equals; and though he gave up steeplechasing in the early years of his Indian career, he played polo and captained the regimental polo team for the last 15 years of that period, during which it was quite one of the crack teams of India. He is one of the very few men living who can lay claim to having fairly ridden a full grown wolf to a standstill, though many an ambitious and good rider has attempted and failed to achieve this, which perhaps may be considered and claimed to be the blue ribbon of the saddle on the sporting side. Being an ardent sportsman, he is equally at home with the rod and gun, as was his father before him, his name having been a household word with old Indians in the earlier years of the century. Among his most valued possessions are two massive and handsome silver centre-pieces, presented to him by his brother officers of the Poona Horse—the first on his second marriage in 1891 to Annie, daughter of the late Peter Longton, Esq., of Woolton, Lancashire; and the second on his retirement in 1897. At the inauguration of the Clan Stewart Society this year he was elected as one of the vice-presidents. By his present

Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel ALEX. K. STEWART.

wife, Annie, Achnacone has two sons, Alexander Dugald Lorn, younger of Achnacone, and Ian Macalister.

BARGAINS: A TALE OF THE MUIR OF ORD MARKET.

IT is only within the last decade that the Muir of Ord Market, once celebrated throughout the Highlands, has become, comparatively, so little frequented. On a certain Thursday in every month the grey muir that lies on the Inverness side of Ord village became a gay and busy scene. Alas! towards evening the road that stretches wide and straight through the muir, and on to Conon and Dingwall, became a scene of gay and drunken revel. Worn-out crofters' ponies jogging peaceably homeward, their masters seated, maudlin, on the cartshaft, were hardly dangers; but half-broken Clydesdale colts, with tipsy riders, were not pleasant to meet.

"Hoch and indeed," said Geordie Ross, "it's no possible to buy a Highland sheltie at the Muir wi' oot as mony drams as would buy the beastie twice ower."

"George," retorted his English cousin, "if ever I see you coming home the worse, I'll never speak to you again."

Geordie laid down the bridle he had been cleaning, and came out to the stable door. There was a light in his honest blue eyes.

"Jean," he said in a low voice, "lassie, if I go to the mairket and come home steady-like, wull ye gie anither answer to the ane ye did twal' months syne?"

She turned her head away and answered, Scotch fashion, with a question.

"When are you going, George?"

"The morrow, Jean. The maister's sending me to buy a few cattle tae pit in the east laigh field."

Jeannie flashed round. "And you call yourself a man, and make so much of buying a few cows without making a brute of yourself!"

Geordie sighed. How was it possible to make this little English-bred cousin understand the enormity of the sacrifice he was prepared to make for her? She made such a provokingly pretty picture, too, standing there in the July sunshine, and Geordie had a sense of the beautiful.

"Look ye here, lass," he said desperately, "I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll tak' a poond—twenty shullins—wi' me, an' I'll bring it back as whole as I took it. That'll show ye I won't hae tiched a drap o' drink o' ony sort, except watter."

"Ay," she said, "and how can I tell that you won't borrow money?"—then stopped, abashed by the pain in the blue eyes.

"Na, na, lass," he said, with gentle dignity, "I think ye ken me weel eno' to believe I wudna play a dirty trick like thon."

"Yes, George, and I know enough to know an honest man." And with that she ran away. But Geordie returned whistling to his work. He felt that his happiness now lay in his own hands—in his own power of resisting temptation.

Next morning at seven o'clock he entered the farm kitchen, where Jean was already at work preparing breakfast.

"Not away yet?" said she ungraciously. But nothing daunted, he strode across the room and stood before her. He was a fine-looking young fellow—stalwart, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded, and fresh-complexioned. In his new "moleskins" and jacket of home-spun he made a good type of a Scotch working man. A certain amount of the admiration she felt came into Jean's expression, and perhaps Geordie saw it.

"Jean," he began, "ye ken fine I'm no in ony way what cud be ca'ed a drinker?"

"Yes, George," demurely.

"An' ye've never seen me come hame what cud be ca'ed incapable?"

"No, George."

"But ye ken fine that I can tak' my gless wi' anither when I'm making a bargain?"

"And you should be ashamed to stand there and confess it!"—with spirit.

"Weel, lass, it's the custom—a bad one, maybe, but for a' that there it is." He paused for a moment, then resumed: "But I'm no to tich a drap the day. I'll hae to pit up wi' a deal o' lauchin', an' they'll be makin' a bar o' me turnin' teetotal, but I'm to do it for love o' you." Geordie paused again: love-making is difficult in the early morning, and especially when the lady of your choice wears a perfectly stolid expression. However, Geordie made a bold dash, and added: "There's no muckle I wudna dae for you, my ain dearie!"

"Indeed, sir," said Jean, "you've too much cheek altogether! And what good is this to do me, may I ask?"

"Wull I never mak' you understand?"—despairingly. "Weel, lass, if ye wull hae it so, I'll jist say that maybe it's no you that it'll do ony good to, but jist mysel'." He felt in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a half-sovereign and four half-crowns. "Jean, I sweer to you that thon's every bawbee I hae aboot me; if I bring them hame to ye jist as they are the noo, wull ye gie me ony hope?"

A long pause, whilst the lady deliberately turned a bannock on the girdle.

"An' I sweer I'll no tak' a drap frae ony ither body."

No answer. The lady lifted the bannocks deftly on the blade of an old knife, and placed them on an ashette.

That even a worm will turn is very true, and "Faint heart never won fair lady" is an excellent proverb. Geordie placed his hand on Jean's shoulder and turned her gently towards him. His face was white under the tan, and his voice was hoarse and stern.

"Ye'll need to hae done wi' playin' wi' me, Jean. Wull ye mak' the bargain, or wull ye no?"

She shook off his hand and ran to the door. There she turned.

"Yes, I'll make the bargain," she said, "and if you keep your half, I—I'll be blithe to keep mine!" and vanished.

. . . . . .

The sun shone brightly as Geordie took his way over Conon Bridge. The river wimpled softly through the stone arches, and, fallen low in the dry weather, stretched widely on each side of the islands, now æsthetically green and yellow with whin blossom, broom, and birch. As he rode up through the bonnie little village, the gardens in the sunshine garish with July annuals, he met his rival the gamekeeper. His rival! With Jean's last words ringing in his ears he could laugh at the term now. Yet, with the romance of kilt and sporran he made a picturesque figure; and Geordie felt that, if only on that acconnt, Sandy might have had serious attractions for his romantic little sweetheart. Such fears were things of the past.

"It's like to be weet the day," said Sandy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Weet, man!" exclaimed Geordie, "Weet wi' you sky?"

"Ay, man, it's weel kenned that there is no mony that returns *dry* frae the Muir!" And he went on his way chuckling, and hugely pleased with his own joke.

But, accompanied by the rich harvest of his thoughts, and caring little for such "vacant chaff", Geordie pressed on along the level road that leads through the properties of Conon, Highfield, and Ord. He stabled his horse at the Tarradale Inn, and thence took his way on foot to the Muir. Here he was met by many a friendly greeting, for Geordie was a favourite. He moved about among the crowd, occasionally letting his eye rest on a likely lot of beasts, but finding none that came up to his standard of bovine excellence. At length he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a cheery voice said, "Hullo, Ross, what are you looking for?"

Geordie turned and saw the laird smiling pleasantly at him. He explained his business.

"Well, lad, if you get nothing better, you may tell your master I'm ready to give him the Angus beasts at the price he offered last week."

"'Deed, laird," said Geordie, "I've nae need to gang further; there's no a beast in the mairket we'd rather buy."

The laird laughed. "The fact is," he said, "that they are not in the market. As I told you, I did not intend to sell them; but I've just bought some Highland cattle to please her ladyship, and I have not room for both."

The purchase was quickly made, and then the laird took a silver flask from his pocket.

"A wee drop of mountain dew," he said, "to seal the bargain."

Geordie reddened to the roots of his hair. Refuse a dram from the laird! Surely that would be the acme of bad manners and churlishness. He had realised the difficulty of refusing an equal, but such a predicament as this had not entered into his calculations. And to make matters worse, the spirit was poured into a silver cup and held towards him. But Geordie had inherited a certain dogged obstinacy, as well as feudal respect, from his forbears.

"I'm no takin' the day, laird, thank ye," he said, awkwardly.

"Come, come, lad, don't be bashful! Or have you turned teetotal?"

"No, thank ye, laird." But a fierce conflict was going on. Surely even Jean would think this an exceptional case. The laird meanwhile quietly emptied the cup of whisky on the grass.

"I see you have your own reasons for refusing," he said. "I wish that there were more lads like you." And with a sigh he left him.

Geordie echoed the sigh, but it was one of intense relief. He would leave this cursed place and get home, lest he should have to go through any more such scenes.

Oh, Geordie! what star of ill-luck made you cross the road to look at that short-horn bull? It is true that he is the champion of the Northern Counties, and well worth looking at, but not worth the risk that you are running.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," said a nasal voice, close to Geordie. "I am abart to hoffer you a bigger bargain than you'll ever get in Muir of Hord, Conon, or Dingwall, or even Culbokie."

Geordie glanced round, and saw close to him a caravan, in the doorway of which stood a remarkably small man, of a remarkably villainous cast of countenance. A group of men and lads, rapidly increasing to a crowd, was gathered round him. From the recesses of the caravan he produced a trayful of silver watches. He held one up by its much be-tasselled chain.

"Now, ladies—what! no ladies present? Well, all I can say is as there ought to be! Well, gentlemen single, or single gentlemen, 'ere's a present suitable for wives or sweethearts, a bew-ti-ful little gem of a silver watch!

Come, now, what'll you bid for it? 'Arf a crown? No one bid anythink at all? Well, it wouldn't be much use your bidding less than ten bob, for I simply wouldn't tike it. What hif I was to tell you that there was a crisp new Bank of England note in the hinside of each watch-kise?"

A murmur of incredulity arose from the crowd.

"Well, there may be one or two has 'asn't it, but heven hif they 'av'n't, isn't this bew-ti-ful little gem of a silver watch worth double what you pay for it?"

This somewhat enigmatical sentence ought to have impressed the crowd, but Mr. Cheap Jack finds Sandy, intent on business, more difficult to move than 'Arry out for a holiday at Margate. He must try more practical means.

"P'rap I should 'ave said a Bank of Scotland note. Well, there it is!"

For a brief moment he opened the watch lid, let the crowd catch a glimpse of a neatly folded piece of paper, replaced the watch on the tray, and dramatically folded his arms.

"Now, p'raps, you'll believe my word! Now you may condescend to see that I'm selling the watches for your good, and not for my own profit!"

He picked up the watch once more.

"Now, before my patience is quite gone, will you 'ave the watch or won't yer? Time is getting short, and I 'ave a happointment with the Dook of Sutherland at 'arf-past three hexactly!"

A lad of about eighteen, even at that early age and hour fuddled with bad whisky, stepped forward.

"Gi'e me the watch, an' if ye're telling me a lee I'll break yer darned ugly heid for ye!"

As he spoke he held out a handful of loose silver, amounting possibly to ten or twelve shillings. The Cheap Jack took it, and handed him his purchase. There was a breathless pause whilst the lad opened the watch. The crowd jostled forward, those nearest peering over his shoulder, as with trembling fingers he removed the crisp paper from its resting place, and smoothed out the creases. He held it up. It was a note on the British Linen Company's Bank for £1 sterling.

Then a chorus of exclamations broke forth.

"Weel done, Jimmy lad!"

"Losh, mon! a silver watch and chain an' a poond note for a few shullin's!"

"She's the ferry pest pargain she effer saw, whateffer!"

"Man alive! did ever ye see the like!"

"Hoch an' hoch, such a thing to be in it!"

I tremble for my own reputation as a truthful story-teller, but I can only tell you of what followed as I heard it from an eye-witness of the scene.

The Cheap Jack struck ere the iron grew cool, and holding up a watch in each hand, cried—

"I 'ave honly twenty left! Tike 'em or leave 'em!"

And they took them. Yes, the hard-headed, calculating Scot was beaten by the little Cockney. I blush for my countrymen. They crowded and pressed up to the caravan, they held up their purchase money, and he took it. He took anything from five shillings to a pound. In an incredibly short time he had got rid of from twenty to thirty sixpenny watches. Then he turned his caravan, whipped up his horse, and took his departure.

The scene after this can hardly be imagined, much less described. When the crowd realised to what an extent it had been fooled, an angry murmur ascended to the blue sky, and the murmur grew to a roar that was heard above the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, and even outdid the roar of the champion of the Northern Counties. It was a roar of baffled vengeance, for the back of the caravan was seen vanishing round the corner, on the high road to Beauly. The thoughtful student would now have had ample opportunity for studying the variations of the Gaelic and Celtic oath. Geordie alone was silent. His feelings were too deep for words. Never, even in his calmer moments, could he understand what made him press up with the foremost and proffer his four silver coins. But that he had done so was certain, for in his pocket the half sovereign rested solitary, and in his hand was a child's toy. And he had broken his promise to Jean. Well, only half of it, but surely as far as his happiness was concerned he might have broken the whole, for now he could not produce his pledge of good faith. At this moment the devil, in the guise of Black William, the smith, chose to proffer him a horn tumbler half full of whisky.

"It's guid speerits, mon! Rale Glenlivet!"

Geordie had not broken his fast since early morning, and this, combined with the long ride and the heat of the day, had made him feel giddy and faint. Moreover, the odour of the whisky was borne refreshingly pungent to his nostrils. Be a man, Geordie! What though you have broken your compact in the letter, keep it as far as you can in the spirit!

"It's guid whusky, mon, tak' it, you're no lookin' very brawly."

Then a jeering voice, that of Sandy, the keeper.

"Hoch! an' didn't ye ken that Geordie had turned teetotal? He jined the blue-ribboners when 'bonnie Jean' gave him the go-by!"

A shout of derisive laughter went up from the crowd. Geordie took the horn in his hand,

and—flung it full in the face of the last speaker! He has a very confused recollection of what followed after this episode. He was a tall, broadly built young fellow, but Sandy was in training for the Inverness sports, and had, the better to guard himself against poachers, studied the art of self-defence. A few minutes decided the victory, and Geordie found himself lying prone, whilst well-intentioned kindness forced "rale Glenlivet" against his clenched teeth, and spilt it all over his clothes. Then Geordie swore. Yes, that "quate, douce laddie" swore deeply. He swore in Gaelic and English, and he swore some oaths peculiar to Easter Ross, his birthplace. I think he even astonished Sandy, whose vocabulary in this respect was by no means limited. Then he picked himself up, and, disdaining any assistance, cleft his way through the crowd, and went to the Tarradale stables. Here he washed away any marks of the fray that were washable, and surveyed himself in a fragment of mirror that hung in the harness room. And a pretty spectacle he beheld! His left eye was several artistic shades of blue and green, his nose and lip were bleeding, and he had lost a tooth. And oh! how he reeked of whisky!

"But I didna swallow a drap," said Geordie to himself, not without a certain amount of triumph.

His homeward ride was slow and painful. It was yet too early in the afternoon for any market revellers to be on the road, so he had sufficient solitude to think over his distress. He also had sufficient courage to look the situation fairly in the face. His conclusion of the matter may be summed up in his own words.

"I'll mak' a clean breist o't, an' if she'll no believe me I canna help it. If she'll not trust me noo, she'll not trust me aifter merriage, so maybe it's as weel tae ken aforehand."

This philosophical reflection did not comfort him as much as he had expected it to, and he added to himself—

"But I'll need tae clean mysel' a bit afore I see her."

The sun was still throwing strong rays of heat athwart the land. It was behind Geordie, but nevertheless he was glad when he reached the deep shadows cast by the Conan woods. His head was aching badly, and he felt sick and giddy. He began to wonder if he could hold up until he reached home. He swayed in his saddle and recovered himself, then again and once more saved a fall. The third time he fell heavily on the road. When he came to himself his head was resting on a softer lap than that of mother earth. Gradually, growing more distinct as the buzzing in his head grew less loud, the following conversation came to him.

A man's voice first expostulating rather angrily.

"Hoots, lass, he's as fou as he can be! Canna ye feel the smell o' the speerits off him?"

Then a girl's tones, earnest, indignant—

"And I tell you he is not. It's a sunstroke."

Then the man again, impatiently—

"What's the use o' argufyin' wi' a wuman that winna believe the eevidence o' her senses?"

At the next words Geordie felt that the whole earth could not contain his joy.

"I tell you I *know* he wouldn't, because he *promised* me." And the voice was Jean's.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

"MUILEANN DUBH."

20 ST. ANDREW SQUARE,
EDINBURGH, *2nd October, 1899.*

DEAR SIR,—After parting with the members of the Clan Mackay deputation at Inverness, I spent a few days with my friend, Rev. George M. Munro, at Kincraig. One afternoon we had a walk of some miles from Speyside to near the front of the Grampions. Standing on an eminence, and overlooking a beautiful meadow on the east side of a river which falls into the river Spey, Mr. Munro, pointing to the remains of a building close to a burn which meandeared through the meadow, said—"That is the 'Muileann Dubh'" (Black Hill). "'Muileann Dubh,' 'Muileann Dubh!'" I reiterated, "an air, and words accompanying the air, were familiar to me in my young days. It is quite possible that the one before us is or was the real Mill." My friend said he knew nothing of it, but pointing to a man who stood close to a bridge that spanned the burn, said—"Yonder is the tenant of the farm, he may be able to tell you something about it." We hailed the man, and I asked him if he knew of any tradition in connection with the place. Pointing to a huge boulder on the summit of the mountain about two miles north-east of where we stood, "That stone," he said, "is called 'MacCailein Mòr,' or Argyll's Stone, on account of one of the chiefs of Clan Campbell, with his followers, passing a night beside it. As they emerged into the plain below, one of the Earl's pipers composed, if not the air, the words," which he repeated as follows:—

Tha caoraich agus gabhradh 'sa Mhuileann dubh 'sa Muileann dubh,
Tha caoraich agus gabhradh 'sa Mhuileann dubh o shamhradh,
Tha'n crodh breith nan laogh anns a' Mhuileann dubh, 'sa Mhuileann dubh,
Tha'n crodh breith nan laogh anns a' Mhuileann o shamhradh,
Tha nead na circe-fraoich anns a' Mhuileann dubh, 'sa Mhuileann dubh,
Tha nead na circe-fraoich ann 'sa Mhuileann dubh o shamhradh,
Tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman, tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman,
Tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman, tha Mhuileann is srann aig.

Probably some reader of the *Celtic* may be able to give further information regarding the origin of this old song.—Yours, &c., ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

LOCH TAYSIDE.

THE village of Kenmore, on Loch Tay, in Breadalbane, is one of the sweetest places in Scotland. It is situated on a headland formed by a bay on one side, and the river Tay on the other. To the north rises the richly wooded Drummond Hill, on the east are the grounds of Taymouth Castle, Loch Tay stretches away westward, and on the south is a range of hills separating the valley of the Tay from Glenquaich.

Not far from Kenmore, off the northern shore of Loch Tay, is Sybilla's Isle, named after the wife of Alexander I. She was buried there in 1172, and her husband founded a priory on the island to her memory. The ruins of the building can still be seen on the island. The priory is said to have been the first residence of the Breadalbane Campbells in the district.

About two miles along the loch is the small clachan of Fearnan, the name meaning the alder land. It was once possessed by the Robertsons, who lie buried with some Macgregors in the little graveyard on the hillside above the village. Another pretty little clachan on the north shore of Loch Tay is Lawers, where can be seen the ancient mansion house in which the famous prophetess called the "Good Lady of Lawers" resided. One of the lady's predictions was that

KENMORE, LOCH TAY.

when a tree growing near the church of Lawers should become large enough to spread its branches over the roof of the building, the church would be divided. The Disruption of 1843 is said to have been the fulfilment of this prophecy. Ben Lawers rises high above the village that bears its name, and means the mountain of the new day or dawn. It can be climbed with ease, and the view from the summit is considered one of the finest in Scotland. There is a lonely mountain tarn on Ben Lawers called Lochan-a'-chait. It is believed to be very deep, but the high hills which surround it, and its bottom of peat, probably account for the dark appearance of the water. On the south side of Loch Tay, opposite Lawers, is Ardtalnaig, meaning the height of the flooded stream. Tradition says King Malcolm II. founded a castle here, but not a vestige of it can now be seen.

There are numerous other places of interest on Loch Tayside and the surrounding country, including Killin, where on an island in the Dochart the Macnabs buried their dead; and Loch Kinardochy, high up on the moors not far from Schiehallion, where ghosts are said to wander by night.

ERIC STAIR KERR.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES are all busy just now. The Lewis and Harris Association hold their annual gathering on 16th November, when a large gathering of the sons and daughters of *Eilean an Fhraoich* is expected. A history of Lewis is being prepared by a distinguished native of the island, and promises to be a valuable addition to our Celtic literature.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIAL takes place on 23rd November. The learned chief of the society, Rev. Dr. MacMillan, is demitting office, and a successor will require to be appointed. It will not be easy to select a clansman for chief who would worthily fill the position so long occupied by the genial ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1899

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Annual Subscriptions are now overdue. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.*

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Next month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Messrs. D. R. Cameron, Burmah; W. H. Gregg, St. Louis, U.S.A.; and Hugh Cameron, Montana, U.S.A.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The opening meeting of the session was held in Glasgow on 19th ult. —Mr. Alex. Mackay, vice-president, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Mr. John Mackay, editor, *Celtic Monthly* (hon. secretary), reported on the recent tour in the Reay country. 380 pupils had attended the nine Gaelic classes, and the examinations held in each parish showed that they had made remarkable progress in their studies. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., stated that the present year had been most successful, and the balance the largest for several sessions past, the total funds now amounting to £1215. Eleven life members and a large number of ordinary members had recently joined. Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., reported the discovery of an ancient carved stone in Halladale, dated 1630, showing an "open hand" as part of the Mackay arms, similar to that on the Mackay banner. This convincing proof of the authenticity of the banner as being the genuine *Bratach Bhàn* of the Clan Mackay, ought to make Rector Alex. Macbain and Mr. D. Murray Rose pause before rushing again into print with their rash and improbable theories.

THE CLAN MACLEAN'S "AT HOME" was held in the Queen's Rooms on 20th ult.—Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, C.B., chief of the clan, in the chair. There was a large and representative gathering. The chief delivered a rousing speech, in which he referred to the publication of the new clan history by Rev. Maclean Sinclair, the large increase in membership and funds, and the useful work which the society was performing. The gathering was very enjoyable. The hall was most artistically decorated with tartan draperies, Highland weapons, &c., by the well-known firm of Messrs. Rowan & Co., 104 Argyle Street.

MACKAY AND THE CAITHNESSMAN.

We are all familiar with the story of the deathbed scene of Rob Roy, in which the priest is depicted exhorting Rob among other things to forgive his enemies in order that he might receive forgiveness himself, and of Rob's regretful reply—"Weel, weel, what maun be maun be, but"—turning towards his two sons, all ablaze with the last dying flash of the old Adam within, he suddenly added—"God bless ye, Duncan and Rory, if ye forgie them."

So died we are told that unweaned "Child of the Mist."

In those days instances showing the ruling passion strong in death were not confined, alas, to the Braes o' Balquhidder. Tradition bequeaths us many such, but I shall merely quote one, well known at one time in the Mackay country. The story opens with one of these periodic incursions with which the Mackays and the Caithnessmen were wont to enliven the monotony of the dull northern day of that age. On this particular occasion it was the Sinclairs' turn to visit the Reay country on an expedition for the study of its flora and fauna, especially of its fauna. It would seem that on their return a small band of the Sinclairs became detached from the main body, and entering a narrow pass, endeavoured to reach their storm-swept headland by a shorter route. Fatal error! In the centre of the pass they were suddenly confronted by one of Clan Aoidh's mightiest sons, Big Swarthy John, as he would be named in English. The encounter was sharp and sanguinary. Of the best part of a dozen, all but one who escaped, fell by the blade of this demon of the pass.

Swarthy John lived to hear the tale oft told on the Naver, his prowess being fully appreciated by his clansmen, who felt proud that one of their number could repeat in the wilds of Caithness that heroic deed which King Robert the Bruce performed in the deep solitude of Lorn. But at length Swarthy John entered a pass in which he was confronted by a demon from which no one has returned to tell a tale. He lay on his death bed, with the priest bending over him, exhorting him to prepare for the final journey. But no sign of repentence came from Swarthy John, he remained silent, although visibly affected. The priest continued to press him, asking if he had nothing to confess—left no regrets behind him. "Regrets, said you," replied the dying man, "yes, I still deeply regret that I let that last Caithness man escape me in the pass."

New York. MACDHAI.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A HEBRIDEAN STORY.

By I. K. Ritchie,
Author of "In Love and Honour," "Thou Shalt Not Covet," &c.

Part I.

THE dull, grey sky is reflected in the colour of the ground, in which snow, impregnated with moist earth, presents that dreadfully "muggy" look that such a mixture naturally engenders.

No speck of blue in the sky, no bit of delicate colouring in the landscape—all is cold, cheerless, and grey. And the two young people who stand there in the fading light are in strange harmony with their surroundings. The girl's dress or short petticoat, of dark blue serge, is faded and well worn, even the tartan kerchief, that should be a bright bit of colouring in the garb, has lost its original hues in the wear and tear of many seasons. He who stands by her side bears also the marks of deep poverty. Yet they are a comely pair to look upon—he, tall and broad-chested, with fair, reddish hair and beard, and a pleasant open countenance. His

STORNOWAY CASTLE.

companion is rich in an abundance of raven locks, dreamy blue-black eyes, and features swift to flush rosy red in sudden mirth or happiness, though, alas! little practised in that during the long weeks of privation which have sped, and still linger on.

The evening air is bitterly cold, yet they take no heed of that, so engrossed are they in conversation.

Presently, from one of the thatched huts, built in a line down the moorland towards the sea, come two little children, their scanty, threadbare frocks barely covering their knees, their poor chilblained toes bare to the frost and snow. As they advance, the girl puts out her hand to the young man and wishes him good-bye.

"I must be looking after the young ones, Donald," she says. "See, they come to call me!"

"One moment, Christy," he pleads, "for, oh! when shall I be seeing you again?"

She droops her head, apparently unable to meet his despondent gaze. After a moment he speaks again, with a subdued calm, which betrays strong emotion.

"Please God, I must be away to the town in the morning, Christy, and learn what cheer is preparing for the emigrants."

Then her struggle to emulate his bravery triumphs, and she looks up with eyes no longer dim with unshed tears, but love-lit and full of hope.

"And it will be good cheer, Donald, never fear," she says gently.

"My own! my own!" he murmurs, with passionate fervour. "There, you may go to Bella and Peggy now. I have kept them too long from their supper to-night. By daybreak I'll be starting for Stornoway."

"And you'll chust give a bit tap on the window as you go by; then I'll be coming out to wish you good-luck again," she says. "And mind and take care of yourself, Donald; it's a weary road you're starting, and I'll chust be ferry anxious till I'll be seein' you back, whateffer."

"It'll chust be counting effery meenit I am, till I get back to you, Christy, mo chridhe," he declares.

Then, with mutual tenderness, they say good-night again, and part.

The children have hung back shyly, although they are fond of Donald. They know that he, like all his fellow cottars, is in sad trouble, and, kind-hearted little mortals that they are, they will not spoil his morsel of pleasure, snatched in the fast fading light.

With a subdued gladness they come to their sister now and take each a hand, while she, thinking still of her lover, has to pause at the house door hastily to wipe her tears away.

Ah! it is hard to think of their leaving their native land, where the fair, bright days of youth have dawned with promise of radiant morning! Her mind dwells upon the scenes she knows and loves so well; there, in the tranquil loch, where, long ago, her almost baby hands were taught to use the oar; by the sea, at times a plaything, scattering treasures from the deep. Left alone on the silent moor, Donald, too, gives vent to the pent up grief of his heart as he ponders sadly on his prospects.

Until now doing most of the work on his aged father's little croft, keeping the house tight and dry from wind and rain, engaging as gillie in the summer months, his time has been fully and happily occupied. And over all an additional halo of gladness had been cast by dreams of another steading that Christy and he would share together in a fair future.

But now fierce storm and tempest had swept the crops away; the potatoes had rotted in the ground, and every day found Donald poorer in a vain endeavour to keep the wolf from the door. So now he was resolved to put in his lot with those who were about to emigrate to a foreign land. While he pondered on the still moor, his only brother was standing in the doorway of his father's house. All around the little steading spoke of orderliness and careful work; no "lazy-beds" disfigured the lands at harvest time; nor even now, when the destructive blast of the late storms might have been excuse, was there evidence of neglect.

The house itself was in better repair than most of the neighbouring ones, and where the absence of chimneys was strikingly general, the quite stately one of the Macivor's dwelling was at once suggestive and imposing. Within, although the floor was an earthen one, how trim and clean was everything, from the crockery shining bright on the dresser—which Donald's own hands had made—to the smallest item of use or ornament.

Sitting by the low, wide fireplace, were an old couple, Donald's respected and worthy parents.

"Do you see Donald coming?" presently asked the old woman, speaking to her son standing in the doorway, and he, replying in the affirmative, went on smoking.

Like his mother, he spoke in Gaelic; indeed, his English vocabulary was well nigh as scant as hers; and, truth to tell, his chief characteristic was the "limpet" pertinacity for his native soil with which islanders are particularly accredited, caring little for aught beyond the barest necessaries of existence, and blessed with few thoughts to extend beyond his humble ideas of self-gratification. Donald was a striking contrast. Imbued with all the feverish impetuosity of an ardent nature, he had long been ruled by the desire to better his lot in life, and was only restrained from seeking a wider field for his energy by his care for those depending, not on his pecuniary help alone, but for kindness and sympathy together. Possessing all that resolution of character that makes men of his disposition successful wherever they go, the thought of the aged parents he must leave behind to his brother's perhaps not too tender care, alone had held him back from seeking fortune abroad. Then, too, Christina would be sorely missed in her home; her mother, a widow, being blind, the charge of the little girls already mentioned was chiefly hers, to take her entirely away from them would seem cruel indeed. And that which would be painful as a voluntary act, how much harder now being almost compulsory?

Charity, mayhap the grudging alms of the affluent, or emigration, these two confront him. The proud young islander clings to independence. To-night the subject must be broached, the stern necessity of immediate action is clear to him; and now when he is strong in trust and love from that meeting on the moor, he will do it best.

He goes into the house presently and slips to the fireplace.

"Mother, you will be making me up some

oat-cakes to-night, will you?" he says, gently, "for I must be starting for the town early in the morning. I may be hearing of something good there," he adds, cheerily, as the old dame's eyes are raised imploringly to his.

"Ah, Donald, you will be going away to leave me. Ah me! ah me! Old folks cannot be having what they like all the way. But oh! my Donald! my darling! my bonnie bairn! it's hard, hard to part."

The old woman's grief completely overpowers her, and she throws herself weeping upon his breast.

His mother's words sounded in Donald's ears long after she and the other inmates of the house were asleep. He sat upon the low chest where all the treasures of the family were kept, and thought of different plans for tiding over the hard winter, but, alas! to no purpose. If he had been in the Royal Naval Reserve, as so many of his fellow-cottars were, there would have been more hope; the money gained in that way would pay his rent, and credit was more easily obtained from the merchants by those in the service; but, although master of many occupations, Donald had never taken kindly to the deep-sea fishing, and only *bona fide* fishermen are eligible for this branch of Her Majesty's service. The trim appearance they present in their sailor suits and neat caps flitted through Donald's brain, and gradually, with the vision, a thought that flushed his cheek, and anon sent it an ashen hue.

Long the conflict raged within him, and when at last he rose, he staggered like one intoxicated. He crept stealthily to the shelf whereon lay one or two books, also pens and a small bottle of ink. The latter necessary adjuncts of correspondence he clutched nervously, and having placed them on the chest returned again, this time in search of writing paper.

But what makes the strong man tremble so that he can hardly steady the pen to do the work he wills it? Again and again he pauses, and it is long before the few lines are done which under other circumstances would have seemed but a trifling task.

PART II.

He holds in his flaccid grasp that which, were it an authentic document, would be of no small assistance to him, namely, a declaration from the minister of the church he attends declaring him to be a *bona fide* fishermen, following no other trade, and having no connection with any militia regiment.

No wonder the strong man trembles, and scarce dare look upon his work. How bitterly would punishment fall on one hitherto honour to the core! And the risk of detection he knows is great, but then he is very familiar with the minister's handwriting, also the form of words he usually employs. And the fingers that have clutched the pen, tremulous though they be, are not those of a tyro, but one much given to perfect by practice his little stock of learning, none the worse because it has been gained under much adverse circumstance.

But, successfully accomplished although he feels it is, his work gives him no pleasurable thrill, as he thrusts it hastily from his sight into his pocket; and then, prayerless, and with such a load on his conscience as he has never felt before, seeks his humble pallet. There is no sleep for him that night, and long before the grey light of a new day has made any headway, he steals silently out into the chill, raw air.

"What! must you start so early?" Christina whispers in awe-struck tones, as, awaked by his gentle knock at her mother's door, she has thrown an enveloping plaid around her, and come, as promised, to wish him God-speed.

"Yes, I must be going," he answers in a constrained, sad voice. "Good-bye, Christy. Think well of me, whatever happens!" some impulse urges him to add.

If the young maiden was quick to throw her arms round the young man's neck, kissing him on lips and brow, as she bade him be of good cheer, can we blame her? And be assured her warmth was not lost upon her lover.

When he left, she shed a few silent tears, for she said—

"He will not be like himself to-day at all."

Well for her that she knew not the burden he carried.

(*To be concluded*).

BADENOCH AND LOCHABER LORDSHIP COURTS AND RECORDS.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

(*Continued from page* 7).

1709—April 25.—John Macpherson, of Achacha (a part of Raitts), registers bond to the Duke of Gordon, which narrates that his father, Andrew Macpherson, had appraised the lands of Raitts belonging to William Mackintosh, of Borlum, for a certain debt; and that he, as heir to his deceased father, had charged the Duke to enter him, and grant charter. This the Duke agreed to do for the consideration of a payment of 400 merks. "But it being customary for all superiors, upon granting entries on apprizings, to exact and receive a full year's rent, yet his Grace has been pleased to accept 400 merks, which was far within a year's rent, still if the lands are not redeemed by Borlum

within the legal term, and pass into Macpherson's possession," he, the said Andrew, obliges himself and his heirs and successors to pay a full year's rent of the lands, under deduction of the above 400 merks. The bond bears date at the Canongate, 31st December, 1675.

1710—January 30.—Bond registered, granted by John Macpherson, of Tirfodoun (now incorporated with Dalchully), to George, Duke of Gordon, dated at Eilean dhu (in Laggan), 12th December, 1709.

Eo. Die.—Bond by James and John Macpherson, in Crubinbeg, to the Duke of Gordon, for £100 as part of the duty of Crubinbeg, still due by Alexander Macpherson, their brother german and others, possessors of the lands for the last three years, dated Ruthven, 15th December, 1709. Thomas Macpherson, son to Duncan Macpherson, of Invertromie, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Another bond by same persons to the Duke of Gordon for 32 merks, same date.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Elias Macpherson, in Prothemore (Crathymore?) as principal, with Angus Macpherson, of Druminord, as cautioner, to the Duke of Gordon for £25 3s 4d of borrowed money. Dated *ut antea.*

This word "Elias" is at the time not unfrequent among the Macphersons, and the last owner of Invereshie of the original line was so named. The real name was Gillies.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Samuel Macpherson, of Drum-Callaig, to the Duke of Gordon, for 164 merks, dated at Eilean dhu, 12th December, 1709, and witnessed by John Macpherson, of Tirfodoun; Duncan Macpherson, of Gergask; and Duncan Macpherson, of Invertromie.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Donald Macpherson in Shirrabeg to the Duke of Gordon for £50 Scots, dated and witnessed as above.

Eo. Die—Bond registered granted by Evan Macpherson, *alias* Macvurrich Roy, in Shirramore, to John Cuming, of Tombreachie, chamberlain of Badenoch, for £40. Dated at Shirramore, 10th December, 1709, in presence of John and Donald Macpherson, elder and younger of Tirfodoun, and others.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered granted by Angus Macpherson, of Druminord, and Thomas Macpherson, in Pitgoun, to the said John Cuming, for 52 merks, price of three horses pounded by him for byegone duties from Murdo Macpherson of Shirramore. Dated Ruthven, 14th December, 1709. Dougal Macpherson, in Ruthven, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Dougal Macpherson, William Mackintosh, and Evan Macintyre, all in Crathymore, to John Cuming, chamberlain of Badenoch, for £20. Dated Ruthven, 15th December, 1709. Duncan Mackintosh, of Gergask, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by John Mackintosh, of Blargymore, to the said John Cuming, for 60 merks of unpaid duty for the three years of 1706, 1707, and 1708.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by Donald Macpherson, of Invernahaven, to the said John Cuming, for 40 merks, borrowed money, dated Ruthven, 16th December, 1709.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by Donald Macpherson, of Pitchurn, to the said John Cuming, for 110 merks, price of 11 bolls of oatmeal, of the Miln farm of Delraddie, dated Ruthven, 10th May, 1709. Alexander Macpherson, of Phoness, one of the witnesses.

1710—February 2nd.—Registration of factory by the Duke of Gordon to John Macpherson of Corronach (now part of the farm of Biallid), as Chamberlain of Lochaber, dated 10th November, 1709. Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, one of the witnesses.

1710—February 3rd.—Registration of factory by the Duke of Gordon to Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, as his chamberlain in Laggan for Martinmas, 1686, and during his pleasure, dated at Gordon Castle, 20th January, 1687.

1710—February 18th.—Registration of factory by George, Duke of Gordon, who, being confident of the ability, fidelity, and dutifulness of Lachlan Mackintosh, of Strone, appoints him chamberlain of his lands and mills within the Parish of Kingussie, for collecting the Martinmas rents of 1686. Subscribed at Gordon Castle, 26th January, 1687. Lachlan Mackintosh, of Balnespick, and Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, witnesses.

1710—February 22.—Commission registered by George, Duke of Gordon, to Lachlan Mackintosh, present possessor of the lands of Ruthven (second son of William Mackintosh, third of Borlum), to hold courts within the Lordship of Badenoch and the Barony of Kincardine, for the administration of justice, ordaining him to account for all emoluments of office, allowing him 300 merks of salary. Dated at the Citadel of Leith, 12th September, 1709, and witnessed by John Alexander, doctor of medicine, and James Wilson, described as his Grace's servitor.

1710—March 2.—Registration of tack by the Duke of Gordon to the above Lachlan Mackintosh, of the town and lands of Ruthven in Badenoch, rent, £458 6s 8d Scots, together with public burdens. Signed at the Citadel of Leith, 13th September, 1709, in presence of George Leslie, of Kincraigie, advocate, and James Simson, the Duke's servitor.

1710—March 9.—Registration of Letter of forestry by the Duke of Gordon to Samuel

Macpherson, in Drum Callag, to oversee the woods and forest of Benalder, at a salary of £50 Scots. Dated at Gordon Castle, 6th March, 1710.

Eo. Die.—Registration of notarial instrument, dated Ruthven, 30th July, 1696, bearing that Patrick and James Gordon, in Kingussiebeg, produced bond granted by John Macpherson, of Ardbrylach, stating that upon an interruption by the tenants of Kingussie upon the moss of Stransbanach (?) he would not cut peats, nor use the moss until the Duke of Gordon had ascertained on examination what rights he had in the said moss; also that he would get his Grace to do so before the next year's leading of peats, by his obligation to that effect dated 4th June, 1694. The tenants now protested that, seeing Ardbrylach had failed to implement his obligations, neither he nor his tenants should have right in the said moss. Done within the house of Alexander Shaw, in Ruthven.

1710—March 14.—The Duke of Gordon and the original Macphersons of Invereshie. The last of the old family was styled "Elias" Macpherson, the name being really Gillies. The points raised were important. The superior wished, in a charter by progress, to import various conditions and stipulations not comprehended in the original charter. Invereshie very properly and legally objected to these novelties, and it has long been settled Scottish law that the terms of an original charter cannot be enlarged or added to without consent of the vassal, although they may be modified or eased.

Paper registered this date, entitled "Information for Invereshie," which narrates that Elias Macpherson, of Invereshie, as heir served and retouned to his father in the lands of Invereshie, and others holden of the Duke of Gordon, craved to be entered by his superior in these lands, conform to the original rights thereof. That a precept has been drawn by the agents for the Duke, for infefting him therein, but the same appears "disconform to the original writs in the following clauses," nine in number, which, though interesting to lawyers and specialists, are hardly suitable for ordinary readers. In the end, it is intimated that there is a legal remedy for the unjust refusal of superiors to enter their vassals, superiors not being entitled to alter or innovate the conditions of feus on renewals.

Eo. Die.—Registration is made of receipt granted to William Mackintosh, of Borlum, for £17 18s as his share of the 700 merks cess laid upon Badenoch, dated Inverness, 12th February, 1694.

1710—March 23.—Registration of bond for 1000 merks by Duncan Macpherson, of Cluny, with Paul Macpherson, of Crathy Croy, and Murdo Macpherson in Reatts, as cautioners, to Donald Macpherson of Phoness, dated at Kingussie, 10th January, 1674, and witnessed by George Macpherson, in Cluny; John Macpherson, of Ballachroan; and Eneas Macpherson, writer.

1711—June 21—Registration of factory by George, Duke of Gordon, to John Macpherson, of Coronach, over Lochaber. Dated Citadel of Leith, 29th May, 1711.

1714—November 12.—Registration of bond by John Shaw, of Dalnavert, with William Mackintosh, tenant there, as cautioner, to John Grant, of Tornavellan, for £39 14s. Dated Dalnavert, 29th August, 1713, and witnessed by Patrick Shaw, student in Invereshie, and Allister Shaw, in Kingussie.

Eo. Die.—Registration of bond by Paul Macpherson, of Clune, with Donald Grant, of Bellivattan, to John Grant, in Tornavellan, of Glenlivet, for 12 bolls oatmeal. Dated 12th June, 1713. John Macpherson, lawful son to the said Paul, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Registration of bond by Eneas Macpherson, some time in Croft Donachie, now in Lynvuilg, with Andrew Macpherson in Ralia as cautioner, to John Grant, for 87 merks. Dated Ruthven, 15th June, 1714. Witnesses—Murdo Macpherson, merchant in Ruthven; and James Grant, one of the registry officers of Badenoch.

1715—July 21.—Registration of bond by James Macpherson, of Ballachroan, narrates that Isabel Macpherson, relict of Alexander Macpherson, of Pitmain, with the special advice of John Macpherson, of Invereshie, and Robert Macpherson, of Dalraddy, her brothers german, had by assignation, dated 27th January, 1710, discharged James Macpherson, of Invernahaven, and Murdo Macpherson, of Clune, two of the cautioners in her contract of marriage, of the sum of £121 Scots yearly, on their giving to her, as distressed cautioners, for composition of the same, £40 yearly; and that she, to enable them to recover, assigned her rights against her said deceased husband and his representatives; and now the said James Macpherson, of Invernahaven, and Paul Macpherson, younger, of Clune, as taking burden for his father, have transferred to Ballachroan on his paying them £40. Therefore the said James Macpherson, of Ballachroan, as principal with John Macpherson, his younger son, and Marjory, his eldest lawful daughter, obliged themselves to pay to the said cautioners 20 merks yearly, and if payment be not made, Ballachroan assigns to them three bolls of victual, corn and straw, which they may intromit with *brevi manu*. Dated at Ruthven, 9th January, 1711. Witnesses—Alexander Macpherson, of Essich; Dugal Macpherson, at Ruthven; and Anthony Wilson, sergeant there.

(To be continued.)

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THERE are doubtless many among our readers who, in their younger days, have heard of Mr. Duncan Campbell, at one time parish schoolmaster of Fortingall, Perthshire, and latterly of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire. He was one of the best type of Highlanders. His whole heart was devoted to his scholastic duties; and many were the brilliant students who passed direct from his hands to the university, and graduated with distinction as members of the learned professions. We know that these lines will be read by several of Mr. Campbell's early pupils who have since achieved eminence in their professions. He died in 1894, in his eighty-fifth year. Of his family —there were ten in all—the eldest surviving son is the Rev. John Campbell, of Kirkcaldy; while Dr. Robert Allan Campbell is a well-known and popular medical practitioner in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dr. Archibald Campbell, the youngest son, whose portrait we have pleasure in giving, is also a successful physician at Heaton, a suburb of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was born at Lesmahagow, Novenber 6th, 1866, and at the age of seventeen he was sent to Glasgow University to undergo the necessary training for the medical profession. Working hard for four years he passed his examinations, having distinguished himself in several classes.

With the confidence of youth and true Highland spirit, he settled, when just twenty-one years of age, in Heaton, where he now enjoys a large and successful practice. In 1890, he married Miss Louisa Marion, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Gibbons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Campbell's family belongs to the Breadalbane branch of the clan. It will doubtless interest many to learn that his great-great-grandaunt was Helen Campbell, wife of the famous Rob Roy MacGregor. His ancestors have all been connected with Loch Tay side, the farm of Borland, near Fortingall, having been in their hands for several generations.

We need hardly add that Dr. Campbell is keenly interested in all Highland matters, and is an office-bearer of the Burns Club, and member of other local Scotch organizations.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

RANNOCH NOTES.

By Kenneth Mathieson.

AN approach to the Rannoch district, say from Strathearn, if undertaken by rail, will prove a very circuitous journey, both by the east and west routes, but a direct road can be taken by Amulree, Kenmore, and Fortingall to Kinloch Rannoch. The first point of interest by the last mentioned route lies at Foulford in the Sma' Glen, at a Roman camp, which apparently lay in their line of approach to Fortingall, the most northern point they seem to have reached in central Scotland. Ossian's grave next arrests attention about a mile further on. It is marked, in particular, by a mound of turf about three feet high, the same in breadth, and eight feet long. The grave is the more conspicuous by the proximity of a great mass of rock about three yards long, two yards thick, and seven feet high, and the remains of a wall of turf and stones enclosing a space around both. It is situated on a small haugh between the road and river Almond. North of Glen Quoich is a steep road called Aiseag Mile Marcaichean, "the passage of the 1000 horsemen," a term which may have been applied first in the days of Galgacus or Bruce. It lies equally on the Roman road to Fortingall and to Glen Sassen, west of Schiehallion, and is so named from an English force which sought to dislodge Bruce from Rannoch.

We shall now take a survey of the place names in Rannoch, as they stand on the Ordnance Plan, 1843, moving "deiseal" or sun-wise, and giving such remarks as may be derived from observation and enquiries in the locality. "Macgregor's Leap" is on the Tummel near Dunalastair. A rock which stood in mid-stream having been blasted away to allow freer passage for the flood water on the upper haughs, the actual leap can no more be seen. Macgregor was probably pursued by the Campbells. "Tullochcroisk" is thought to commemorate the crossing of the Tummel by Bruce and his followers as they went from Strath Tummel to Rannoch to engage in a battle with the Sassenach—a battle locally famous, although, so far as we know, not recorded in history. "Lochan-an-Daim," or Loch Dymock, is a lonely black tarn at the north base of Schiehallion, reflecting in a beautiful manner a serrated ridge of hills on the east of it. "An Cathachan" would seem to indicate a place of fighting Crossmount is the name of an estate and shooting lodge, and being near Tullochcroisk, probably refers to the same incident. "Lassantullich" is the hill overlooking

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

the part of the plain by the river-side, where the "spark" of the fight was lit. "Tempar," further west, might arise from "Iompech," a point where the enemy turned and fled. "Clach Sgoilte," or the "split stone," is the name for a large rock on the brae south of the public road. "Dalchosnie" is the field of rejoicing, where the battle may be supposed to have ended. "Schiehallion" is a mountain which from its isolation and pyramidal form must always command attention. Of the various meanings attached to this name, we prefer "the rocky seat," from "Suidhe challain," which is a true definition of the summit. An eminent speculative geologist, once standing near Tummel Bridge Inn, and looking up to the bare rocky crest of Schiehallion, said that all the mountains in Scotland over 3000 feet high had been denuded of soil above that level by an ice-sheet 3500 feet thick—a sufficiently startling statement in itself. Impressed with the boldness of this theory, we lately made the ascent, carefully noting the surface, as Hugh Miller might have done, as the mountain is composed of sedimentary laminated rock, from top to bottom there is no question of soil at all. The faintest lichen on the rocks near the top become gradually mosses, and a flat place lower down shows a resemblance of soil; but it is only a thin layer of decomposed mosses. Down 1000 feet and more, we are practically walking on stones, disguised to the eye but not to the shoe leather, by a very meagre vegeta-

KILLICHRONAN GRAVEYARD AND ISLAND RANNOCH.

tion. Looked at from a distance, this mountain would appear to have had a volcanic origin; but a close inspection disproves this. The rock is plainly sedimentary, and its original flat surface has been raised by one great heave from below, leaving a vast pyramidal heap of rocks of all sizes, and with flat, slate-like surfaces, lying at all angles. The rocky cone at the top has been termed quartzite, but quartz is very faintly in evidence, showing only on a few polished surfaces glancing in the evening sun.

In the year 1763 Schiehallion became a centre of scientific observation, by Dr. Mackelyne's experiments as to the deflection of the plumb-line by the gravitation of such a great mass of material. Dr. Grant's "History of Astronomical Geology" gives a full account of these experiments, which led to the conclusion that the mean density of the earth's crust is 5½ times that of an equal bulk of water. "Linnechuachan" would mean the pool of drinking cups. "Purak's Leap" is on the Innerhadden burn. Purak was a diminutive tailor, very mischievous with his arrows, who dwelt at Carie. Several Camerons having come from the west "to do for him," found him splitting a log, not knowing who he was. On being asked where Purak could be found, he went ostensibly in search of him, but soon attacked them with arrows. He had to run a good five miles,

however, until he baulked them at the leap. What clan Purak was of is not known, but a Miss Forbes is still living at Carie who claims descent from him through the female line. Purak might come from "purradh," a jostling, combative fellow.

Glen Sassen, out of which runs the Innerhadden burn, affords a passage from Glen Lyon, and commemorates the advent of the English to take Bruce. "Innerhadden" is the name of an estate, yet more particularly of a flat where the burn runs into the Tummel, colloquially known as "Innercath," which is Inbhir-cath, the confluence where battle did or was wont to take place. The "den" or "dun" of the name may refer to a small fort placed on it called "Seòmair na Stainge," or else to Dun Ailean, a high projecting hill overlooking the flat ground.

"Seòmar na stainge," the "chamber of the ditch," is a very curious piece of antiquity, unique in its character, so far as we know, in Scotland. It is a circular mound of perhaps 16 feet in diameter, covered with stones, and surrounded by a ditch. The mark of a wall encloses all in a square, with the appearance of a small court, gateway, and tower to the north. The whole lies in almost a direct line between a circle of small "Druidical" stones near the river, and a standing-stone to the south-west. We might almost suppose it to have been at first a burial mound, like those at Clava on the Nairn; but subsequently turned into a small fort in the centre of arable land. About fifty yards to the west is a very ancient sheep or cattle bucht. "The Wallace Cairn" is another name for "Seòmar na stainge," that hero having been said to have rested a night in it. In the absence of any ostensible source of the name "Donacha," the ancient chief of this district, we are inclined to localise him here, and to derive his name from "Dunachaidh," the fort of the field.

"Clach na boile," apparently from "boilich," the stone of romancing or telling fibs, for under it is a treasure, and any one removing it at night will be dead in the morning. The stone is about five feet high, being set up on end. It may have been rolled from the hill near, or be an ice-travelled boulder. "Dun Ailean" may refer to Allan Stewart, from Appin, one of that clan having acquired the estate some seven generations back; or it may be "Dun-Eilean," the fort of the promontory. "Creag-an-Fhithich" (the raven's rock) is a bold object in the long range of hills running west from Creag More, at the foot of Schiehallion. Taking a general survey of this range in the gloaming, from a point say in front of Muir Lodge, we get a remarkable view of "the recumbent giant," his face, breast, knees, and feet upturned to the sky—Creagmore at his head, like a pillow of state, and Schiehallion beyond, a monumental pyramid. In the opposite direction again, and from Bunrannoch Moor, we may see in the northern range of hills "Craig Var," like the head of a gigantic bat with outstretched wings. About two miles eastwards the same object will appear like a gigantic eagle on the swoop.

Dun-Ailean has on its eastern side a very quaint little graveyard for the Stewarts of Innerhadden, named "Kil Ionaid," the grave of Janet. The slanting stump of a large tree can be seen on the ground above the enclosure, and a tale of grim humour attaches to it. A man wishing to build a boat for the loch, applied to the laird for a tree. Both set off among the standing timber to select a tree, but when a good one was noticed, the laird always said—"Oh no, I could not give you that one. You see, it would make an ugly gap," until at the day's end no tree was forthcoming. The suitor, in despair, bewailed his case to the old gardener, who at once re-assured him, and finding the laird, addressed him thus—"At Kil Ionaid is a slanting tree, just over the place you are likely to be laid. Now, if it fell, it would be very heavy on your chest." That tree was cut down.

"Creag-an-Fhithich" (the raven's rock) has a bold precipitous front. To the south-east of it are the Falls of Innerhadden. "Caistealan Dubha" is now extinct, the site being occupied by Bun Rannoch Lodge. In front are some cairns, where a village is said formerly to have stood. There is on the bank of what is termed the old river a depression in the moor about 15 feet deep and 75 feet wide. This dry track, now termed "Fiadh Corrie," can be traced from the south-east corner of the loch about a mile to the present river, the bed of which is about 15 feet lower. A bank, either of glacial "till" or of upheaval, appears to have diverted the outlet of the loch to its north-east corner. Bun signifies the outlet.

Muirlaggan Farm here has a very tragic tale annexed. A farmer had thirteen sons, who went for a day's hunting. They halted for lunch, when a quarrel arose between them, ending in the death of them all. Their cairns can be seen at Trinafour, on the Erochty, and "if a' tales be true, that's nae lee."

(To be concluded).

GAELIC SERMON IN LONDON.—The Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, is to preach the Gaelic sermon in the Crown Church, London, on Sabbath, 11th November, and is also to lecture to the Gaelic Society during the same week. We have no doubt that many of our countrymen will go to hear Mr. Gunn, who is a gifted Gaelic scholar.

GAELIC POETRY IN THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

WHEN certain members of the Clan Mackay Society were touring through the land of their fathers last September, prizes were offered for original Gaelic poetry, and it is gratifying to have to report that, at almost every centre, competitors came forward with pieces of their own composition, showing not a little merit. Two of these I wrote down to dictation, and now give to the public through the medium of the *Celtic Monthly*, as a specimen of the Reay Country poetry of to-day. The author of these poems is Mr. John Mackenzie, Dionside, Tongue, who, I am pleased to say, gained the first prize for senior Gaelic reading at Tongue. The first piece, "Bheir sinn Strath-Namhuir Oirnn" (We will back to Strathnaver), gives expression to the unquenchable aspiration of the Mackays to see "bonnie Strathnaver" peopled again. The cry back was never so loud, and the hope of realisation never so strong, as it is at the present moment, when the last of the Sellars has just cleared out of the Strath, and the extensive sheep farm of Syre lies unlet in the hands of the Duke of Sutherland. We hope the Duke will rise to the occasion, and, by re-peopling the Strath, raise a lasting monument to his own undoubted large-heartedness and go down to posterity as "the best Duke we have had yet." The second piece, "Marbhrann do Sheumas Cuimineach" (Elegy to James Cumming), sings the praises of the worthy Free Church minister of Melness, who died in 1894, lamented throughout the Reay Country.—I am, &c,

F. C. Manse, Westerdale. A. MACKAY.

BHEIR SINN AM BLIADHNA STRATH-NAMHUIR OIRNN.

Cùl mo laimh ri bàt is lian,
Slàn le feamain agus cliabh,
Gabhaidh sinn an crann 's a' chliath,
Bheir sinn am bliadhn' Strath-Namhuir oirnn.
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Bheir sinn am bliadhna Strath-Namhuir oirnn.

Thig ar braighdeanas gu crìoch,
Ged sheas i còr 's ceithir fichead bliadn',
Ma thig na tuathnaich mhoir a slos,
Bheir sinn leth-cheud bliadhn' de chladach dhaibh.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Ach nach aoibhinn ait an gluas'd,
Tha eadar Fàrr 's an Strathan-Shuas?
Guidheam saoghal fada buàn
Air cluainibh glas Strath-Namhuir daibh!
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

'N àite nan eaorach bithidh tuath,
Crodh-laoigh air àraidh 'n ait' 'n daimh ruaidh;
Tha fearann abuich, bithidh sinn gluas'd,
Cha chaill sinn tuar chion foighidinn.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Am feadh 's bhios iarmad Clana Mhic-Aoidh
Toirt sgriob gach bliadhna thun ar tìre,
Bithidh duil againn ri còir le tìom,
Air strathan 's glinn ar n-athraichean.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Théid sinn fo dhion na Brataich-Bàin, *
Do ghabhail sealbh air tire ar gràidh,
A' phiob a' nuallanich gu h-àrd,
Toirt failte gu Strath-Namhuir duinn.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Bithidh gach àraidh, agus cluain,
Gach màg, is feannag, 's achadh uain,
Comhdaichte fhathasd leis an t-sluagh,
D' am bu dual am fearann ùd.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

MARBHRANN DO SHEUMAS CUIMINEACH.

'S ann air Di-haoine an orduigh fhuair sinn an leon bha cruaidh,
Chithear bròn a' tachdadh an teachdair is an t-sluaigh,
Cha b' iogantach ged chithear gach fior-fhear sileadh dheur,
Bha bearn bhios cruaidh ri charadh air fhàgail anns a' Chléir.

Co riamh a chual do bhriathran nach mianaicheadh bhi dluth
Air do chòmhradh diadhaidh bhiodh ciallach anns gach cùis?
Ach nach mor a' chianalas tha 'm bliadhna air an Tus,
Bho nach eil t-aodann fhialaidh togail fianuis 'n ceann a' bhuird?

Bha cuid a bha 'cur beinn ort airson t-fhirinn bhi cho cruaidh,
'S gur mor a fhuair thu 'sharachadh le caineadh do luchd fuath,
Ach bu bharant duit am Biobull, 's gach firinn th' ann le buaidh;
Ruith thu 'n réis gu foghainteach, is fhuair thu nis do dhuais.

Cha mhol mi thu, cha 'n urrainn domh do chliu a chuir an géill,
Cha dh' fhuair mi giftean ni e, ged fhuair mi 'n run 's an spéis,
Nam faighinn buadhan nàdurra bh' aig bàrdaibh bh' ann air tus,
Dh' fhenchainnse ri oidhirp thoirt air cur an géill do chliu.

* The Bratach Bàn is the banner of Mackay.

FLORA MACDONALD.

A MEMORIAL to this devoted and heroic Highland lady has at last been erected in the capital of her native county and of the Highlands. The monument itself is the gift of a gallant clansman, the late Captain J. M. Henderson Macdonald, 78th Highlanders, of Kaskieben, Aberdeenshire, who bequeathed £1000 for the purpose. The story of the brave

and faithful girl is known to all readers of Scottish history, and need not be recounted at length. Amongst the heroines of the past she occupies a distinguished and romantic place. She has been the theme of historians, poets, and painters, of Highland bards and Celtic story, for a century and a half, and her fame, courage, and devotion are known throughout the world wherever Celt has set his foot.

After Culloden, and many days of wandering on the West Coast, leading the life of a hunted animal, Prince Charles made his escape to the Long Island, hoping to find a French vessel to take him away. But contrary winds, storms, and hardships drove him from place to place, till at last he gained South Uist, where Clanranald met and concealed him in a hut in the Corradale mountain for fear of detection. He was in rags, and suffering from disease, hunger, and exposure. Forces had landed to search for him, while he was being hunted at the same time by the Macdonalds of Skye, and Macleod of Macleod. A reward of £30,000 was placed on his head. It seemed almost impossible for him to escape, when Flora Macdonald came to his rescue. Descended from a branch of the Clanranald family, she was on a visit at the chief's house at Ormaclade, in South Uist, when asked to assist the Prince. She must already have established a reputation for daring and skill in her island home, or she would not have been selected for the hazardous enterprise. At the time she was 24 years of age, and by her courage, woman's wit, and entire disregard of consequences, she enabled the Prince, disguised as an Irish peasant woman, to make good his escape.

At that time her stepfather was attached to Sir Alexander Macdonald's clan, and in command of the Macdonald men searching for the Prince in the island. He was one of the Prince's enemies, and this made Flora's position all the more difficult and dangerous. Notwithstanding this, she readily entered into the scheme for the Prince's rescue. She procured from her stepfather a passport for herself, a man-servant, and a female servant, who was called Betty Burke. The Prince acted the part of Betty Burke in woman's attire. Lady Clanranald dressed the Prince, we are told, with great mirth and raillery, notwithstanding their distress and perplexity. It was a coarse, homely dress, suited to the station of the wearer, a calico gown, with a light coloured quilted petticoat, a mantle of dun camelet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood joined to it.* Thus disguised, and after many scares and dangers, the party reached Kilbride, in Skye, in an open boat. They had to run the gauntlet of the English frigates and ships of war which were watching the islands at every point. It was a service of great hazard, and more than once the boat and its precious freight were in imminent danger. Arrived in Skye they were in Sir Alexander Macdonald's country, and in greater danger than ever. But Flora was again equal to the occasion, and resolved on a bold step. She determined to disclose the secret to Lady Macdonald, Sir Alexander's wife, and make a confidant of her. It was a desperate resolve, but Flora knew her woman, and trusted to her compassion, and possibly secret regard for the Prince. Lady Margaret Macdonald was naturally much alarmed, for her husband was away, and her house was filled with military officers working for the Government. In this plight she sent for her factor, Mr Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, a man of courage and intelligence. Flora took the Prince to Macdonald's house, where he made a narrow escape, for more than once the ungainly and awkward Irish female attracted attention and suspicion. From Kingsburgh he was conveyed to Portree, where Flora and he parted, never to meet again. The journey from Uist to Portree occupied three days and nights.

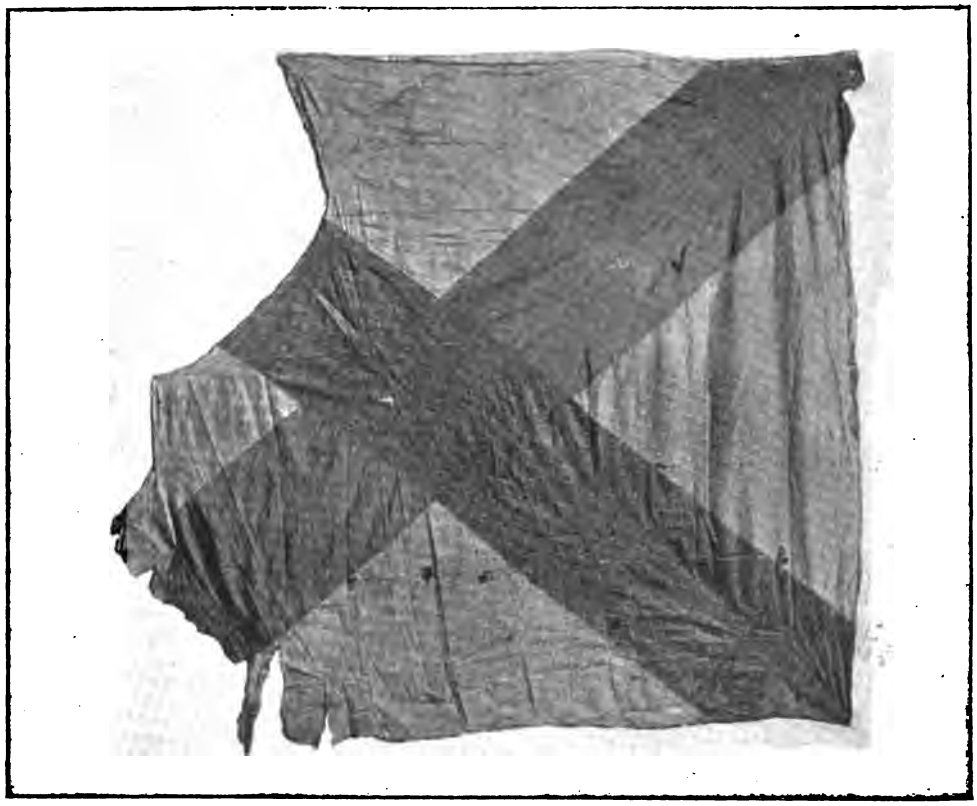
From Portree the Prince proceeded first to Raasa, and then to the mainland on Loch Nevis. After further wanderings he arrived at Badenoch, where he joined Cluny and Lochiel, eventually making his escape with Lochiel and about one hundred followers on 20th September, 1746. He landed in Brittany on the 29th of the same month.

Flora was afterwards arrested and detained for a time in the Tower, as well as Macdonald of Kingsburgh and others who had helped the Prince to escape. They were pardoned and released. Flora had become a heroine, and after her liberation went to the house of Lady Primrose, a determined Jacobite, where she received persons of rank and distinction, and a purse of £1500. She afterwards married Macdonald of Kingsburgh. They went to America, but returned on account of the Civil War, and settled and died in their native Isle of Skye. Dr. Johnson visited them there in 1773. In his account of the journey he says:—"We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." She died in Skye on 4th March, 1790, at the age of 68.

* Lockhart Papers, II. 544.

[NOTE.—An interesting account of Flora Macdonald's residence in America, by Mr. J. P. Maclean, illustrated with views of her farm and house, &c., will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

Stewarts, and at the beginning of the present year a general interest in the revival of the old clan seemed to have been aroused. It was then that the subject of our sketch decided to undertake the arduous duty of organising the society, an undertaking which other clansmen did not seem inclined to take in hand. Mr. Stewart, on 17th March, advertised in various papers, inviting those who were interested in forming a Clan Stewart Society to communicate with him. The response was very encouraging, for in less than a month an active committee of twenty clansmen was formed to make arrangements, and on May 30th the Society was formally constituted at a large gathering held in the Masonic Hall, Glasgow, presided over by Stewart of Ardvorlich. Office-bearers were elected, that most enthusiastic of Highlanders, Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether-Lochaber, being chosen as first president. The membership already exceeds 250, while the finances are equal to those of many of the other clan societies of several years' standing. The first annual gathering of the Society takes place in St. Andrews' Hall on 8th December, the genial president, "Nether-Lochaber," in the chair, and doubtless there will be a large attendance of Stewarts from all parts of the kingdom—probably the first gathering of the



THE BANNER OF THE STEWARTS.

clan since that ill-fated day for the Stewart line when the clans were dispersed at Culloden. And this re-union of the clansmen is not without something to associate it with that last fearless charge of the Appin men at Culloden when they threw themselves on the bayonets of Burrel's regiment. Of the fifty or sixty Stewarts who took part in the charge forty-seven were killed or wounded. At the social gathering on 8th December, Mr. John Stuart of North Dron, a representative of the ancient house of Ballachulish, is to exhibit the historic banner of the clan which was used at Culloden and which was carried off the field by Donald Livingstone, and thus saved the fate of the fourteen clan banners taken by the Duke of Cumberland and which were burned at Edinburgh Cross by the hands of the common hangman. Curiously enough Mr. Stuart is also the possessor of the colours of Burrel's Regiment, which opposed the Appin men at Culloden, and these he intends exhibiting along with the Stewart flag—a re-

markable instance, certainly, of "extremes meeting in a pleasant way."

In the issues of the *Celtic Monthly* for February, March, and April, 1896, Mr. Duncan Livingstone, Ohio, U.S.A., contributed a series of intensely interesting articles on the "Stewarts of Appin at Culloden," in which he gave a full account of the history of the ancient banner, as well as extracts from all available sources of the part played by the Stewarts on that fatal day. The following quotation from the concluding chapter regarding the saving of the *bratach* will doubtless interest our many readers of the royal clan:—

"It would be inferred from the language used by both Logan and M'Ian, in their accounts of the incident, that as soon as Dugald Stewart, the standard-bearer, was shot down, Livingstone took up the flag and tore it from the staff; but such was not the case. Dugald Stewart was killed in the charge; after the Highlanders failed to break the second line, and the retreat began, some member of the clan took up the flag. The fire of the enemy was then directed against the colour bearer, and one after another was shot down, almost as fast as the colours would be taken up, until in all, seventeen were killed under it. Donald Livingstone then turned back, under fire, to where it lay, and snatching it up, carried it safely from the field. Though under full fire of the enemy during this time he escaped without a scratch. The banner itself indicates that it was *cut*, not *torn*, from the staff. The writer never heard the persons above referred to say anything about the banner being cut or torn from the staff. The impression conveyed to him by Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Burke, and the others most familiar with the story, is that the flag was cumbersome, heavy and difficult to carry, and on that account incommoded the retreat of the bearer, and caused him to lag behind, thus exposing him to the fire of the enemy. It is probable that when Donald saw this, in order to facilitate his retreat, he cut it from the staff. When a council of war was held by the Prince and Chiefs, after the Battle of Culloden, and Charles came to the conclusion that he would no longer prosecute the war, but disband the army, the men of Appin then disbanded, and after the Highland fashion, started home separately, each man to shift for himself. Donald took the banner, and on his journey home to Appin came suddenly upon an English soldier, an officer, who was fishing in one of the numerous streams with which the country abounded. Supposing that he had fallen into an ambuscade, he started to run, when the officer called on him to halt, and at the same time, struck at him with the fishing-pole and line. The hook passed entirely through Donald's nose; he drew his dirk, cut the line, and when he and the officer parted, tradition says there was one less soldier in the army of King George. Donald was unable to get the hook out of his nose until he reached Appin, where it was cut out.

The flag was by him taken home to Appin, and it is supposed that Ardsheal, before he escaped to France, left it for safe keeping with Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish, in whose family it has ever since remained."

ALLAN'S QUEST.

WHEN the wind blows cold, and the last brown leaf has fallen on the sodden ground, dreary indeed is the Sreang of Lorn. The white mists drift across that lonely tract of moorland like shrouded spirits that cannot rest, and embrace every hill and crag in their wet caress, as they glide on their noiseless way.

It was at this dreary time of year that Rob MacCallum's wife died, and his mother came over from Achnacarron to keep his house and look after his motherless bairn. It was some time after the funeral that she came, for Rob's wife had her own folk with her at the end, and what more was wanted? Besides old Mairi had never any liking for the woman whom Rob had brought to his fireside. She had always grudged her her share of Rob's heart, for such is the way of some women.

The wind was driving a cold rain before it the day Mairi came. The leafless trees in Dalavich woods were black and glistening, and up on the moor little streams ran amongst the roots of the brown heather. The water dripped off the thatched roof of Rob's house, and lay in pools before the door. Within the house everything showed the want of a woman's hand. It was cold and comfortless. The fire had burned down, and the hearth was thick with peat ashes.

Outside in the rain a lonely bairn crouched at the side of the peat stack. His wet, tangled hair fell over his eyes, and the folds of his rough kilt lay damp and heavy on his little brown knees. From the friendly shelter of the stack he had watched Mairi and Rob go into the house, and the sight of the stern-looking old woman had filled him with fear. So this was the woman who was to fill his mother's place. His mother! A great lump rose in the little throat, but it was bravely swallowed, and the burning tears were brushed away with a rough, little sleeve. Then wet and cold were for the time forgotten as he thought of the nights when he used to sit at his mother's feet before the blazing logs, and listened to the wonderful stories of the wee folk who danced on the Fairy Knowe in the moonlight, and stories of angels with great white wings, who stood round the throne of God up in the blue sky. That was where good folk went when they died. His mother would be there. If she had only taken him with her. "Mother, mother," he whispered; and the tears so bravely kept back, now ran unheeded down his cheeks, and great choking sobs shook the little figure, as he leant against the cold peats. His childish heart was so empty; oh, so empty, as he sat there in the fast falling darkness, yearning to creep into the warm, loving arms that were now

so cold and stiff. By and by he saw the cruisie lit in the house.

"Allan," called Rob from the open door; "Allan, where are ye? Yer granny wants tae see ye, and its wet ye must be out there. Come in."

The boy rose and rubbed away the tears with two dirty little fists. "I wonder if father will be frightened for her too," he thought, as he went slowly towards the house.

The days passed quickly, and Mairi was quite settled in the little house on the moor. The kitchen was tidied now, and the old, blue patterned bowls were brought out from odd corners and placed in a row on the shelf. The hearth was kept clean, and everything was comfortable and home-like.

"Mother," said Rob one day, "what ails that bairn? He seems tae have lost his spirit, and it wasn't little he had of it either. Maybe he's frettin' owre his mother."

"It's no that," answered Mairi, "he'll no even *speak* aboot his mother. He's forgotten her long ere this. Bairns' griefs are easy cured. But I'll tell you this, Rob; that bairn has been far owre much made of, and the sooner that dourness is taken out of him the better, baith for him and ither folk."

Poor, wee lonely Allan! Mairi meant to be kind to him in her own way, but could not understand his gentle, sensitive nature; and when she frightened him into silence with her rough speech and ways, it was put down for "dourness." Rob thought she was maybe right; so little did he, too, understand the ways of bairns.

The days grew shorter, and the wandering mists gave way to frosts, which made the surrounding hills stand out sharply against the sky.

Allan was sitting on the Fairy Knowe whittling at a stick with an old sgian dubh of his father's. Then he got tired of this uninteresting occupation, and threw the stick away. He looked round at everything sparkling with hoar frost, and thought how pretty it was. This was the place the wee folk came and danced. How he would like to see them, and listen to their fairy piping; and then he could ask them ——. A sudden thought struck him, and sent the warm blood tingling through his veins. His breath came quicker, and new life seemed to have come to the child. He rose from the stone on which he had been sitting; but as he did so, he caught sight of some one toiling slowly up the road from Dalavich. Allan watched the figure for a minute or two, then he set off down the hill as quickly as he could.

Allan had recognised the figure of Ian dubh, a wandering body, who went from place to place doing odd jobs, and getting in return a share of the brochan that was going and a night's lodging. Folk said he was daft, but perhaps he knew more than they gave him credit for. He was a curious, old figure. His faded tartan trews were fringed round his bare ankles, and his roughly-made brogues were patched in many places; but it was his coat which caught the eye of the stranger. It had once been green, but time and weather had mellowed it into a soft, bronze colour. However, neither time nor weather could dim the glittering buttons, which were Ian's pride. They were of different patterns, but that did not matter. They were a collection of years; and the old man was never happier than when he was gently rubbing them and making them shine in the sunlight.

Ian caught sight of Allan coming down the hill, and sat down on a moss-covered stone to wait for him, for the bairn had always been a favourite of his.

"Take care bairn," called Ian, as the boy tore down the hillside. "Ye'll break ye're neck, and that'll no be sae easy mended."

Allan did not pause for a second till he reached the road where the old man was, and had clambered up on the rock beside him.

"Are ye comin' up tae the house," the boy asked breathlessly.

"No, Allan; no the day. I'm going owre tae Calum Campbell's at the back o' the hill."

This did not require an answer; and Allan leant his rough head against Ian's arm, and looked up to the sky.

A minute or two passed, then Ian asked—"What were ye doin' up the hill there?"

"I was thinkin'"

"Thinkin'" said Ian, glancing at the child's serious face. "And what were ye thinkin' aboot?"

Allan sat up, and said eagerly—"Ian, did ye ever see an angel?"

The old man turned and stared at the child as he answered—"No, Allan; what makes ye ask?"

"Because ye ken aboot the wee folk, and I thought ye would ken aboot angels too."

There was a pause, and Allan asked again—"Do ye think they'll come tae the Fairy Knowe whiles?"

"I wadna wonder," said Ian, polishing one of his buttons with the sleeve of his coat; "but wha's been telling ye aboot them, bairn?"

"Mother," answered the boy softly. "Ye ken, Ian, when folk die, they turn into angels and fly aboot wi' big, white wings; and, Ian," he went on eagerly, "if I was to go up the Fairy Knowe some night, maybe I would see them, and maybe mother would be there; and surely she would take me back wi' her, away up tae the blue sky. What dae ye think, Ian?"

The child gazed at the man's wizened, old face and waited anxiously for a reply.

"I dinna ken, Allan; but I think ye would be better in your bed, instead of trailin' aboot lookin' for angels; and what would yer granny say if she caught ye oot at that time of night? Na, na, bairn; keep cosy in the house, and let them alane."

Allan was sorely disappointed. When he had seen Ian coming up the road, hope had risen high in his breast, and he was sure he would get all the information he wanted, because the old man had always endless tales of the doings of the fairies; and Allan was sure angels must be closely connected with them. They would know them anyway.

At last Ian rose to go. "It's time I was gettin' on my way," he said, "and dinna you bother ye're head aboot angels, Allan. It's owre cauld for them tae come oot in this frosty weather."

Allan watched the old man till he was out of sight, then slid down from the stone.

"Maybe Ian's wrong," he thought, "anyway I'll go and see;" and having made up his mind on this point, he turned and went up to the little house on the hill.

The moon was hidden by heavy, snow-laden clouds, and Loch Avich lay cold and black in the hollow. Snow was beginning to fall, and had already covered the hard ground. It was surely not a night for anyone to be out; yet, when mid-night drew near, a little figure came stealthily out of the cottage on the hill, and closed the door gently behind him. After listening for a minute, he put on the brogues he had carried out in his hand, and ran rapidly towards the Fairy Knowe. The piercing wind blew round him with its icy breath, driving the fine, powdery snow into every fold of his clothes, and into the thick, tangled curls of his hair; but on he went, slipping occassionally as the snow clung in lumps to the soles of his brogues, but never pausing to rest till he reached the top of the hill. "They're no here yet," he said to himself as he looked round; "but it's maybe owre soon." He brushed the snow from his favourite stone, and sat down to wait—a lonely, little creature in that great, white world of snow. The time passed, but he could see nothing but darkness and the white snow falling steadily; and he was so cold. Perhaps Ian was right after all. It would be too cold for angels to be out, but he would wait for a little while yet. He was afraid to move lest he should frighten them away, so still he sat waiting—waiting. He did not feel so cold now, but he was so very sleepy. If he lay down and slept for a little, he surely would not miss them; because, if his mother was there, she would know him, and would not go away without him. Presently he slipt off the stone, and lay down in the snow. How soft it was!" "I know mother will come," he thought dreamily; then with a smile on his lips his dark eyes closed, and Allan fell asleep.

When morning dawned the white, glistening snow lay thick everywhere. On the Fairy Knowe it covered a little figure peacefully sleeping; for in the night God in His great goodness had taken to Himself the lonely bairn, who had gone in such childlike faith to wait for the angels on the Fairy Knowe.

ANNA NIC DHAIBHIDH.

GLENCOE, ARGYLL.

13TH FEBRUARY, 1692.

BLOODY hearths and blackened roof-trees,
Clansmen scattered in the blast,
Dastard deed of blackest treason,
Dutchman, thou shalt pay at last!

GLENCOE, NATAL.

20TH OCTOBER, 1899.

UP the shot-swept height they hurried,
Bristling line that wavered not,
And the Gael of gallant Erin
Hath avenged his brother Scot.

London. ERIC MACKAY.

THE CLAN CAMERON GATHERING takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on 21st December, Lochiel in the Chair. A very attractive programme has been arranged and a large attendance is expected. Mr. Cameron Swan is presenting each life-member of the clan with an artistic membership certificate designed by the eminent etcher, Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

THE LEWIS AND HARRIS CONCERT was, as usual, a great success. The hall was crowded, and the chairman was supported by a large number of the most prominent Gaels of the city. The excellence of the musical talent was specially noticed.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES ON THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

The Parish of Reay.

PTOLEMY, the Greek geographer, who flourished about A. D. 120, gives, in his map of Scotland, the earliest authentic information as to the geographical divisions of the North. He shows that what is now known as Sutherland and Caithness was divided then into four parts, or rather that four different tribes occupied that country. The "*Caerini*" possessed what is now called Assynt; the "*Lugi* and *Mertae*" possessed what is now called South Sutherland; while the "*Curnavi*" occupied what is now called Caithness and the Mackay country. The whole tract, from John o' Groat's to Cape Wrath, embracing the County of Caithness and the Sutherland parishes of Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis, appears to have been then one geographical unit inhabited by the "*Curnavi*." Some centuries later the Pictish chronicle states that Pictish Scotland was divided into seven provinces, under the seven sons of the Pictish King Cruidne, and that the ruler of one of the provinces was "*Cait*," who gave his name to his own territory. It is generally acknowledged that this province consisted of Sutherland (or, as it is called in Gaelic, *Catobh*) and Caithness. This at least is certain, that for some centuries before the Norse occupation, which began in the ninth century, Sutherland and Caithness was one geographical unit, under the name of *Caithnessia*. Even after the Norse occupation that fact was acknowledged by the Romish Church forming the whole district into one bishopric, and is still acknowledged ecclesiastically by the one Presbyterian Synod of Sutherland and Caithness. The Norsemen, during their rule in the North, which lasted about 300 years, knew Caithness and the Mackay country as *Katanes*, and South Sutherland as *Sudrland*, or South Land, when they had to distinguish different parts of the same country. It is interesting to notice that, as the whole district from Cape Wrath to John o' Groat's is marked by Ptolemy "*Curnavi*," so the Norsemen 1000 years after describe the same district as being in the possession of one people, the *Katanes*. About the 13th century, or when the Clan system began to be historically developed, the name Caithness became restricted to its present limits — South-Sutherland was called "Sudrland," and the Mackay country was known as "Strathnaver," or "Strathnaverne." It was only about the year 1630 that the district of Strathnaver, comprising the following parishes: part of Reay, Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis, was declared by the Crown to be a part of Sutherland, and under the jurisdiction of a free Sheriff. The old district of Strathnaver is still always known in the vernacular as "Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh" (land of Mackay), although English-speaking people now call it "Lord Reay's Country," or simply "The Reay Country."

The Lords of Reay.

It may be of some interest to consider how it came about that the Chief of the Mackays, the owner of the ancient Strathnaver, took his title from Reay, and thus gave rise to the name "Reay Country, although a part only of the Parish of Reay was then within the bounds of Strathnaver proper, and none to-day owing to the recent division of parishes. The natural and obvious title for Donald, First Lord Reay, was Lord Strathnaver. Such a title would be in keeping with the designation of his ancestors, who for centuries were called "Mackay of Strathnaver." But this could not be, as the title was already taken. Earl Alexander of Sutherland, in the year 1583, through Court influence, got himself proclaimed Lord Strathnaver, although he had not then a foot of land within that territory. The Gordon Earls of Sutherland, backed up by the Gordons of Huntly, were for years straining every nerve to oust Mackay, and, unfortunately, they were only too successful at last. When in 1628 the king raised Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver to the dignity of Baron, he gave him by charter "The whole of the lands of Sandsyde, Rea, with the milns of the same; Davochow, Borlum, Milton, with the miln and milnlands, multurers, and sequels of the same; Isauld, Acharasker, Achamurlane, and Shurarie, &c.," all in the Caithness part of the Parish of Reay. Four years before, or in the year 1624, Sir Donald bought "the lands of Spittal, Mybster, &c.," in the Parish of Halkirk, Caithness, from his relative Lord Forbes, and had, besides, the Castle of Dirlot and appertaining lands in the same parish, which came into his family some centuries previously. It was this Caithness

connection, and the grant from the king of so much land in Reay, that led to Sir Donald being styled Lord Reay. The reader may well ask how it happens that the Lords of Reay, who once had such extensive territories in Sutherland and Caithness, are now landless in the North? The answer is the usual time-worn one—simply extravagance. Lord Donald incurred great expenses in raising 5000 men to help the Protestant King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus; and besides this, engaged in many ruinous lawsuits, which compelled him to sell much of his land. What Lord Donald began others continued, until, bit by bit, the whole Mackay country passed into the hands of strangers. However, although the land was sold the people are still there, and refuse to call it by any other name than "Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh." As the future is in God's hands, they may yet have a better reason to call it by that name.

Battle of Sandside Chase.

Sandside, in the neighbourhood of Reay village, was the scene of a very fierce conflict, called "Ruaig Shandsaid" (Chase of Sandside), between the Mackays and the Caithnessmen, in the year 1437. The occasion of the fight was probably this:—In the year 1426 Angus Du Mackay, with a great following, engaged the Caithnessmen at Harpsdale Hill, and caused terrible slaughter. The Caithness nobles, supported by the Earl of Sutherland, complained to the King, who commanded Angus to appear at Inverness, and there made him deliver up his son, Neil, as an hostage to peace. Poor Neil was left a prisoner on the Bass Rock for ten long years. When, in 1437, he made his escape, it may be imagined his feelings towards the Caithnessmen were not very charitable. His clansmen appear to have been of the same mind, and rallying round his banner to a man, cried as they gathered, "Dioladh, Dioladh" (vengeance, vengeance). They poured into Caithness by way of Reay, and there divided into two columns—one column marching by the sea as far as Forss, the other skirting the base of the hills as far as Harpsdale, and both plundering as they go. The party who went by the foot of the hills encountered no resistance, but those who marched along the seaboard met the Caithnessmen at Forss, and had to fall back fighting before superior numbers. By the time they retired to Sandside they were joined by their hill comrades, and then the real battle began. They managed to corner the Caithnessmen between them and the sea, and to inflict a most merciless mauling, driving the survivors in confusion as far as Doun-Reay Castle. Around the ancient burial-place of Cnoc Stanger, between Sandside and the seashore, where the fight was fiercest, the bleached bones of the slain are still to be seen after a storm has blown the sand loose.

Alastair Balloch's Revenge.

It is to be hoped, in all conscience, that Neil Bhass Mackay, as he was wont to be called, planned no further revenge for his ten years' imprisonment on the Bass Rock, and that he was content henceforward to bury that hatchet. It was not so, however, with one of his followers, if tradition be trustworthy. Often have I been told this wild tale concerning "Ruaig Shandsaid" which I am now to relate. Alastair Balloch (Alexander the Speckled) of Skail, Strathnaver, a man of enormous strength and stature, towards the close of the fight, chanced to encounter a small, lithe Caithnessman of the name of Gunn, who was bravely fighting and falling back. After a few smart passes, Gunn, with deft swordsmanship, managed to hamstring big Sandy, and left him lying helplessly wounded. Sandy's rage and disgust at such an ignominious *quietus* knew no bounds. After carrying everything before him during four hours' close hand to hand fighting, and bringing down man after man, now to be gravelled by an insignificant little fellow, was a sorer wound to Sandy's pride than the sword-cut on his leg. As his companions bore him home to Skail he vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, that he must needs have his change out of the little Caithnessman before he could die happy. By time the wound healed, and Alastair Balloch set out limping towards the borders of Caithness, where he prowled for many a long day on the look out for the little Caithnessman. But he was doomed to disappointment—he never met Gunn. Rage now gave place to grief, or rather rage and grief so preyed upon his mind that he sickened, took to his bed, and nursed his trusty battle-axe between him and the wall. His soul loathed food; he even ceased to take any notice of visitors; his only apparent interest was in handling and feeling his old battle-axe. His friends, seeing the end was near, sent for the priest to prepare the dying man to meet his Maker. The priest came, and told Alastair that if he would be pardoned by God, he must himself forgive any against whom he may have a grudge.

"Surely you don't expect me to forgive everybody," said Alastair.

"Oh yes; everybody," replied the priest.

"Well I can't, and won't, forgive that little Caithnessman. Would to God I had met him!"

"Well, well," replied the priest, "you will probably meet him yet, if he be a wild savage like yourself."

"Where?" cried Alastair, springing to his elbow, and grasping his battle-axe, while the old fire blazed forth once more in his eyes.

"In Hell," said the priest.

"So be it. I swear it was never hell till I catch him there," roared the infuriated man, and with a fiendish shout, fell back lifeless upon the bed.

If this be a true picture of these days—and I give it as I got it—what is commonly called "the good old times" were savagely wild and godless. Let us be thankful for a growing improvement in men and manners with the rolling years.

Monumental Stones of Reay.

There are quite a number of interesting monumental stones in the old churchyard of Reay, and one very old tombstone with curious Pagan devices is preserved in Sandside House. It stood, once on a time, in the ancient and long-disused burialplace of Cnoc Stanger, whence it was thoughtlessly carted away and laid across a mill-lade, where it got cracked. When Miss Pilkington of Sandside came to know of this she rescued it, put it into a kind of frame, and gave it an hospitable resting-place in the House of Sandside. Another very interesting stone, locally known as "the Bighouse Stone," bearing the Christian device of the cross, is to be seen in the Reay churchyard. I am able to give a very fine drawing of this stone from the clever pencil of Miss Morag Cameron, Free Church Manse, Shebster. It stood once within the aisle of the Mackays of Bighouse, but long after the old church became discarded, the beadle, Alexander Campbell, removed it thence and placed it over his own lair, where it lies to this day. This happened about the beginning of the present century. The carving must have been executed centuries ago, although at its top it bears in rude lettering, I am told, the inscription, "Robert Mackay, 1777." It seems to me that "Robert Mackay" adopted and cut his name on a tombstone belonging to some other person, and that eventually Alexander Campbell bagged it for himself. Nor is this all. Some years ago the late Mr. Crawford, factor, Tongue, attempted to remove it to Dunrobin Museum, but was prevented by the Reay people. I came across another tombstone in Reay with the Mackay coat of arms beautifully and distinctly engraved on it, but bearing this legend running round its edge, "Here lies the dust of John Simson, weaver, Reay, &c." Simson the weaver "lifted" this Mackay stone about the close of last century, and though he erased the original inscription, left the Mackay shield intact—he was loth, apparently, to sacrifice this embellishment. I found the same trick played on a stone in Tongue churchyard bearing the arms of Forbes. There are various ways of breaking the eighth commandment, but the pilfering of tombstones is, to say the least, very original. Within the Bighouse aisle, on a stone built into the wall, are two shields side by side—the one bearing the arms of Mackay, the other those of Sinclair, while underneath is the following inscription—"This yle belongs to Angus Mackay of Bighouse." Although the date is undecipherable, the stone is undoubtedly that of Angus Mackay, the second of that name, of Bighhouse, whose wife was a Sinclair of the Brims family. The Sheriff Court records tell us that in the year 1668 he and his father William, who was then alive, agreed to deliver to John Burn, merchant, Thurso, all the salmon caught in the Halladale river during the two following years. The curious may be interested to know that the price agreed to was at the rate of £1 5s. 4d. per barrel of salmon, while during this present year Wick herring are selling at over £2 per barrel. The stone must thus be of a later date than

ANCIENT CROSS IN REAY CHURCHYARD.

1668. Above the shields are two hearts separated by a St. Andrews cross. I am told the same device of two hearts and a St. Andrews cross is to be seen on a stone in the wall of Doun Reay Castle, at one time the property of Donald, the First Lord Reay. Within this same aisle stands a beautiful monument erected by the officers and men of Lord Reay's Highlanders to the memory of their Lieutenant-Colonel, George Mackay of Bighouse, who died in 1798 while serving with his regiment in Ireland. Outside the aisle, but not very far away, is to be seen a stone with two shields bearing respectively the arms of Mackay and Sinclair, and lettered as follows:—"Here lies the body of ane honest gentleman, William Mackay, Forsnain, who departed this life . . . 1720." The Sinclair shield, being to the right, indicates his wife, and represents her as a Sinclair. Above the shield is a visor, flanked by scroll work on either side. A good many sculptured tombstones to the memory of the Mackay family of Forsnain are to be seen in the old churchyard of Kirkton, Strathalladale. But of these anon.

F. C. Manse, Westerdale. ANGUS MACKAY.

(To be continued.)

MR. DAVID GLEN, EDINBURGH, has just issued the 14th part of his "Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music," which contains a capital selection of Marches, Quicksteps, Reels, etc., some sixty in all. The first tune is entitled "Rob Donn Mackay," a fact of which our "Calder" friends should take particular note! The volume is published at the low price of one shilling.

SCOTCH OATCAKES.—No firm of biscuit manufacturers enjoys such a world-wide celebrity, or as large a share of the public favour, as Messrs. M'Vitie & Price. Indeed, it is hardly needful for us to recommend their goods to our readers, for we daresay they have long occupied a place on many of their tables. We should like, however, to refer chiefly to the most favourite of their products, their oatcakes. The nourishing properties of the good old fashioned Scotch oatcakes have now been universally recognised. Messrs. M'Vitie & Price did much to encourage the use of this healthy food, by placing on the market their celebrated oatcakes, which are prepared in such an appetising fashion that they are now favourably known in all parts of the kingdom. If there are any of our readers who have not given them a trial, we would just say that the sooner they do so the better. Of course, as biscuit manufacturers this firm has no superior. We have sampled many of their products, such as their shortbread specialities, oatmeal-wafers and assorted varieties, and we heartily recommend them. For a Christmas present we could not recommend anything more appropriate than a box of Messrs. M'Vitie & Price's Scotch specialities. They are neatly packed in very attractive boxes, suitable for postage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"MUILEANN DUBH."

CROSSMICHAEL, *8th November*, 1899.

SIR,—I think your correspondent, Mr. Mackay, is wrong with reference to the origin of the good old tune "Muileann Dubh;" as far as I remember of hearing the tune, upwards of fifty years ago, I was always under the impression that "Muileann Dubh" was composed by some one to his snuff mill, as snuff was much used in the Highlands at one time, but by whom or where composed I am unable to say; but one thing I never heard of its having connection with "MacCailein Mor," or any mill near Speyside, and the words, as far as I remember, are as follows:—

Tha Muileann dubh air thuraman, air thuraman, air thuraman,
Tha Muileann dubh air thuraman, a togar dol a dhamhsa.
Shaoil mi gu'n robh snaoisean, 's a' Mhuileann dubh, 's a' Mhuileann dubh,
Shaoil mi gu'n robh snaoisean 's a' Mhuileann 's gu'n deann ann
Tha Muileann air thuraman air thuraman, air thuraman, a togar dol a dhamhsa.

D. MACKINNON.

Surname—"M'Clure," "Maclure," "M'Lure;" also rendered "MacCluer" and "Clewer."

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your *Celtic* readers enlighten me as to the origin of these names, and the cause of their various spellings, or tell me if they are all different renderings of the one parent stock, and where that first parent stock first emanated from—its position and history.

There are three crests—an eagle's head erased, a domed tower, and an arm in armour holding a falcon's lave. I will be glad for any information. There is also a large Irish branch of this family, which spells its name as M'Clure.—Yours truly,

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

"Amongst us one . . . . . .
His seat upon the intellectual throne."

OTHERS make haste on others. Thou art free—
Breathing the atmosphere of God's own school,
Loving the highest, thou art no man's tool,
Nor of his heat, nor of his rivalry.
Whether the drifting of thy mantle be
Dusted with jewel of the purple rhyme,
Or, mooded with this sadder-hearted time,
It broods a woe of poor mortality,
Alike remote from roar and underling,
From noise and bluster of the Where? and How?
Alike the simple sorrow of a king,
The lone humility of that great brow,
That noble silence where the lesser sing,
Alike the difference, alike 'tis thou.

JEAN MACPHERSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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ANNUAL SUBSORIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Annual Subscriptions are now overdue. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.*

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

OUR NEXT ISSUE will take the form of a "Grand New Year Number." Portraits, with biographical sketches, will be given of Mayor Alexander Cameron, and Mrs. Cameron, of Stockton-on-Tees; and the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. The contents will be of the most interesting and varied character, and will be profusely illustrated.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

FAMILY PAPERS OF LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.—The Badenoch and Lochaber papers by Dr. Fraser MacKintosh are discontinued for the present. In their place certain interesting details connected with boundary disputes, seventy years ago, between Lochiel and Glengarry will be given, commencing with our January number.

These details refer to the destruction of the family papers of both chiefs; the ownership of the isle in Loch Quoich; the evidence of witnesses and others taken before the Battle of Culloden; the names of the tenants and of the sheilings 150 years ago of Loch Arkaig, Glendessary, GlenPean, Mun Quoich, &c., &c.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The members of this vigorous society turned out in large numbers on 13th November, to hear a lecture from the Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, on "Unpublished Poetry of the Reay Country." We had the honour of being present, and it was a sincere pleasure to meet there many of the leaders of the Highland movement, old friends whose caligraphy is oftener seen than their faces. The Rev. Alexander MacRae, author of the *History of the MacRaes*, occupied the chair, and was supported by Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's, Dr. Farquhar Matheson, William Grant, Ewen Cattanach, Donald C. Fraser, Eric Mackay, John Mackerchar, Donald Macgillivray (the energetic secretary), George Mackay, Liverpool, A. W. Martin, William C. Mackenzie, Ian Mackenzie, R. Macleod, D. M. Mackay, W. C. Galbraith, and others. It was with much regret we learned that the gifted chief of the society, Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, was absent; he was confined to bed, seriously ill, but we learn that he is now much better. Mr. Gunn's lecture was listened to with the greatest delight. It treated of some unpublished songs of Rob Donn Mackay and his descendants, and other bards and bardesses of Durness. The remarks from the members were very eulogistic, Dr. Gillies remarking that he looked upon Mr. Gunn as having contributed the most valuable material to Gaelic literature of recent years. As the paper is to appear in our next and succeeding issues, we need not comment upon it here. On Sabbath, 12th November, the Rev. Mr. Gunn preached a Gaelic sermon to a large congregation in the Scottish Church, Crown Court.

WOMEN AND THE LEARNED SOCIETIES. — The movement which has been so ably initiated by Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton, "That duly-qualified women should have the advantages of full fellowship in scientific and other learned societies — *e g.*, the Royal, Linnean and Royal Microscopical," promises to meet with early success. It has the support not only of the most gifted women of the kingdom, but the hearty approval of the leading scientists and literary men as well. It is difficult to understand why a lady whose scientific attainments are equal to those of a "master of creation" should be rendered ineligible for nomination to the F.R.S. or the F.L.S., particularly when her qualifications are probably not only fully equal but surpass those to whom fellowship is conceded. The Duchess of Sutherland and other distinguished Scotch ladies are taking an active interest in the matter. It is intended to print in the *Court Circular* a list of the names of those in sympathy with the object, and Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton, Meigle, will be glad to hear from any of our readers interested in her movement.

THE LONDON INVERNESS ASSOCIATION held their annual Meeting on 20th November, when The Chisholm was re-elected chief of the Association, and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, president. It was reported that £360 had been subscribed towards the bursary fund, and a further £195 had been promised. The Invernessians well maintain their position as the premier county organization in the metropolis.

On 19th August last, at Scots Church, Melbourne, Victoria, by Rev. Alexander Marshall, D.D., D. R. MACGREGOR, J.P., of Duntulm, Hawthorn, to ELIZABETH ALEXANDRIA, widow of the late William Walton, C.E., Victorian Railways, eldest daughter of the late Donald Macdonald, formerly of Monkstadt, Isle of Skye, and of Jessie Catherine, daughter of the late J. T. Macdonald of Balranald, Uist.

THE BLOOD-RED ROSE.

A LAMENT OF ELANDS LAAGTE—21st October, 1899.

THERE was a cry for freedom loud through Britain's Empire ran,
When grew that tale of tyrant wrongs Majuba's Hill began.

From north to south, from east to west, "To arms!" the war-cry broke,
For the hearts of Britain's people are the gallant hearts of oak.

And he, most *steadfast* * soldier that the Gordons ever saw,
No braver warrior went to war than my young Ninety-twa.

But when his last short hour had come, and we at last must part.
He took my Yorkist rose from me and hid it next his heart.

And in his eyes there lurked a love that left the lashes wet,
As low he whispered in my ear, "*Slan leat, a ghràidh, slan leat!*" †

"And if," he said, "from Africa thy lover comes again,
O! he shall bring thy snow white rose without a coward stain.

* The Gordon motto.

† Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

HIGHLAND SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

But if the Boer's rifle pierce his heart who loves thee so,
Then may his blood deep dye its white his deathless love to show!"

'O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!" well the pipes might play that day,
For all the light went from my life when *my* Prince sailed away.

. . . . .

They brought me back a tattered rose, but all its snow had fled,
A bullet's dart had struck its heart, its leaves were dyed blood-red!

They told me of a donga dark where slaughtered soldiers slept,
They spoke to me of sepulchres where only wildness wept.

O! leave me with my blood-red rose to bury in my breast,
My all that e'er will come to me from Elands Laagte's crest!

I hear that Mauser's flash and roar as home its death-ball flies,
I see my darling falling, and I meet his dying eyes.

No cross "for valour" now can charm my love who loved me so,
That rifle's roar his requiem—his goal that grim Glencoe!

SAD NEWS FROM THE WAR.

They whisper that a heroes' charge must live whilst time shall fly,
And the world wax old in telling how Gordons dare and die.

He fell for brothers' freedom, so I should not mourn they say;
But my broken heart will bleed for him "Till the breaking of the day."

MAVOR ALLAN.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

RANNOCH NOTES.

BY KENNETH MATHIESON.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

"Clach na h-udalaich," the travelled boulder, now lies in lumps of grey granite on both sides of the road on the south side of the loch and near its eastern end. This block, 10 feet high and weighing 125 tons, hung on the brae at the roadside till the thaw of 1894, when it rolled into the middle of the road and was blasted for removal. It appears to have been moved by ice from Ben Nevis.

"Corrie Dhonnachaidh," or more correctly Dubh Dhonnachaidh, the carrie of Black Duncan, is a romantic chasm on the Alltdruidh Burn suitable for distillations. Corrie is supposed to referr to "cathair righ," the king's chair, a place west of the river; while one authority derives it from "ceithir fichead," the twenty-four sheilings once in use on the west slope of Meall Druidhe. We think that "carraig," as applied to the rocky sides of the river, is enough

to have founded the present name. Druim na Saighde is a wooded ridge where arrows were cut. Dall is evidently from "dail," an extensive field on the loch side there. Camahouran or camghouran, although peopled by Camerons, is a word of which no local explanation is forthcoming. We think the appearance of the hill to the north is sufficient to account for the present corruption "Carngorm," a hill covered with rock and interspersed with green places. Croncraig is a ridge between two hills. "Sron nan calainag" may be for "callag," the gullimot. "Eilean nam Faoileag," the haunt of the sea-gulls The Black Wood occupies some four square miles on the south side of the loch, and although much of the timber was felled a generation back for commercial purposes, it still displays some grand representatives of old Scots fir.

In the early numbers of the now defunct *Celtic Magazine* may be found several interesting articles by the Rev. John Sinclair, Rannoch, in which reference is made to the ruins of six ancient huts within the wood, where it is alleged Andrea Ferrara conducted the manufacture of swords for the king. In the same magazine and by the same hand is a series of articles relating to the Camerons of Carnghourne on the "Slios garbh," the rough and south side of the loch, and the MacGregors on the "Slios mìn," the smooth and north side. The tale is one of barbarism declining into savagery, for in the sequel MacGregor of Killichonan seizes the three young children of widow Cameron successively by the heels and dashes their brains out on the "clach nan ceann," still standing near the Camghorn graveyard. It is some consolation to the civilized conscience to be informed that Macgregor was killed by an arrow before he regained the "Slios mìn." The once numerous MacGregors of Ardlarach there, have dwindled to one red-headed, fiery-eyed, yet Christian man—the only one on the Menzies or "Min" estate. There is a saying from of old that when the last MacGregor is off the land, the Menzies shall lose possession, wherefore the laird is very kind to the penultimate member of the firm. At a certain gate in this region the same arguments were daily and for many years opposed; Sir Neil Menzies asserting that he had "Sgriobhadh an Righ," the king's charter, to the land, while MacGregor held out that he had "Sgriobhadh a'chlaidhelmh," the right of the sword, but at long last the modern right prevailed. A number of ancient flat slabs of stone about this time stood erect in various places, and were held to be of Druidical origin, when an improving factor, a Campbell, without superstition, removed these stones from their ancient place of sanctity, and used them as gateposts. Old women denounced the impiety, and foretold a bad end for him, when, sure enough, soon after he drove over a bridge and broke his neck.

Rannoch is from "raineach" fern, which is a prevalent ornament of the district so named, "Creagan Mhic Dhughaill." In the year 1310 MacDougall of Lorn invaded Rannoch with the intention of taking possession, and encamped at "Corrie-àiridh erichtear," where are the remains of summer sheilings on the west side of the river Ericht, about 3 miles from its mouth; whereupon "Donacha Reamhar," Duncan "the stout" and chief of that ilk, disguised as a harper, entered Lorn's camp. Being asked what like men he had seen in the other camp, he said—"A poor lot, you will soon go through them." His armour peeping out, however, he was attacked as a spy, and ran for it down a steep bank, and leapt across the Ericht at a rocky place 16 feet wide, still called "Duncan's leap," while he was shot at from a rock called "Clach nan saigheidean," stone of the arrows. Duncan returned with his men by the ford at the mouth of the river, and went through them rapidly, taking all alive prisoners. He made a table of the dead, and putting bread and cheese upon it, bade the Lorn men eat. They were all horror-struck, but one man, who ate freely. "Are you MacDougall?" said Duncan. "I am." "Then you are my prisoner, the rest may go." He put him in a small fortress on the island, where, before Hallow'een, he got some apples sent from Lismore, and by the help of the men who brought them, got into the boat, and landed free at "Creagan MhicDhughaill."

"Dail M'Rae" is a flat on the loch side without a tradition, and now occupied by Finnart Lodge. The whole question of sport is interesting in this district. The tract from Rannoch to Loch Awe, once valued at £5 for the shooting, has now a sporting rental of £15,000. In the loch a salmo-ferox was taken this season 7 lbs, and another 13 lbs. Thirty years ago a stuffed specimen, 16 lbs., was exhibited in the hotel, Kinloch Rannoch. At the same date one boat scaled in July and August 916 lbs. loch trout, as Hugh Cameron, Kinloch, can yet testify.

"Tom Chilip" may be taken for Philip's grave. "Tom nam Freiceadan" may refer to the Freiceadan du or Black Watch, once quartered in that region. "Eilean Builn Garve" might be from "buaile," fold for black cattle. "Tighnalion" for "linn," as the Gaur forms a broad pool at its entrance into the loch. The Barracks were used after the '45. "Camusericht," the bog where the Ericht enters Loch Rannoch. The Ericht, a fine tumultuous river, flows some 6 miles out of the loch of that name, about which there is a saying—that a fertile plain covered with houses and inhabitants sunk all of a sudden, when the present loch took its place. A shepherd's wife, once resident thereabouts, reports

it as being "so lonesome that she was glad to look at an old house across the river for company." "Cula Mhuilinn" for "cuil," the corner where the sawmill stands.

"Torr na ceardaich," the hill of the smiths, now a deserted settlement. The parish of old had 3000, now it has but 1800, and this reduction is attributed to "changed conditions." "The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare," let us hope. "Ardlarach," the height of the building. An old farmhouse marks the spot. "Kilichonon," the grave of Conon, the first Celtic Earl of Dull or Appin-a-dull, Athole. "Tulla Bheith," the hill of birch trees. "Learan," perhaps from "learach," the larch tree. "Anlich," is it "achchlach," the field of stones? Those stones are an ever-present problem, and we feel constrained to sit at the feet of Prof. Geikie, who in "The Great Ice Age" presents us with a picture of Greenland as at present covered with snow and ice, and avers that Scotland had a similar covering when the sun was in "aphelion," and we had a place in relation to it similar to what Greenland now has. He quotes Professor Ramsay in regard to the foundation of our lochs or "rock basins;" these having been scooped out by ponderous glaciers laden with solid matter. We can reasonably conceive such a glacier overspreading the Moor of Rannoch, fed by Bens Nevis, Alder, Doran, &c., charging down the Tummel. The "Northern Chemical Works" are stopped; yet for compensation we may note that a survey was recently made of a canal to take the waters of Ericht to Kinloch-Leven for an aluminium work. "Clach ghlas" is a grey stone by the road side. "Clach a mharsainte," the stone of the merchant, gets its name from the fact that a pedlar was choked there by the falling of his pack from the top of the stone. "Coir' lathrain," the sounding corrie, is a grand sight

A SCENE IN RANNOCH.

after rain, in as much as it presents a continuous cascade 1000 feet long, at an angle of 45°. "Creag a' bhara," the steep rock, has at its base "Clach a' chlagarnaich," the stone of rumbling, from the noise it makes when falling. "Tom a' chlach-ach'," the hill in the stony field. "Drumachaistle," ridge of the castle. "Uuchtibart" for "Ach'tigh'bhàird," the field of the bard's house. "Creag a chomraidh," the craig of conversation. Lochgarry House in the older form is "gorrie" or "goirid" short, applying to a small loch or widening of the Tummel in front of the knoll on which the house stands. A very noble view of Schiehallion is seen from the north shore, and a perfect inverted reflection of it in the mirror loch. Macdonells of old possessed this place, far inland and isolated from their clan, and we conjecture that affinity with Bruce brought them hither. In the '45 this "Lochgarry" was a fierce Jacobite, who escaped to Paris. He swore he would never return to his native land, and cursed his sons if they did. One made his peace with Government and returned to the house, but the nocturnal noises were so awesome that he abandoned it in horror. "Lochgarry's curse" was too great for his tranquility. The house was burnt, and the walls, to some degree black, may be identified in the rear part of the present extension. "Tom Struan" is a private graveyard within the gates of Dunalastair policies. A massive iron railing encloses a large area, and within it a stone wall a smaller space. The later chiefs of the Clan Donnachaidh lie there. "St. Malluag's" graveyard is a little to the east, and of much older date. Old Dun Alaistair was a square tower of three stories. The publication of a complete guide and history of Rannoch is required, and it is hoped that these sparse notes, the fruit of six weeks' research, may stimulate an abler hand to complete the work.

A MINISTER OF THE OLDEN TIMES, Maighstir Alasdair of Ardnamurchan.

By "Fionn."

IT is to be regretted that the fame of so remarkable a man as *Maighstir Alasdair* should have been eclipsed by that of his poetic son, Alexander. Indeed, many might be inclined to prefer a life sketch of the father, if that were possible, to a detailed history of the son, notwithstanding his high fame as a poet. *Maighstir Alasdair*, as we must, in true Highland fashion, designate the Rev. Alex. Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, was the son of Alex. Macdonald, of Garry-ghoill (afterwards called Geirinish) South Uist. Alexander, of Gerinish, was the third son of Allan Mor IV., of Morar, and brother of Allan Og V., of Morar. Gerinish formed part of the Morar property in South Uist, which was about one third of the whole parish. The Gerinish family sat rent free till what remained of the Morar property in South Uist was sold to Macdonald, of Boisdale, in 1748. The Gerinish family were ardent Catholics and consequently Alexander was intended for the priesthood but verted, and became an Episcopalian. The Gerinish family were thrice connected with the Clanranald family by marriage, once with Clanranald proper, and twice with Benbecula, who ultimately succeeded to the dignity of Clanranald. *Maighstir Alasdair's* mother, and the Bard's grandmother, was Marion, the daughter of Macdonald of Clanranald. As far as can be ascertained, *Maighstir Alasdair* was born about the year 1656, and having attended Glasgow University he graduated there as Master of Arts on 16th July, 1674. Some years afterwards he was appointed Episcopal minister of the parish of Ardnamurchan. He married a MacLachlan lady from Morven, and went to live as tacksman in Dalelea in Moidart about the end of the seventeenth century. His position in the parish must have been a trying one. On the one hand he was hemmed in for miles by the Catholics; while on the other, the Protestant flock to which he was appointed was spread over the whole extent of Ardnamurchan, with the Parish Church at Kilchoan, nearly thirty miles from his residence at Dalelea. With commendable zeal and energy, *Maighstir Alasdair* faced these dreary miles, Sunday after Sunday, on foot. As one writer remarks*—"It is one of the commonest traditions discussed at the firesides in Moidart as illustrative of *Maighstir Alasdair's* power of endurance, that leaving Dalelea at an early hour on Sunday morning he would reach Kilchaon before midday, preach and perform the rest of the service for his congregation, and then travel back on foot to Dalelea, which he generally reached before midnight, covering the whole distance of between fifty and sixty miles in one day."

After the Revolution Settlement when Episcopacy was disestablished and Presbyterianism became the established form of church government in the land, the Episcopal clergy were required to take two oaths—one of allegiance to the new, or Orange, dynasty, and renouncing the Stuarts, and another adjuring any religion except the Presbyterian.† *Maighstir Alasdair*, who has been described as "a man of candour, ingenuity, and conscience," refused to conform to the change, and he was in consequence deposed in 1697 for non-jurancy.

It would appear, however, that this deposition, except in so far as the stipend was concerned, was merely nominal; for, owing to his great popularity, *Maighstir Alasdair* kept his hold of the congregation, and, as Father Macdonald remarks, "there is no clear evidence that during his lifetime the Presbytery of Lorn succeeded

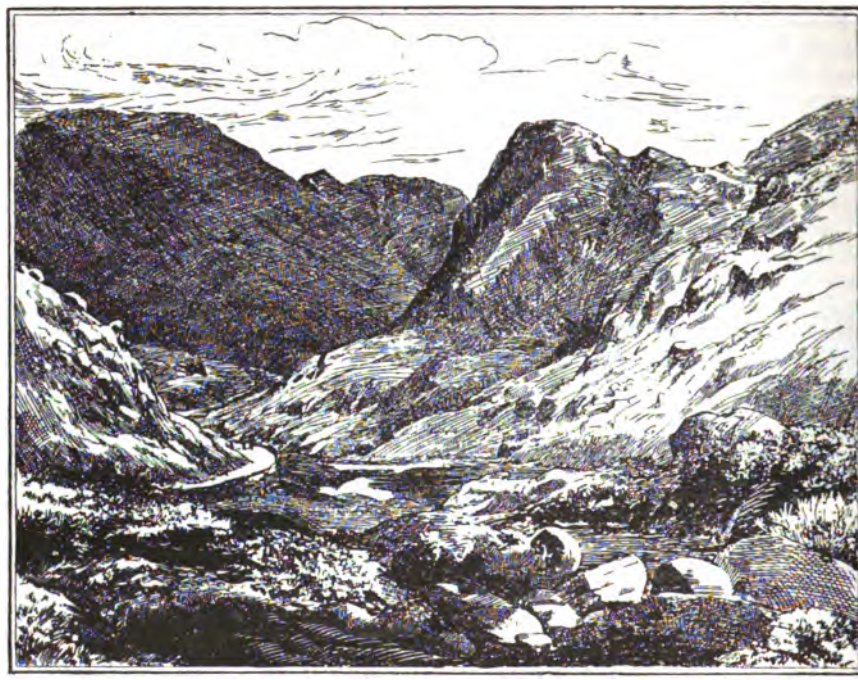
* "Moidart; or, Among the Clan Ranald," p. 391.

† The following is the oath referred to:—I, A.B., do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, and declare in my conscience before God and the world, that our Sovereign, Lady Queen Ann is lawful and rightful Queen of this realm and of all other Her Majesty's dominions and countries thereunto belonging. And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience the person pretended to be the Prince of Wales during the life of the late King James, and since his decease pretending to be, and taking upon himself the style and title of King of England by the name of James the Third, or of Scotland by the name of James the Eighth, or the style and title of King of Great Britain, hath not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm, or any other the dominions thereunto belonging. And I do renounce, refuse, and adjure any allegiance or obedience to him. And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Anne, and her will I defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against her person, crown, and dignity, and I will do my utmost endeavour to discover and make known to Her Majesty and her successors all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know to be against her or any of them. And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support, maintain, and defend the succession of the crown against him, the said James, and all other persons whatsoever, as the same is and stands settled by an Act entitled—*An Act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject and settling the succession of the Crown to Her present Majesty and the heirs of her body being Protestants;* and as the same by another Act entitled—*An Act for the further limitation of the Crown and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject*, is and stands settled and entailed after the decease of Her Majesty, and for default of issue of Her Majesty to the Princess Sophia, electress and Duchess of Hanover, and the heirs of her body being Protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to the plain and common sense, and understanding of the same words without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition and promise heartily, willingly, and truly, upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God.

in establishing another in the Parish of Ardnamurchan."

It is traditionally related in the parish that the presbytery had considerable difficulty in declaring the charge vacant, and were it not that the presbytery contained at that time in the person of Colin Campbell, minister at Ardchattan, a fearless representative of the "Church militant," who volunteered the task, it is questionable if it would have been attempted to declare the church vacant during the lifetime of *Maighstir Alasdair*. Mr. Campbell was met at the door of Kilchoan church and angrily denied admittance by *Maighstir Alasdair's* friends. Dressed in the kilt, and armed with a sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, Campbell set his back against the wall and defied the angry crowd in front of him. He delivered his message, and got out of the parish none the worse of the adventure

Maighstir Alasdair is said to have been a man of immense bodily strength—"nor is it strange," as a writer remarks, "that this quality is not forgotten, even in a man who exercised his sacred vocation; for it was a gift not superfluous in his circumstances, not one which the habits of his Christian flock allowed to rust in him unused." Funerals in those days were not always decorous scenes. His parishoners used to bring with them a quantity of whisky, which,



GLENSHIEL.

being freely dispensed to the mourners, caused a good deal of excitement that did not always pass peaceably away. Ancient feuds were recalled, and the memory of some injury, real or imaginary, done to the clan in days long gone was renewed and resented with considerable warmth on the part of the assembled clansmen. When the war of words changed into actual conflict and the voice of reason could no longer be heard in the tumult, then the clergyman dashed in person into the fray and settled the dispute, on which his pastoral advice was wasted, by the strength of his right hand—the stoutest combatant, it is affirmed, seeing more than he cared to face when he found he had to reach his antagonist through the intervening prowess of his minister. It is said that this strong pacificator, however, laid himself open to the charge of not dealing with perfect unpartiality in his interference when the men of Moidart, who were his friends and relatives, happened to quarrel with the neighbouring men of Suainart, who were comparatively strangers to him and to his flock. His hand was heavier on the men of Suainart than on the men of Moidart.*

The relation between *Maighstir Alasdair* and

*Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 100.

his Catholic neighbours was decidedly strained. It was not so much a question of faith and doctrine as a question of fences and morals. It seems that his neighbours had a habit of allowing their cattle to stray over the minister's pastures. The minister remonstrated more than once, when assurances were given on the part of the tenants that the evil was due to the negligence of their herd. On a repetition of the offence *Maighstir Alasdair* seized the herd and gave him a sound flogging, and then tied him to the trunk of a tree near the edge of the wood, when he was found by his employers almost dead with fright.

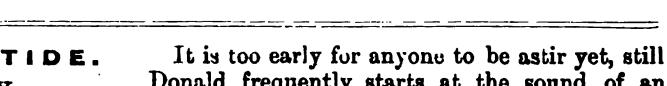
The truth is that the minister was not a person to be trifled with. "Of great determination and possessing great bodily strength," says Father Macdonald, "he, when fairly roused, had no scruples about using the arm of the flesh when more legitimate arguments failed to keep his neighbours in order."

It is reported that on one occasion *Maighstir Alasdair* met, near Lochshiel side, a native belonging to a class of people whom he cordially detested—viz., persons who enter into a bargain and fail to keep it. This specimen had purchased a valuable cow from *Maighstir Alasdair*, but on one pretext or other eluded payment until the minister's patience was exhausted. On meeting him so opportunely, *Maighstir Alasdair* seized him by the neck, and dragging him to the foot of a precipice not far off, squeezed him into a hole or crevice among the fallen rock. He was busy covering the prisoner's head with a heavy slab when he was surprised by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who, upon inquiring as to the nature of the man's offence, was told by his reverence that it was merely a case of imprisonment for debt. "The punishment," said Glenaladale, "is no doubt effective, but the payment of the debt is likely to be farther off than ever." "Very true," replied the minister, "but we are reasonable. The prisoner can always get out at the demand of any substantial friend who will kindly become security for what is due." The laird smiled, and taking the hint, undertook to compel payment or indemnify his reverence for the loss. The prisoner was forthwith liberated.

Owing to an outbreak of smallpox in the district which carried off two of his daughters, *Maighstir Alasdair* removed his family from Dalelea to the little island of Camustrolman on Lochshiel.

It is impossible to say with certainty what year *Maighstir Alasdair* died. He died somewhere between 1720 and 1725—one thing is certain, he was not alive in 1727, for we find his son Alasdair, the Bard then designated as "second son to the deceased Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Minister of Island Finnan." He was buried on the south side of the ruined chapel on St. Finnans Island on Lochshiel. A very unpretending monument marking the exact spot where rests this famous minister of the olden times. He left at least two sons, Angus, known as "*Aonghas Beag*, and Alexander, the famous Bard—ever styled on his father as "*Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*," of whom more anon.

Signature of MAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR on taking his degree, 16th July, 1674. From Glasgow University Registar.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.
A HEBRIDEAN STORY.

BY I. K. RITCHIE,
Author of "In Love and Honour," "Thou Shalt Not Covet," &c.

PART II.

(*Continued from page* 33.)

VERY unlike Donald's blithe mood was that in which he began his walk of five-and-twenty miles to the town. His thread-bare clothing was little suited to shield him from the raw morning blast that blew so chilly over the black moors he had to traverse; but yet his brow was hot and fevered, and his hand, grasping the notched stick he carried, trembled as his old fathers might have done.

It is too early for anyone to be astir yet, still Donald frequently starts at the sound of an imaginary footstep, and turns apprehensively to see if that really is not a figure hiding behind the stunted bushes, or secreting itself in the deep heather; and when some little bird is startled from its nest and sends forth a twitter of remonstrance at the early comer, the strong man's cheek pales, and he has to whistle to keep his spirits up. At last the streaks heralding a new day give place to a clear, bright sky, the shadows of the grey morning are gone, and with them somewhat of Donald's temerity.

The fraud he meditates seems less reprehensible in his present mood of dogged endurance. The walk has made him hungry too soon, fearfully hungry it must be, when the quantity of thick oaten cakes he had deemed sufficient for the whole journey rapidly disappears in a first refreshment. He forgets, poor fellow, that the

last few weeks have afforded but very scant fare, but what he does remember is, that even his present humble portion, in a very short time, may run out, and to escape starvation some very decided step must be made.

He walks quicker now, and at noon the beautiful turrets of Stornoway Castle are in sight, the pink, shell strewn sands of Melbost glisten in the winter sunshine, and, completely exhausted, Donald stretches himself in the half-melted snow, so weary that he is dazedly oblivious that cold may be caught even in the brighest atmosphere.

In dreams the haunting fears that have possessed him during the last dozen weary hours accumulate to torment him.

He thinks himself at his journey's end: he has reached the office for enrolment in the Royal Naval Reserve, guided to it by the group round the door waiting turn to make application. It seems to him that all look at him askance; he retreats sleepishly to the rear, not, however, without hearing a whispered "*I* know him. *He's* not a fisherman." "He'll not get in," speaks another.

"He'll be after telling a lie if he does," chimes in a third, while several turn and stare at him with hungry, savage eyes that make his heart sick to see.

Then that scene fades, and he is in a room full of people. He himself stands apart from all save two, who jealously guard him, one on either side. On a raised dais his own minister sits as judge, and his sorrowful look is more than Donald can bear as he passes sentence—"Found guilty!"

No unheard of verdict; but did ever before the sobs of judge and doomed mingle together?

Poor Donald's were so ravaging that they awoke him. It was a moment or two before he could realise it was a dream. He had to rub his eyes and look around to assure himself he was really not in that dreadful room with its crowd of people, nor yet in the street with the hungry-eyed throng waiting to get in. And reassured of this, he will think of it as no idle tale, but as a direct message from that high heaven under whose canopy he lies.

"No, I will not be having anything to do with it at all!" he cries, snatching the false paper from his pocket. "From my own land I may have to be going; but suffer from a prison, suffer with a stain on my name."

Every word as he looks at the certificate stings him afresh. "Yes!" he cries bitterly, "This is to certify that the bearer, Donald Macivor, is —— a liar;" he substitutes for "fisherman," and then suddenly emotion overcomes him, and he buries his burning face in the cold frost of the moor. "And I have come to this! I, whom everyone was holding in respect. O, Christy, Christy, can you ever be thinking well of me again?" he cries as the certificate is torn and cast away.

The short winter afternoon is already half sped as Donald enters the principal street of Stornoway. It is with a shudder of pained recollection of his great temptation that he passes the groups of naval reserve men, whose numbers might well lead a stranger to suppose they constitute nearly the entire population.

And true at least it is that during the drill season (October to March) they bring a great amount of life and bustle into the little town of which, without them, it would be entirely devoid, not to speak of a romantic interest and admiration of all that concerns them filling the hearts of the bonnie lasses from the Butt of Lewis in the north, to the most southerly parish in the Long Island.

"Why are you so persistent when you have been told you cannot be taken?" was once asked a youth who had again and again made application for entrance into the force and always refused, as not yet of the required standard of height. A deep blush, but no answer, until an encouraging word from the questioner elicited the perfectly truthful answer, "Because my young woman won't look at me, sir, unless I'm in."

Happily for Donald, Christina was not exactive on this point. In her eyes, he neared, if he did not worship perfection; so with no regret on that head, he could witness the prosperity of the blue-jackets *pro tem*, only sorry that their prosperity was not reflected in the circumstances of many he remembered as once well-to-do, but now bearing marks of the hard times, evidence of which met the eye at every turn. The emigration office was besieged. Needless for a newcomer to attempt entrance until the crowd lessens; and Donald turned on to the quay, after trying a newspaper at the stationers. Anxiously he scanned the long columns of advertisements in the hope of securing something that might be advantageous to himself. Alas! to no effect; in the list of situations vacant there was not one for which he could apply.

Still, the natural hopefulness of the young man's disposition, that prevents him ever seeing things wholly dark, bears him up, and a smile, somewhat grim though it is, parts his lips on recollection of a remark passed by a countryman under circumstances similar to his own.

"Ah, well! neffer mind, when one door shuts another closes! His meaning, of course, being exactly the reverse; but, unlike Donald, the poor man's knowledge of English was almost nil.

Donald will always think it passing strange

that while the smile of amusement is on his lips, he should be startled by a familiar voice close beside him, exclaiming—

"Donald, my dear lad, is it really you?"

"Yes, Mr. Yorke," he answered bashfully, touching his cap.

"And how is the world treating you?" goes on his interrogator, who is none other than the fine, jovial old Yorkshire gentleman, who for three summers has had a shooting box on the island, and been the youth's kind and indulgent employer. "I hope you have not forgotten all your English, my lad," he breaks off, for Donald strikes him as wonderfully silent; and at the same moment another impression takes hold of him, with the result that, with a brief word of explanation, hurries with his protegé back to his hotel, where his dinner is already ordered. And on the way it is he who does all the talking. Poor Donald is like one in a dream, tongue-tied, and perfectly powerless to express any of the gratitude with which his heart is full. But in a dazed sort of way he is conscious that the tide of his fortune has turned with the appearance of Mr. York; and when food, the like of which he has not tasted for many a long day, has restored his shattered senses, his benefactor may well look pleased at the success of his bounty; and not till then will he make any reference to what now, he has little doubt, accounts for his companion's altered mein and gloomy silence.

When Donald would have humbly thanked him for his kindness, he interrupts the grateful words with "Not yet, my lad; I have not done yet. Now, just sit down again, and tell me all about yourself in these hard times." But fully conscious how painful such a task must be, he goes on—"One hears a great deal about the distress. I could not rest until I came to see for myself; and to meet you is very fortunate. I want to know how you are managing."

Then, bit by bit, the young islander's story is gleaned, and elicits volumes of sympathy and encouragement from the listener.

"You must make up your mind and come along with me for a year or two, or at anyrate until the winter is tided over," he says in conclusion.

"But, Mr. Yorke, indeed you are too kind, sir," said Donald, overwhelmed by this generous offer. "For what use could I be to you, sir?" he queried.

"Well, it so happens I am just in want of a good, active man on my estate. I have a lot of young fellows engaged in reclaiming a few acres of land I am bringing under cultivation, and they are sadly in need of an overseer. I know I can trust you. So think no more of emigration. A capital thing for some; but not for you, my lad, with your many ties through the old folks; and, mayhap, some young one with a voice in the matter, too." At which Donald blushes, and is inexpressibly happy, though bashfulness compells him to reserve confession on that head for a future occasion.

THE END.

CLACH NA LANAIN.

By Mrs. K. W. Grant, Shawlands, Glasgow.

The following received first prize in the Original Prose Competition at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

AIR an rathad gu Grìobunn, anns an Eilean Mhuileach, mar a théid duine slos am bruthach le 'aghaidh ri Loch nan Ceall, tha aig taobh an rathaid ris an làimh-dheis, clach mhòr, ioma tunna 'an cudthrom. Tha i 'n a seasamh 'an làrach tighe, cho teann dhinnte eadar na trì ballachan 's ged a bhiodh iad air an togail a dh' aon obair gu taic a chumail rithe.

Na 'n robh am meall cloiche so air lòn, no air taobh cnuic, theirteadh creig ris; ach air a shuidheachadh mar a tha e, aig bun a' bhalla chreige as an do thuit e, agus a tha 'g éirigh ioma ceud troidh os a cheann, a chuilbh àrda mar air an gearradh le làimh snaidheadair, cha 'n 'eil ann ach *clach* ann am meudáchd no ann an coltas. 'S i so Clach na Lànain, no Clach na Càraid. Cha 'n 'eil mòran a làthair an diugh aig am bheil cuimhne air an latha air an do thuit a' chlach a nuas as a' bhalla uamhoir, ach 's ann agamsa 'tha 'n t-aobhar gun a leigeadh air dì-chuimhne. Tha fada, fada o 'n a thachair e, ach tha na h-uile ni, mar a ghabh e àite, fa m' chomhair mar gu 'm b' ann an dé a bha e. 'S ann a tha na nithe a thachair 'an toiseach m' òige na 's soilleire fa m' chomhair na iadsan a ghabh àite 'n dé. Tha leamsa nach 'eil e ach mar mhlos no dhà o 'n a thàinig a' cheud bhàta-deathaich' a dh' ionnsuidh ar cladaichean, a' cur roth nam pleadhan mar gu 'm b' ann muighe-eich a' maistreadh na fairge 's a' fàgail rathad-mòr de chobhar as a déigh. Bha mi mu naoi bliadhna dh' aois aig an àm, agus bha mi air mo rathad le dìnneir muinntir na buain an uair a thàinig i 'n sealladh. Ach cha 'n fhaodar tòiseachadh air a leithid sin de naigheachd, air-neo cha bhi ùine eachdraidh Clach na Lànain a thoirt seachad; agus a thuillidh air sin, 's ann aig Cnoc-Mhaolagain a's fheudar tòiseachadh.

Cha 'n 'eil àite air an t-saoghal ri choimeas ri Cnoc-Mhaolagain. Tha 'n àite na 's gloinne, 's na 's blàithe an sin; tha 'n loch na 's sàmhaiche; tha 'm fraoch air na cnuic na 's truime dath, le badain bhòidheach de fhraoch geal ri fhaotainn thall 's a bhos 'na mheasg; tha flùrain cùbhraidh a mhachair làn meala; agus m 'a choinneamh tha

Eilean-Chalaman. M 'a choinneamh tha Eilean-Chalaman:—Calamain nan creag, eòin ghorm nan sgiathan luatha, 'n an ceudan a' tuineachadh gun eagal fo dhùbhra nan creagan àrda; an sàile a' ruith a mach 's a stigh fodhpa, 's mu 'n cuairt air na sgeirean beaga, a' briseadh le ceòl gun sgur. B' ann a sin a rugadh 's a thogadh mi. Cha d' fhàg mi e gus an do phòs mi. Tha cuimhne agam air gach clach is preas, agus air gach oisinn de 'n tràigh far an robh sligean ri fhaotainn; sligean ban-tighearna, coineanan-mara, faochagan mòra 's beaga de gach dath,—geal, buidhe, ruadh, is breac,—sligean-creachain, feusgain is muirsgian-an,—ciod an seòrsa nach robh ri fhaotainn 'an àite no àiteiginn mu Chnoc-Mhaolagain?

Air son eòin a' chladaich, cha robh dìth oirnn a thaobh cuideachd le faoileannan is guilbnich, an steàrnal chlis, na gulmagan, na trodagan-tràghad 'n an sreithean a' ruith, mar a' chlann bheag, a mach ás-déigh nan tonn, 's a' teicheadh a stigh air thoiseach orra.

Air son eòin nan tonn, bha iad gun àireamh; eòin dubha, sgairbh, agus na faoileannan daonnan, mar amadain-léith mhòra, ag itealaich gun chlos os ceann nan tonna barra gheal. Agus aig crìoch an latha bha gathan mu dheireadh na gréine a' lasadh, le soillse caomh, gach machair is cnoc is eilean, mu 'n rachadh i ás an t-sealladh aig oir a' chuain mhòir. Tha e fìor, co-dhiùbh 'chreideas sibh e no nach creid, nach 'eil àit' air an t-saogh-al coltach ri Cnoc-Mhaolagain!

Bhiodh mu dhusan teaghlaich anna a' chòimh-earsnachd, eadar a h-ulle tigh a bh' ann. B' iad sin na coimhearsnaich chaoimhneil, dhìleas: b' fhiach iad an t-ainm. 'S ioma teaghlach a gheibhtear an diugh aig nach 'eil na buill cho aonta, no cho ionmhuinn mu 'chéile 's a bha 'n grigleachan a bha mu 'n cuairt oirnn 's an àm sin. Nach ioma deireadh-bhuain aoibhinn, nach ioma Samhuinn shunndach, nach ioma Nollaig agus Bliadhn'-ùr chridheil a chuir sinn seachad còmhla?

Comh-cheangailte ris gach àite, agus ris gach ni a thachair ann am òige, tha lomhaigh Raonaild a' ghobhainn. Bha a màthair 'n a mhaighdinn aig mo mhàthair-sa an uair a phòs i, agus bha de mheas aig m' athair air a h-athair-sa nach rachadh e 'n ceann gnothuch cuimseach air bith gun a choimhairle a chur ri Iain Gobhainn.

B' i mo mhàthair-sa a dh' ionnsuich calanas do Raonaild. Bi a màthair-sa a theagaisg dhomh-sa na b' aithne dhomh riamh mu bhainne, 's mu ìm is càise oibreachadh. Mar sin, bha sinn a ghnàth 's gun tàmh 'an tighean aon a chéile.

Bha Raonaild cho eutrom iollagach air dà chois ri eun air iteig: bha i cho bòidheach ri ròs fhiadh-aich an fhàile chùbhraidh a bha 'n oisinn a' ghàraidh; bha i cho mireagach ri uan gun lochd. Cha 'n 'eil uair a thig anail splosrach na roide 's an fhraoich a nuas bhar a' chnuic orm, nach 'eil Raonaild agus mise còmhla a rithis, a' buachaill-eachd a' chruidh air madainn gheal, Shamhraidh, trang aig a' cheart àm a' figheadh chlogaidean luachair no 'seòladh bhàtaichean seilisdeir. 'S ann air a' bhrochan a bha 'm blas anns na làithean sin, an uair a shuidheamaid g 'a ghabhail air tom aig ceann na dail, "Cabhag," mo chù laghach, ag amharc as déigh a h-uile làn spàin-adhairc a rachadh 'n ar beòil, agus a'cur a spòg mhòr air ar glùn an dràsd' 's a rithis air eagal gu 'n dì-chuimhnicheamaid a chuid-san. Cha 'n 'eil uair a chì mi cléiteagan geal a' chainichein am measg riasg is luachair, agus fraoch na mòintich le 'chopain mòra céireach làn meala, mar bhrat air an làr, nach 'eil Raonaild is mise dol do 'n àite-mhòine le biadh nan daoine a bh' aig an obair leinn,—bonnaich choirce, uibhean, mulachag ùr chàise, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios 'de tuilleadh.

Dh' fhàs Raonaild a suas cho sùbailte ri slait sheilich, agus cho dìreach ri cuilc nan lochan. Cha do chuir i mulad orm ach an aon uair riamh. Bha sin 'nuair a shaoil leam gu 'n robh i 'dol a roghnachadh coigreach 'an àite aoin de m' bhràithrean. Tha mi 'g ràdh *h-aon* diubh, a chionn bha i-féin agus mo dhara bràthair, Gilleas-buig, 'n an sàr chompanaich, agus cha robh mòran obair idir aice féin agus Iain ri chéile, ach bha e 'n aon rud leamsa cò dhiubh 'gheibheadh còir oirre, ged a bha leam gu 'n robh am fear a b' òige tuilleadh 's coltach rithe fhéin. 'S ann mar so, matà, a chuir i 'n iomaguin orm gu 'n caillinn i —— agus dh' fhaoidte gu 'm b 'e sin a b' fheàrr dhise seach mar a thachair. Bhiodh Raonaild mu naoi-bliadhn'-deug, agus mise beagan na b' òige, an uair a thàinig peasan de thàillear a nall a Latharna meadhonach, a chur a suas obair air a làimh fhéin beagan astair uainn. Bha 'n duineachan sparasach, pongail gu leòir, ach cha robh ann ach an gasan: b' fhiach lùdag Iain againne a choluinn gu h-iomlan.

Cha robh an tàillear fada 's an àite an uair a thòisich e ri tighinn cuid de'n rathad as an eaglais le Raonaild is leamsa, agus gu goirid ghabh e'n dànadas tighinn air chéilidh do na tighean againn. Bu ghasda le Raonaild caige 'chumail ris, agus chumadh i-féin 's Gilleasbuig an tàillear 'an gleus, ach bha daonnan rud-éiginn aig Iain ri dheanamh a mach 's an t-sabhal aig a leithid sin de àm, agus air mo shonsa dheth, bu leòir facal a chur a stigh an dràsd 's a rithis, a chionn cha robh feum orm.

Chaidh nithean air adhart mar so, a' chuid a bu mhodha de'n Gheamhradh. Ach air latha 'bha 'n sin, thuirt Iain ruinn aig an tràth-maidne, "Faodaidh sibh a ràdh ris an tàillear 'nuair a thig e'n nochd, mo thomhas-sa 'ghabhail air son deise ùr. Chuala mi gu'n robh feum ac' air clobair 'an Grìobunn, agus tha mi air an àite ghabhail an diugh."

(Ri leantuinn.)

ALEXANDER CAMERON,

Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees.

MRS. A. CAMERON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ALEXANDER CAMERON, MAYOR OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

MR. ALEXANDER CAMERON was born in the Parish of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, in 1847, and is therefore now in his 52nd year. He is the son of Mr. Duncan Cameron, who for close upon 30 years was manager of Talisker, Isle of Skye, and whose forefathers belonged to Lochaber. The recently-elected Mayor of Stockton received his education at Carbost School, and in 1868 went to England and entered the Scotch drapery trade. He settled in Stockton in 1870 and started business on his own account. In this enterprise he has been most successful, being a business gentleman of considerable tact, and of a genial disposition. He joined the Wesleyan Church at Stockton about 25 years ago, and has held nearly every office open to a layman in that body. As a temperance worker also, Mr. Cameron has done a good deal in Stockton. With others engaged in this work, he is found to be an energetic colleague, and that he is thoroughly in earnest, and has the strength of his convictions, is amply proved by the fact that he has been a total abstainer for over a quarter of a century. Mr Cameron takes a deep interest in politics, and in him the present member for Stockton has found an able supporter, one who was in the forefront of the fight at the last general election, when Alderman J. Samuel nominated Alderman T. Wrightson. He is a staunch member of the Stockton Liberal Association, for which society he has acted as treasurer for some years. Mr. Cameron was first elected a member of the Town Council in 1886, as representing the West-End Ward, and was re-elected in 1889, also in 1892, and again in 1896. In March of this year he was elected to the Aldermanic Bench in place of the late Alderman W. M. Watson. In all his dealings he has shown the principle of honesty of purpose and a deep interest in the welfare of those whom he represents. Mr Cameron was recently entertained to a banquet, and presented with an illuminated address, and Mrs Cameron with a silver tea service, by the Scotchmen of Stockton and district, in token of his being the first Scot who has occupied the civic chair of the ancient borough. During the past year he has discharged the many onerous duties of his honourable office to the entire satisfaction of the electors, and has done much to add to the dignity and usefulness in which the mayorality is regarded. Of council and committee meetings alone he has attended no fewer than 269, and when we add to these his other public appointments, the aggregate convinces one that the office of mayor is not a purely ornamental dignity. Mrs. Cameron is a true Highland lady, being a daughter of the late Kenneth Macdonald, Invergarry, and has carried out her duties as Mayoress in an eminently tactful and graceful manner. Mr. Cameron has a family surviving of three sons and three daughters, his eldest son having just been appointed house surgeon of Stockton Hospital. Although absent for so many years from his native land, Mr. Cameron has always maintained a close connection with the Highlands, and is a life member of the Clan Cameron Society and the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association.

SOUTHWARD!

SOUTHWARD, ah, southward,
With the swallows!
From this weary land of cold—
The choking weirdness of the fog—
The chilling frost—the smoke—
To the sunny land
Where the air is clear, where the blue sky
But reflects a bluer ocean;
Where the palm grows, and where the flowers
Are ever fragrant—sun-kissed;
Where as grey darkness creeps o'er her
The earth smiles, thinking on the morrow's colours,
Which spread across sky and sea—fairy-like,
When the day breaks.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.*

By Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness.

THE district known as the Reay Country occupies the north-western part of Sutherland, and comprises the Parishes of Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachilles. Its Gaelic name is Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh (Mackay's country). About the beginning of the seventeenth century this tract of country was included for the first time in the Sheriffdom of Sutherland, and it now forms a part of the County of Sutherland. But when the name of Sutherland (*N. Sudr-land*—Southern Land) was first applied, it included only the present south-eastern part of the county, that part lying south of Caithness, and still distinguished in the vernacular from the rest of the county by the Gaelic name of *Cataobh*. It would appear that during the Norse occupation the Reay Country was looked upon rather as a continuation of Caithness along the North Coast as far as Cape Wrath. In the "Orkneyinga Saga" reference is often made to *Katanes*, *Sudr-land*, and the Dales; and it is probable that "the Dales" refer to the principal straths of the Reay Country—Halladale, Strathy, Armadale, and Strathnaver. The Norse never applied the name of Sutherland to the region of Cape Wrath.

This country produced two bards of considerable repute, Rob Donn, and John Mackay, of Mudale, the hymn-writer. The works of the former have acquired a world-wide reputation, and have already run through four editions. Specimens of the labours of the latter have also been published from time to time. But it must not be inferred that these were the only bards the district produced. The Reay country was always rich in song, for which its people had most retentive memories. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that the most perfect and complete copy of the tale of "The Muileartach" we possess was taken down from the recitation of two Reay countrymen, and will be found in the late Dr. Cameron's "Celtic Review." But far the greater portion is now irretrievably lost. In the introduction to the first edition of Rob Donn's poems, reference is made to two contemporary bards of the period, and the elegies they composed on Rob's death are incorporated in that work. These are John Mackay, Strathan, Melness, and George Morrison, Ard-beg. It is well known that Rob Donn himself was quite willing to give the precedence to the former, whom he ever addressed as "father." Alexander Cormack was another poetic contemporary of Rob Donn, and a foeman worthy of his steel. After his death, too, there were many imitators in his native parish, and I was fortunate enough some years ago to secure from Miss Helen Findlater, a daughter of the Rev. William Findlater, who came to this country in 1808, thirty years after the bard's death, quite a number of songs by various authors, which have never been printed. Some of these are worthy of preservation, and it occurred to me to make a selection from them for your Society, together with such notes of the song-writers as I have been able to gather from the old people of the parish of Rob Donn.

Before coming to these, however, it may be well to refer to some songs of the great bard himself which have never been published. Mr Hew Morrison, in his recent edition, has enlarged the old collection by a few; still there are some songs and many snatches which have hitherto escaped publication. One of the most important of these is "Oran nam beanntaichean," containing some sixty lines. It is well known in the bard's parish as the composition of Rob Donn, and is still a favourite with the older people, who cannot understand why it has been omitted in all editions of the bard's works. The reason, however, is not far to seek. There is very little poetry in it—only a string of names

ROB DONN'S GRAVE, BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD.

* Read at meetings of the Gaelic Societies of Inverness and London, and the Clan Mackay Society.

ROB DONN MACKAY'S MONUMENT IN BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.

—of interest only to natives of the district, or to the topographist. Among the many evils consequent upon the removal of the people from the interior to the sea coast may be included the loss of a large number of place-names. In this song the bard makes honourable mention of every hill and glen and knoll and corrie where he was wont in early days to follow the deer, and one can easily understand how the old people should preserve intact this rather lengthy composition, not because of any merit in the song, but by reason of the many happy associations which were recalled to their minds by the mere mention of these places.

ORAN NAM BEANNTAICHEAN.

Chi mi 'n Dìthreabh gorm mar b' àbhaist,
Torr-mhic-Bhàtair, is a' Chraig ann ;
Chi mi Malmaisgeag 's a' Chùil ann,
'S chi mi Druim-na-cùb for raid ann.

Chi mi Beinn-Shitheil gu h-iosal
'S air 'n taobh shìos di tha 'Chlais-tharsuinn ;
Chi mi Beinnabhreac mar b' àbhaist
Ged sud frìth is tàire th' againn.

Chi mi Beinn Laghailone gu h-àrd ann
Is Ceann-t-sàile aig a bun ann ;
Chi mi Circeabol is Tunga ann
'S deth 'n rudha 'n iar dhinn, chi mi Muir ann.

Chi mi Pùitig gorm an fheòir ann
'S a Mhòine tha air 'n taobh shuas di ;
Chi mi na h-Ursannan àlainn,
Craig-na-garbhad, stan is shuas ann.

Chi mi Faoghlaichean Beinn Hòp ann
An gorm choir' mòr' is an t-Sàil ann ;
Chi mi sud, is a Chraig-riabhach
'S chi mi sliabh air feadh nam blàr ann ;

Chi mi Chlais-mhòr 's an Leitir,
'S am Bard-rabhan* air 'n taobh shuas da ;
Chi mi sud is Cnoc-an-t-sobhail
'S na Sgrithichean odhar mu 'n cuairt da.

Chi mi mullach Cnoc-a-chrìch ann
Far an robh seann laghard † an t-sluaigh ann ;
Chi mi sud is Beinn Dìridh,
'S Coire-a-chruitear, sinnte is fuaigte rith'.

Chi mi mullach na Beinn-Dìridh
Sàil, nan ios agus nan aighean ;
Càrn 'ga thional gu h-airde,
S mi 'g amharc mhàn air na strathaibh.

Chi mi tri Choireach' an Easaibh,
Agus Glaiseadh mhòr nam mang ann ;
Chi mi Cnoc-cragach Mac-Bhatair
Ulmhach coire,‡ Sàil nam beann ann.

Chi mi mullach Meall-Shòrn* ann,
Is coire boidheach an Dùghaill ;
Chi mi Foinne-bheinn 's am Bà-theach
'S chi mi Sàbhal is Coire Dùbh-loch.

Chi mi Airceall nam fear cràiceach
Craig nam Blàr-loch, Sàil nan aighean ;
Chi mi sud 's an Coire-grannda,
Stac, is airde tha mo radharc.

Chi mi Strath-Chaireacha-dubh ann
Far 'minic 'n robh subhaich a' sealg ann ;
Chi mi Far-mheall, is an Leacach,
Chi mi Glais-bheinn 's a 'Bheinn-dearg ann.

Aig àm dhuinn siubhail na frìth
Chunntainn tri mìle de dh' fhear dearg ann ;
Gun aireamh air procaich is aighean,
Bliadhnaich mu Shamhuinn ri 'n earball.

Bho chaidh Seorast uainn as an Duthaich,
Gur ciùrrtach mo chridhe 's cha n-ioghnadh,
Ach taing do 'n Ti mhòr mar thachair
Gu 'n triall thu thighinn dhachaigh 'Feill-Màrtuinn.

Agus ma thig thu sin dhachaidh
Seall gu taitneach air na dh' fhàg thu ;
Thabhair dhomhsa *Commission* seachdainn
Gu dìoladh mo thalcuis air Sàbhal.

Another song, not hitherto published, is one to a Bighouse dairy-maid, and moral considerations probably account for its omission in the first edition. The bard, it seems, carried on a mild flirtation with this damsel, although he ought not, for he was engaged to another. He was at the time visiting Major Mackay, of Bighouse, and some informer came the way who declared the real state of matters to the fair one before it was too late. The bard thereupon sings her praises in verse, and does not try to minimise his own deceit in the matter :—

DO BHANARAICH TIGH-BHIOGAIS.

Eadar stairidheachd is breugan
Bha mi fhein an dùil bhi réidh 's tu,
Ach thainig fear eile anns an èisdeachd
Dh'inns a' sgeul, 's gu'n mhill e 'n ròsd.
Gur tu nighean donn mo chridhe
Gur tu nighean chridheal chòir. Gur tu, &c.

Ach tha mi 'n dùil dar thig am Màidsear
Nach bi tuilleadh dàil air Màiri ;
Ged a ghealltadh dhi Port-na-h-Aithne,
Dearbh cha tàmh i anns an Torr. Gur tu, &c.

Cha n'eil uair ni mi ùrnuigh dhiamhair
Ni mi athchuinge, 's cha 'n ann gu diamhain
Ma tha neach ann a bheir dhiot mi
Ni mi chrionadh mar an fheòir. Gur tu, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil agamsa de bheartas
Ach mo làmhan is mo chasan ;
B'fheàrr leam Màiri, as an t-seasamh,
No te phrosbeic a' pheic òir.
Gur tu nighean, etc.

(To be continued.)

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* Rabhan (rafan), remains of a *spate* or tide on the shore.

† Laghard, law-giving, moot-hill ?

‡ Ulmhachcoire, N. ulf-r, wolf.

* N. oru-r, eagle.

† George V., Lord Reay, 1761, died 1768.

MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR'S FAMILY.

By Fionn.

(Continued from page 57.)

I.—Aonghas Beag—Little Angus.

THE minister of Ardnamurchan, *Maighstir Alasdair*, had a large family of sons and daughters. Four sons lived to a good old age. Angus was the eldest; Alexander, the Jacobite bard, was the second; while two younger sons settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The eldest son succeeded his father as tacksman at Dalelea, by the shores of Loch Sheil. Being a man of diminutive stature, he was called *Aonghas Beag*, or Little Angus, but though short in stature, he was, like his father, a may of extraordinary power, and many stories are told of his remarkable feats of strength. It in related that on his first introduction to Macdonald, Boisdale, the latter, who had heard much regarding him, could scarcely convince himself that fame had not exaggerated the strength of the Dalelea athlete. To his mind it was not possible that so much force could be concentrated within such a low frame. By was of solving his doubts, he suggested to Angus

From Water-Colour Sketch. *By Miss Helen N. G. Gardyne, Glenforsa.*

CASTLE TIORAM, MOIDART.

that they should have a wrestling bout, and upon the latter giving his consent, Boisdale commenced to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat. Angus, however, declined throwing off even his plaid. At the very first struggle, Boisdale, although a remarkably tall and muscular man, was lifted off the ground with the greatest ease, and laid sprawling on the ground, to his own intense astonishment and to the merriment of some gentlemen who were witnesses of the scene.

Rather a good story regarding *Aonghas Beag* is given by Mackenzie in "Sàr-obair nam Bard Gaelach." Colla Bàn Macdonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford at the Lochie, which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings, preparatory to going over also. The river was

considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they will make you wade the better, and make haste, come over with me, and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning, which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him—"You called me *little fellow* on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called *little fellow* on this side? Take advice—never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself, you might have been meat for the eels in the Lochie."

On one occasion, Father Macdonald informs us, when returning from a visit made to the outer islands, Angus Beg was driven through stress of weather into some creek or obscure harbour at the back of Mull. During this detention he and his companions experienced some inconvenience, owing to the supply of fuel on board running short. Angus thereupon sent one of the party on shore, with the recommendation that he should help himself to a creelful of peats wherever he could find them. After a certain interval the messenger returned, with information that there was a stack of peats not far off, but that in making towards it he was driven away by a rough churlish individual, who, calling himself the owner, brandished a stick over his head and threatened personal violence. Much disgusted, Angus sent out another messenger, a person reputed to carry a stout heart and a powerful arm; but this one fared no better, in fact worse, for in addition to an empty creel he brought back a bloody pate. After this mishap he deemed it advisable to make a personal reconnoitre, so, leaving the vessel, he sauntered leisurely towards tne spot where the warlike Mullman was mounting guard. When near enough to be challenged, he explained to the native the nature of his wants, adding that if the slight favour was not courteously given he would help himself to it by force, and give himself the further pleasure of damaging the native's person. In a moment the islander flew at him, deeply resenting such insulting language from a man whom he had no doubt of being thoroughly able to chastise; but before his cudgel could be properly brought into play, Angus slipped in, and seizing him by the waist, gave him one of those famous hugs which are said to have resembled the hugs of a bear. The Mullman was thrown heavily to the ground, and for a short time was deprived of all consciousness. When he recovered, Angus had filled his creel, and was about to take his departure; but the fallen foe, blinking and staring somewhat like a bewildered owl, cried to him to stop, and then commenced an interrogatory which, as customary in popular stories of this kind, tended to ascertain if the victor was the d—l himself or one of his angels. Upon being solemnly assured that there was no identity, or even the remotest connection with any such objectionable individuals, the Mullman is said to have shouted out—"Then you must be Angus Beg of Dalelea, for there is no other in the West of Scotland who can give that ugly squeeze in which you nearly smothered me." He proved a better man than appearances first warranted, for during the rest of the time spent in his neighbourhood, he had Angus and his companions frequently at his house, and entertained them with the heartiest hospitality.

Angus joined the Catholic Church long before the '45, and married Margaret Cameron, daughter of the tenant of Achadhoun, in Lochaber—a lady of singular piety and great gentleness of manner.

When Prince Charlie unfurled his banner in Glenfinan, Angus was appointed one of the captains over the Moidart men in Clan Ranald's regiment. He followed his chief through the whole campaign, and after the disastrous battle of Culloden he and his brother Alexander made their escape in safety to their native district, and escaped the pursuit of their enemies in the wood and caves of Kinloch-nan-uamh, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig. When the Act of Indemnity was passed, Angus settled down quietly at Dalelea, where he finished his days in peace.

One of his daughters, Marcella, married young Ranald Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart. His eldest son, Allan, succeeded him as tenant of Dalelea, and married a Macdonald lady from Arisaig. There were several children born of this marriage, the better known being Alexander, called the banker, *Aonghas Chinn a' Chreagain;* and a daughter married to Donald Macdonald, Lochans. Alexander, who was banker at Callander, built the present house of Dalelea about the beginning of the present century. He bought Lochans, Glenmoidart, from Clanranald, about 1814.

Of Alexander, the bard, we shall deal on another occasion.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D.
Part First.

IN the rising of 1745, the Camerons and Macdonalds were ever in front with Prince Charles. It is matter of common report that their houses and papers were then burned by express order of the Duke of Cumberland. In the case of Glengarry this is certain, but the evidence given by Sir Ewen Cameron, of Fassfern, at Fort-William, upon the 14th day of May, 1825, shows the astonishing fact that before the house of Achnacarry had been burnt by the Duke, the Lochiel papers then at Achnacarry, with some exceptions, were burnt by Donald Cameron, of Lochiel's own tenants. If they did so to save their master's interest, the act was foolish and ill-judged, for—papers or no papers—the attainder gave over everything to the Crown, no charter being necessary. Whether the Wadsetters and others may have hoped to benefit by the destruction, wished to get hold of papers concerning themselves, or to dispose of possibly incriminating family papers, is now of little consequence, except to the Lochiel family; although it must be said that the action of the tenantry was singular and unusual in clan history.

Ewen Cameron, son of John Cameron, of Fassfern, so cruelly oppressed and robbed by Government, was enabled, during a long, active, and useful life, not only to preserve the Lochiel estate from the folly and extravagance of the restored chief; and the serious patrimonial attacks of Glengarry and Erracht, with a firmness and fidelity rarely equalled in the history of Highland families—but to acquire for himself the considerable estates of Meople, in Morar, together with Callart and Kinlochleven, in the Lordship of Mamore. To these estates his son, Sir Duncan Cameron, added that of Glenevis and the superiority of Fort-William. Sir Ewen Cameron's two sons were both eminent in their career. Colonel John Cameron's name will ever be honoured in Lochaber and in military circles; while that of his brother, Sir Duncan, will continue to be held in respect.

As the estates of Lochiel and Glengarry march with each other from Loch Lochy to the head waters of Mun Quoich, and the Atlantic water-shed—perhaps fifty miles—it is little wonder that disputed boundaries cropped up, resulting in mutual actions of declarator in the Supreme Courts of Scotland, lasting for about ten years, and finally compounded by the trustees of Glengarry after his death in 1828.

During the proceedings Sir Ewen Cameron was adduced as a witness and haver by Lochiel. His examination was objected to by Glengarry, on account of his close connection, administration, and management of the Lochiel affairs; and further, that he was one of the Substitutes in the Deed of Entail, and thus interested in the matters in dispute. Sir Ewen was examined at Fort-William 14th May and 2nd November, 1825.

From these depositions it would appear that Sir Ewen Cameron was born in 1740, and that his father, John Cameron, died in 1785. From other papers—that after Donald Cameron of Lochiel's death in France shortly after Culloden, the sole means of subsistence of the Lochiel family in Lochaber consisted of a Wadset of Glendessary, originally in the person of John Macphee, tenant there granted to him as far back as 1690, and acquired by friends for behoof of John Cameron, eldest son of the attainted Lochiel.

ACHNACARRY, SEAT OF CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

Fort-William, 14th May, 1825.

Compeared Sir Ewen Cameron, of Fassfern, Baronet, a married man, aged eighty-five years on the fifteenth day of March last, old style, who being solemnly sworn, purged of malice and partial counsel, examined and interrogated.

Depones that he was born at Fassafern, where he now resides, and has lived at Fassfern all his life-time, with the exception of short periods that he was out of the country at his education, ten years when he first married that he lived at Inverscadle, which is not far distant from Fassfern, and three or four years that he lately lived at Arthurstone in Perthshire.

Depones that he was well acquainted with the father of the present Lochiel (Charles Cameron), who was the deponent's cousin german, and he named the deponent one of the guardians to the present Lochiel during his minority.

Depones that Lochiel's father was a military man, and an officer in the Fraser Highlanders, which the deponent knows was the 71st Regiment of the line at that time, and died while with his regiment in the Long Island in America, and the deponent managed the business of the late Lochiel in this country while he (Lochiel) was abroad.

Interrogated—Depones that he was employed also by Captain John Cameron, of the French Service, who was an older brother of the late Lochiel, to transact some business for him relative to a wadset of the lands of Glendessary, held by one Alexander Macphee; and being further interrogated, depones and produces an excerpt from a conveyance granted by the said Alexander Macphee in favour of the said Captain John Cameron of the said wadset of Glendessary, which is dated the eleventh day of December, 1760, which is now docqueted by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto, and the deponent has a distinct recollection of that transaction.

Depones that the said Captain John Cameron died the following winter after the said transaction about Glendessary, without lawful issue, never having been married, and was succeeded by his brother, Captain Charles Cameron, the late Lochiel, and the deponent was in the practice of uplifting the rents of Glendessary for the said Captain Charles Cameron subsequent to his succession.

Depones that he knows the estate of Lochiel was forfeited to the Crown immediately after the year 1745, and the first factor thereon under the Commissioners of Annexed Estates was Colin Campbell, of Glenure, who filled that office but a very short time, and was succeeded by Mr Mungo Campbell, who was a natural brother of Glenure's, and filled that office for five or six years as he thinks, and was succeeded by Henry Butter, of Pitlochry, with whom the deponent was intimately acquainted, and in the habit of visiting.

Depones that for the first few years after Mr Butter succeeded to the factory, he lived at Achnacarry, but afterwards he lived at Corpach, where he had built a house.

Depones that he knows these factors were in the habit of convening the tenants on the estate of Lochiel at a particular place, and on a particular day or days after the term of Martinmas yearly, for he purpose of paying their rents and adjusting any other business connected with the estate that might occur, and this was called the Winter Court, but he does not recollect whether they held any summer courts or not.

Depones that he supposes that Mr Butter held what was called a Souming Court at the time of the rent collection, but he is not certain whether he did so or not, but he does know that he held a Souming Court at some period of the year.

Depones that Mr Butter never stated to the deponent that there were any disputes about marches betwixt the estate of Lochiel and the neighbouring property of Glengarry.

Depones that he had the pleasure of being acquainted with the late Glengarry, and is also acquainted with the present Glengarry, and the deponent has had the honour of visiting frequently and being visited by the late Glengarry, and the late Glengarry never stated to the deponent that he had any claim to any of the lands then possessed as the estate of Lochiel.

Depones that the estate of Lochiel was restored by the Crown to the present proprietor in or about the year 1785.

Depones that on Lochiel's majority he (Lochiel) appointed the late Lord Melville, the late Mr Barclay, of Ury, the late Donald Cameron, Esq., banker in London, and the deponent, trustees for the management of his affairs, and the deponent was appointed factor for these trustees, and he also acted as factor on the estate from the time of the restoration to that period.

Depones that the present Lochiel is a married man, and has two sons and two daughters by that marriage.

Depones that Lochiel has also a sister living who is married to a Major Forster, who lives at Berwick, who has one son of that marriage.

Depones that he knows Lochiel executed an entail of his estate a few years ago, and the deponent, as one of the trustees then in life, approved of that entail, but he does not recollect having signed the deed of entail, and the witness added of his own accord that after the entail was executed the trustees withdrew from the management of the estate.

Depones that the deponent acted as factor on the estate of Lochiel for about 15 years subsequent to the restoration thereof.

Depones that during all the time the deponent was factor on the property of Glendessary, as aforesaid, or during the time he was factor over the whole estate, as just now mentioned, no complaint whatever was made to the deponent by any of the tenants of the estate of any encroachments made by the tenants on the neighbouring properties on any part of the estate of Lochiel, nor any complaint whatever about marches.

Depones that he knows Mr Butter got a lease from the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates of the lands of Corpach and Banavie, and sheilings in Monaquoich, which lease is dated 4th December, 1775, and to endure for the period of 41 years from and after the term of Whitsunday of that year, and which lease is now produced by him, and docqueted and signed by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as referring hereto.

Interrogated—Whether or not Mr Butter re-

nounced the said lease, and if so, whether or not he is possessed of any papers relative to that renunciation? depones and exhibits a letter dated the 18th of February, 1786, relative to the renouncement of these lands, and a formal renunciation of these lands dated the 30th May in the said year, 1786, and both which documents are likewise docqueted by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Depones that he knows the late Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of Glenco, succeeded Mr Butter in the said lands, and the deponent now produces an extract from the rental book of Lochiel (which rental book is holograph of the deponent), showing who was the tenant and the rent paid by him, and which extract is likewise docqueted in manner aforesaid as referring hereto.

Interrogated—Whether or not he has a note of any other farms and their respective sheilings on the estate of Lochiel, made up with a view to a let of these farms and sheilings, depones and exhibits a paper holograph of himself, dated 28th December, 1803, and which is quoted on the back as follows, viz. :—"Note of farms with sheilings and expiry of long tacks, 1803," and depones that that paper was written by him upon the date which it bears, and has been in his own possession ever since, and which paper is docqueted by deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Interrogated—If the farms and sheilings specified in the said note are parts of the lands of which he as factor has been collecting the rents during the period before deponed to, and whether or not, with the exception of the parts of Glendessary mentioned in the note, Mr Butter during his factory had been collecting the rents of the said farms and sheilings as parts and portions of Lochiel's estate? depones affirmative.

Being further interrogated—Depones and exhibits a contract of wadset, dated the 19th December, 1735, between Donald Cameron, Esq., then of Clunes, and which contract is likewise docqueted by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Interrogated—Whether the papers that he has now produced, viz., Mr Butter's lease, the relative missive and renunciation, and the contract of wadset, have been in the possession of the deponent for a very long period of time, and never out of his hands since he originally got possession of the same? depones affirmative.

Interrogated—Whether or not he knows that subsequent to the battle of Culloden there was an abstraction from Lochiel's house at Achnacarry of the charter boxes containing the title deeds of the family, tacks of the lands, and other papers of importance? depones that the deponent was informed by his father that recently after the battle of Culloden the charter chests of the family of Lochiel were carried out to a fir wood at the back of the house of Achnacarry, by the tenantry of the country, who broke them open, and such of the tenantry as had wadsets or tacks, at least the most of them, had so carried off their wadsets and tacks, and when the deponent's father heard of what had happened, he sent and collected such papers as remained, and brought them to Fassfern, and they were afterwards delivered by his father to the deponent, and the contract of wadset now produced is one of the papers he so received from his father.

(Signed) EWEN CAMERON, ROBT. FLYTER (Commissioner), ALEX. FRASER (Clerk).

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY AND CITY.

I am tired of all the clamour,
I've been weary, yes, for years,
Of the seething of the city,
And the cries that fill my ears;
How I welcome death approaching,
I've no need for foolish fears;
For you'll take me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And bear me to the country when I die.

The plover's mournful pleading
Has reached me from the moor,
It has sounded through the strivings
Of the rich man and the poor;
And I've hungered for the heather,
Will you take me? Are you sure?
Will you bear me from the city,
In your kindness—in your pity—
And leave me in the country when I die?

There's a little house got ready,
By the double cherry tree,
It faces to the mountains
That are seated by the sea;
It is only three by seven,
But it's big enough for me;
So you'll take me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And lay me in the country when I die.

I know I'll rest contented
In my narrow bed of earth,
Where there's neither heavy heartache
Nor the need of foolish mirth;
Do I think of any future?
Nay, I know what rest is worth;
So bear from the city,
In your love or in your pity,
And rest me in the country when I die.

The sea will lull me lightly,
That used to hear the beat
Of the people and the pavement—
With the tramp of toiling feet—
The sea I loved so greatly
In its stormy moods and sweet;
Oh, bear me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And take me to the country when I die.

Was that the curlew calling?
Why, I hear the plover plain!
And I see the mountains mirrored
Where they rise above the main;
There's the scent of gorse and clover
On the breeze that blows again!
God has heard me from the city,
He has seen my soul in pity,
And borne it to the country ere I die.

Ryefield. MYRA J. K. WARRAND.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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JANUARY, 1900

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

WE regret that, owing to the pressure upon our space this month, we have had to hold over till next issue "Antiquarian Notes on the Mackay Country" (part 2), by Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., "Talks with Highlanders," by James A. Campbell, of Barbreck, "The Mad Laird's Will" (story), by Torquil Macleod, "Dunvegan" (poem), by Angus Mackintosh, and other interesting contributions.

MACLEOD OF MACLEOD presided at the SKYE GATHERING, and was supported by a number of prominent natives of the "Isle of the Mist." His address was devoted to the Transvaal question, in which he gave a history of Britain's connection with South Africa, and strongly supported the Government in their dealings with the Boers.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' WAR RELIEF FUND.—Fifty societies in Glasgow have combined to raise a fund for the relief of the dependents of Highland soldiers killed in action, and it is expected that a large sum will result from their efforts. So far, only the Clans Mackay and Maclean have published a return of the subscriptions received to date, a note of which we herewith append. The Clan Mackay have already suffered severely in the Modder River disaster, no fewer than seven clansmen being killed or wounded, five of whom were members of the clan society. This fund deserves the hearty support of every Highlander who has a regard for his country and kindred, and we trust that our readers in every part of the globe will respond generously to this appeal. With 700 casualties in the Highland Brigade in one engagement, we may well dread what the number will be before the war ends. We appeal confidently to the patriotism of our readers, and we will gladly acknowledge in our pages receipt of all subscriptions sent to us for the Highland Societies' War Fund. Address—John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN MACKAY. — Dr. N. J. McKie, Newton-Stewart. £14 8s 6d; Rev. Dr. J. Aberigh-Mackay, £5 5s; Robert Mackay, London, £5 5s; Campbell T. Mackay, Liverpool, £3 3s; Major A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, £2 2s; R. G. Mackay, Dublin, £2 2s; R. J. Mackay, London, £1 1s; Alexander Mackay, Thurso, £1 1s; Donald Mackay, Hereford, £1 1s; Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh, £1 1s; George G. Mackay, Liverpool, £1 1s; W. G. Mackie, Catford, 15s; John J. Mackay, LL.D., and Mary Mackay, Edinburgh, £1; Misses Mackay, Belfast, 10s; Dr. Macdonald, Liverpool, 10s; R. Mackay, Perth, 10s; Kenneth D. Noble, Helensburgh, 5s; E. T. Mackay, Hong Kong, 5s; R. H. Mackay, Shettleston, 5s; and smaller sums. Total to date, £45. There are 500 collecting sheets still out, and when these are returned the sum should be a handsome one.

CLAN MACLEAN.—Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., chief of the clan, £5; George White Maclean, Newcastle-on-Tyne, £5; Mrs A. D. Maclean, 3 Kirklee Gardens, £1 1s; William Maclean, 25 Wellington Street, £1 1s; Lieut. Maclean, Glasgow, £1 1s; Allan Maclean, Brighton, 10s.

MRS FARQUHARSON OF HAUGHTON'S energetic advocacy of the right of women of scientific attainments to be admitted as members of the learned societies, is receiving influential support all over the country. She has stated her case in a temparate and logical manner, and we have no doubt that her efforts will soon be crowned with success.

THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT.—A very interesting series of articles on the Highland bagpipes, from the pen of Mr Manson, of the *Glasgow Herald* (a prominent Caithnessian), is appearing each week in the pages of the *Weekly Herald*. They are the most exhaustive symposium we have yet seen on the subject.

MR R. W. FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, whose reputation as a Highland costumier is favourably known in all parts of the world, has now added special departments to his establishment which make it the most complete, in regard to the making of the Highland dress and the manufacture of accoutrements, in this country. The firm is not only able to provide a complete kilt costume in any style, at the shortest possible notice, but also to manufacture on the premises dirks, sgian dubhs, brooches, and other dress accoutrements to the customer's own design. A large and choice selection of these articles are always kept in stock, but it is an advantage which many will appreciate to be able to gratify one's own artistic taste in the design and ornamentation of the accoutrements which he intends wearing. Mr Forsyth has just added a number of really beautiful Highland weapons to his stock, the chased work being specially designed from the fine old Celtic carvings to be seen in Iona and the Western Highlands. Any of our readers who may visit Glasgow during the festive season should not neglect the opportunity of inspecting Mr Forsyth's large assortment of Highland dress ornaments, and his display of clan tartans for the Highland costume.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. Maclean.

THE name of Flora Macdonald is held in higher esteem, and is more affectionately mentioned in the Highlands than that of any of the distinguished heroes who have made Scotland so famous in the annals of history. Her portrait not only adorns the walls of the mansions of the lairds, but also those of the huts of the humblest crofter. The Highlander never tires of singing her praises, or recording her deeds in historical dissertations. All this admiration is almost wholly due to an act that took place between June 26th and 30th, 1746, during which time she proved herself a heroine of the most exalted type, and just as adroit as she was brave.

After the disastrous battle fought at Drummossie Muir, near Culloden, April 16th, 1746, Prince Charles Stewart found himself a fugitive with a reward hanging over him of $150,000 (£30,000), for his head, and depending solely for his safety to the fidelity of those Highlanders upon whom his ambition had brought countless woes and a savage brutality unsurpassed in the pages of history. It was during the period of his concealment in the Highlands and Western Isles that Flora Macdonald for four days became his guardian and guide at a very critical moment. The heroine at that time was but twenty-four years of age. For this disinterested act of humanity, in conducting the fugitive from the Island of Uist to Skye, she was seized and thrown into the Tower of London as a State prisoner, under the charge of treason.

She had been importuned by her friends to hide in the mountain fastnesses of her native isle, but peremptorily and indignantly refused, declaring that she had done nothing of which she either repented or felt ashamed, and before any tribunal she would answer whatever charges might be brought against her.

Before her incarceration in the Tower, her name had become famous throughout Great Britain, and so deeply had the sympathy of the nation been excited in her behalf that the Government felt that it would by no means conduce to its popularity to visit the fair maiden with the stern inflictions of the law. After a short confinement in the Tower, it was deemed best to hand her over to the custody of her friends, who became responsible for her appearance when demanded.

The rally of the Highlanders around the banner of Prince Charles in 1745 is the greatest act of chivalry that has fallen to the lot of any people. For this act of devotion and the sacrifices put forth by the Highlanders, the Prince afterwards proved himself an unworthy recipient. The saving of the life of the Prince by the Scottish heroine did not change the course of history, and was of no special benefit, save in that it prevented a recurrence of the innumerable

horrors in the criminal procedure of the courts of England.

The strangest part of the story of Flora Macdonald remains to be told. Her act at the age of twenty-four has been embellished even to the minutest detail; but her greater heroism, and her devotion to what was her sense of duty, at the ripe age of fifty-four, has been passed over either in silence or else but incidentally referred to. Flora Macdonald, during her brief residence in America, was a greater power and a more commanding figure than that displayed by herself when her name was on the tongues of those who had been struck by her act of heroism. And yet, how little is known of Flora Macdonald in America! The fugitive articles and biographical notices of her in the press of her native country betray almost a total ignorance on the subject. Even her biography, written by her grand-daughter, extending to nearly four hundred pages, two-thirds of which is pure fiction, passes over this interesting period with a notice of less than a page and a half. In the most authentic account of her life, written by Rev. Alexander Macgregor, and published first in the *Celtic Magazine*, and then in book form in 1896, the notice is brief and unsatisfactory. The author was afforded the greatest facility on this point, not only from valuable information furnished by James Banks, of Tayeneville, N.C., but also from the life of Flora's daughter, Anne, then the wife of Major-General Alex. Macleod. I have failed to obtain even a trace of the MS. of Mr Banks, or the notes of Dr. Macgregor on this episode in the heroine's career.

If there is a disappointment in the biographical notices of Flora Macdonald relative to that period of her life between the years 1774 and 1780, the same is shared relative to the rebellion of the Highlanders in North Carolina in 1776, when American histories are appealed to for information. This rebellion is so closely connected with Flora Macdonald that the history of the one is essentially the history of the other.

In 1750 Flora married Alexander Macdonald, younger of Kingsburgh. He was one of the most handsome and powerful Highlanders of his clan, being also possessed of all the qualities of body and mind which constitute the accomplished gentleman. In the year 1774 Allan found himself in very embarrassed circumstances, owing partly to the state of the Highlands and partly to the losses and liabilities that his father incurred, in consequence of the part he took in the cause of Prince Charles in 1745. Kingsburgh now determined to recover his losses by seeking a home in America. His embarrassment only tended to show the true metal of Flora's character. She who had risked her life in saving that of a Prince was ready and willing to sacrifice everything for her husband's comfort, and to accompany him to any place in his efforts to recover his finances.

The largest and most important settlement of Highlanders in America, prior to the revolution, was in North Carolina, along Cape Fear River, about one hundred miles from its mouth, and in what is now Cumberland County. The time when the Highlanders first began to occupy this territory I have been unable to determine; but some were located there as early as 1729. The migration under Neil M'Neill, of Kintyre, did not take place until 1739, and even he found that Hector M'Neill, called "Bluff Hector," had preceeded him. When the mutterings that preceded the American Revolution began to be heard, emigration from the Scottish Highlands had reached mammoth proportions. The Macdonalds of Raasay and

Skye became impatient under coercion, and set out in great numbers for North Carolina. By 1775 the Macdonalds were so numerous in Cumberland County as to be called the "Clan Donald," and the insurrection of February, 1776, is still known as the "Insurrection of the Clan Macdonald." Little did these emigrants realise the storm that was soon to burst upon them, and for ever to break their power.

Kingsburgh and his wife Flora cast their lot with the emigrants, and in the month of August, 1774, with their sons and daughters, sailed in the ship Baliol, from Campbelton, Kintyre, to North Carolina. The passage to the western world was favourable. The fame of Flora Macdonald was well known among her countrymen in Carolina, and when word reached them that she would make her home in their midst, she was anxiously expected, and on her arrival was joyfully received. Demonstrations on a large scale were made, that she might be properly welcomed to America. Soon after her landing, a largely attended ball was given in her honour at Wilmington. On her arrival at Cross Creek (now Fayeneville), then the centre of the settlement, she received a truly Highland welcome from her former neighbours and kinsfolk who had crossed the Atlantic some years before. The strains of the *Piobaireachd* and the martial airs of her native hills greeted her on her approach to the capital of the Highland settlement. Many families of distinction pressed upon her to make their dwellings her home, but she respectfully declined, preferring a settled place of her own.

As the laird of Kingsburgh intended to become a planter, he left his family in Cross Creek until he could decide upon a location. The house in which the family lived during this period was built immediately upon the brink of the creek, and for many years after was known as "Flora Macdonald's house." North-west of Cross Creek, a distance of twenty miles, is a hill about 600 feet in height, now called Cameron's Hill, but then known as Mount Pleasant. Around and about this elevation, in 1775, many members of the Clan Donald had settled, all of whom were of near kin to the laird and lady of Kingsburgh. Hard by are the sources of Barbaque Creek, and not many miles down that stream stood the old kirk, where the clansmen worshipped, and where Flora inscribed her name on the roll of membership. Flora's attendance at the services at Barbaque Church was long a tradition, which spoke of her as "a dignified and handsome woman, to whom all paid great respect."

(To be continued).

THE PIPER'S LAMENT FOR STRATHY.*

THE ancient walls are lying low,
Wae is me for Strathy;
And the chieftains sleep in the mould below,
Wae is me for Strathy.
They came of a great and lordly line,
But they fell as falls the centuried pine
When Winter is out and his wolf-dogs whine,
Wae is me for Strathy.

The lordly voice was in the hall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
The great guest-fires by ceiling and wall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
The fields were fair and the lands were wide,
And the race was a race of kingly pride;
But over their bones the pale winds ride,
Wae is me for Strathy.

They rode for king, they rode for land,
Wae is me for Strathy;
With life in leash and sword in hand,
Wae is me for Strathy.
But far and wide as the world's broad girth,
Far from the home of their lordly birth,
They sleep the sleep of the banished of earth,
Wae is me for Strathy.

O who will greet when I am dead?
Wae is me for Strathy;
For such a house and such a breed?
Wae is me for Strathy.
One skirl for aye for the chieftain's great,
Lords and ladies of high estate,
Who sleep in the hush of the kirkyard gate,
Wae is me for Strathy!

One skirl for all the great deeds done,
Wae is me for Strathy.
One for the kindly heart and hand,
Wae is me for Strathy.
One for the true and noble face—
Who'll see again so brave a race?—
While I, too, wend to mine own place.
Wae is me for Strathy.

Three times about the ruined hall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
Their last long notes the sad pipes call,
Wae is me for Strathy.
He's broken them above his knee—
The poor sweet pipes that wailed so free;
No more they'll pipe lament or glee,
Wae is me for Strathy.

He's broken them in pieces twain,
Wae is me for Strathy;
And scattered them as sowers' grain,
Wae is me for Strathy.
No more he'll hear their plaintive wail,
But far away on the lonely trail,
He'll wander where the great ships sail,
Wae is me for Strathy.

One look upon each mossy stone,
Wae is me for Strathy;
He's gone where the drift of the world hath gone,
Wae is me for Strathy;
This last brave henchman of them all,
While over the ruin of roof and hall,
Only the winds and the sea-birds call,
Wae is me for Strathy.

Ottawa, Canada. W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

* Seat of a chieftain family of the Clan Mackay.

THE PASSING OF CALUM.

THERE were two figures in the little boat which rocked in the evening mists on the silver bosom of Loch Scridain.

"Pull hard, mo nighean," said the white-haired old man who lay in the stern, with his head resting on a pillow, and a well-worn plaid wrapped around his feeble limbs, "pull hard, I will not be lasting fery long . . . it's getting dark, . . . fery dark."

And the lass at the oars said nothing, but kept her face turned away, as she laboured at the clumsy, unwieldy oars.

Old Calum, the patriarch of his clan, was on his last journey. No word passed now between the two. He lay silently watching the gathering gloom, his feverish fingers clutching nervously at the slender coverlet. After a while his lips moved, and these were the words which he was quoting—

"Alone on the hill-top,
Sadly and silently,
Downward on Islay,
And over the sea . . ."

Then he stopped abruptly.

Elspeth's face was very pale and worn, but her eyes were dry and burning as she pulled away mechanically, glancing from time to time over her shoulder to see if they were nearing the head of the loch. At last they turned into the open sea, and the wind rose with mysterious suddenness.

The frail boat staggered as she met the wild waves, which broke over her bow, and sent a shower of salt spray over Elspeth's head. She shivered with cold and fear, but old Calum lay silent and pre-occupied, with a wild light gleaming in his eyes as the fierce gusts swept over them.

Then he became delirious. It was the song of the boatman now—

"Fhir a' bhàta, na hóro éile,
Fhir a' bhàta, na hóro éile."

The boat seemed a living thing as she heaved on the swirl between the black islands, carrying them away into the greyness of the night. But now her head swings round to the south, and they are soon in the mad rush of water through the Sound of Iona.

Elspeth's arms were aching, and she began to feel dizzy. Even to a Macleod, a child of the sea, the great oars were as lead. The cold, cold wind whistled through her long hair, and as Calum lay in the darkness, she wept as though her heart would break.

"Why had they come? What mad frenzy had seized him for this night *sail*; was he not dying? Would God they had never left the warm cottage at Tarranbeag, where he might have passed away in peace!"

As these thoughts swept through her brain, the oars slipped from her benumbed grasp and disappeared swiftly amidst the black, seething waters. With a sob almost of relief, she crouched down in the bottom of the boat and waited. . . .

Calum shifted uneasily, raising himself feebly on his elbow.

"Dhia!" he cried petulantly, "why are you not rowing?"

Then, as no answer came, he crept slowly forward until he touched her face, wet with the spray, and cold as ice. Then she roused herself and pushed him gently back.

"No, no; you must be lying down. We'll soon be . . . home, but I hef lost the oars, and we'll need to drift."

He looked at her dully, without grasping her meaning, and sank back with a sigh of weakness.

"It's fery cold," he said gently.

Then as they swept through the narrow sound, he sat up and pointed with trembling finger to the west, where lay Iona, the sacred isle, jagged and black against the steely greyness of the sky.

"That will be the cathedral," he said, "and the lights of the clachan. Will we stop now, Elspeth? . . . perhaps the good monks will take care of us. But Colum is not there now, and Macleod sleeps fery sound in the place of the dead."

For they were now opposite that strange row of graves, where lies the dust of many a king

and chief, waiting in that lonely isle for the great day. Then he wandered again.

"Ah! I hear the monks singing . . . no; it is the pipes, and they are playing—"Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac-Cruimein." But there was no sound save the roar of the rising gale, and the angry lashing of the waves, as the little boat cleft the dark waters.

He lay back exhausted, and Elspeth's hot tears fell fast on his chill hands.

"Many a time will I have been here . . . but it never was so cold. I will go to sleep now."

And his lips moved again—

"Ar n-Athair a ta air neamh" . . . "Our Father which art in heaven." He faltered through each sentence slowly and painfully until he came to the last. Then with wonderful firmness he repeated—"Agus an cumhachd agus a' ghloir gu . . . siorruidh . . . Amen."

Then the darkness grew denser, and the wind blew in still fiercer gusts. Away beyond Soay the gulls were screaming harshly. The fitful glare of the Dubh-Heartach light-house flashed through the cold, clinging mists, and there came a faint cry from the little boat as they swept on towards dim Colonsay, where the breakers roar.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

CLACH NA LANAIN.

BY MRS. K. W. GRANT, SHAWLANDS, GLASGOW.

(Continued from page 60.)

THE following received first prize in the Original Prose Competition at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

SHEALL sinn uile air a chéile mar gu'n do thuit mi-fhortan air an teaghlach, gus an d' thuirt mo màthair gu sàmhach, "Tha fios nach fhaod fiughair a bhi againn ri bhi daonnan còmhladh, agus rinn thusa seasamh gu duineil ri d'chuideachd gus a nis. Cha 'n iongantach ged a thòisicheas tu ri amharc a mach air do shon-féin a nis, a laochain; 's cha 'n fhaod sinne 'bhi tuilleadh 's muladach, 's ann is fheudar do mhisneachadh, agus guidhe gu math dhuit."

Cha b'urrainn gin againn àicheadh nach robh an fhìrinn aig ar màthair. Air a shon sin bha sgàil air tighinn thairis air an dachaidh, a chionn cha bhiodh e gu bràth mar a bha e, as-eugmhais Iain. Air an latha sin féin chaidh snath stocainean a chur air leth air son tòiseachadh air gach ni feumail a dheanamh deas; agus anns an fheasgar, thàinig an tàillear, agus ghabh e tomhas Iain gun chur thall no bhos. Bha Raonaild a làthair an uair a ghabh so àite. Sheall i le spleadhnas o aon gu aon, ach cha d'thuirt i facal. Cho luath 's a fhuair i mise leam fhéin chuir i 'cheisd gu h-ealamh, "Ciod a th'air tighinn thairis air Iain gu'm bheil e air gabhail 'n a cheann falbh a dh'aon bheum mar so?"

"Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'ràdh."

"'Bheil sin a' ciallachadh nach 'eil toil agad a ràdh?" dh' fhoighnich Raonaild a rithis.

"Cha d'thuirt e diog m'a dhéighinn gus an diugh 's a' mhadainn," fhreagair mi. Chum Raonaild 'n a tosd.

Thill sinn a stigh do'n chitsin, far an robh càch. Bha iad a' bruidhinn mu dhorchadas na h-oidhche, oir bha ceò dòmhail ann, agus bha 'n tàillear a' deanamh bòsd as a mhisneach féin, ag ràdh gu daingean gu'n robh e os ceann geilt a ghabhail ged a sheasadh duine air thoiseach air air a rathad dhachaidh gu a sporan no a bheatha 'thoirt uaith.

"'S math dhuitse nach 'eil eagal gu'n tachair sin!" arsa Raonaild, "Cha'n 'eil fhios na'n tachradh nach toireadh tu do shàiltean ás glé luath."

Air sin, dh' fhàg an tàillear oidhche mhath againn, agus dh'fhalbh Raonaild beagan as a dhéigh.

"'Illeasbuig!" ars' ise, "thig thusa dh'ionnsuidh an doruis againn leam; cumaidh tu na bòcain air falbh an déigh na bha de bhruidhinn orra!" agus chaidh iad 'n an dithis a mach.

Bhiodh mu sheachduin air dol thairis mu'n do thill an tàillear. Tuille 's aon uair thuirt sinn ri 'chéile, "Cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod a th' air tighinn ris an tàillear?" Uair no dhà, an uair a thàinig sinn a mach leis so, dh' amhairc Raonaild agus Gilleasbuig air a' chéile, agus

thigeadh Gilleasbuig a mach le spreadhadh gàire. "Aoidh 'ur n-uilc oirbh!" arsa m'athair, "tha rud-eiginn eadar sibhse 'n 'ur dithis mu'n tàillear ciod air bith e?"

Cha do thuig sinn an gnothuch gus an do thill an tàillear le deise Iain deas glan. Bha sinn amharusach gu'n robh ni éiginn ceàrr 'nuair nach d'thàinig e feadh na seachduin, agus ged nach robh aig m' athair is mo mhàthair air, dh' fheoraich iad dheth gu caoimhneil ciamar a bha e o'n a chunnaic iad roimhe e.

"Nach cuala sibh diog?" dh' fharraid an tàillear.

"Cha chuala," arsa m'athair, "an robh dad air aimhreidh?"

"Nach deachaidh mo robadh de m' sporan, agus mo bheatha a chur 'an cunnart!"

Dh' asluich sinn air a h-uile car innseadh.

"Cha robh mi ach mu mhìle as a so, agus dìreach air an taobh so de'n Aonaidh, an uair a thàinig duine mòr àrd a mach o chùl na creige, agus leis an dag ri clàr m' aodainn thug e òrdugh dhomh mo sporan a liubhairt, air-neo mo bheatha a chur 'an cunnart. Cha robh a chridhe agam carachadh, mu'n rachadh am peileir tromham; mar sin cha robh dol as a' chàs, agus thug mi 'n sporan do 'n bhéist."

Thug mise 'n aire gu'n robh Gilleasbuig thall 'an dùbhra na h-oisinn a' call a lùthais a' gaireachdaich, ach bha Raonaild gu dùrachdach a' figheadh a stocaidh.

"Cò ris a bha 'n duine coltach?" dh' fheòraich i de'n tàillear.

"Bha i tuilleadh 's dorcha g'a dheanamh a mach, ach cha chreid mi gur e duine de mhuinntir an àite so 'bh'ann; bha e cho caol àrd; bha cleòc air cuideachd, agus cha'n aithne dhomh duine mu'n cuairt an àite aig am bheil cleòc ach fear an tighe so."

Chaidh Raonaild a mach car prioba, agus thill i le cleòca m'athair oirre, agus boineid 'Illeasbuig. 'Na làimh bha marag dhubh a dh'ionndrain mo mhàthair o'n mhaide air an robh sreath dhiubh 'n crochadh.

"An e so an seorsa duine a thug do sporan uait?" dh'fharraid Raonaild, a 'cur an sporain air a' bhòrd air a beulaobh.

Spleuchd an tàillear oirre car mionaid, an sin thog e 'n sporan agus dh' fhalbh e ann am feirg a' maoidheadh gu 'n toireadh e gu cùirt i air a shon so fathast.

Ach bha aon eile a làthair a chum a theanga, ged a las 'aghaidh a suas le gàire mear. B'e sin Iain. Mu 'n d' fhalbh e bha e-féin agus Raonaild ùine fhada a' bruidhinn ri chéile, agus 's e thainig a mach as a sin nach b'ann idir gu muladach a dh'fhàg e beannachd againn. Fhuair e gealladh o Raonaild gu 'n rachadh i gu bhi 'n a bean-tighe dha cho luath 's a bhiodh è deas air a shon sin, 'an àite 'bhi dol a mach le marag dhubh gu daoine 'robadh air an rathad-mhòr.

An uair a tha daoine trang, toilichte, theid an ùine seachad gu math luath. Mu bhliadhna gu-leth an déigh do Iain ar fàgail, bha e air a dheadh shuidheachadh aig Grìobunn agus bruach aige air tigh. Cha robh grabadh air thoiseach air a' chàraid òig, mar sin chaidh an còrdadh a dheanamh, agus latha na bainnse 'shocruchadh.

Bha h-uile duine mu 'n cuairt toigheach air an dithis, agus cha robh caomhnadh air cearcan no tunnagan, no caoirich. Chaidh uibhir 's a dh' fhoghnadh air son dà bhanais a thaomadh a stigh le làimh nan coimhearsnaich —— ach cha 'n 'eil feum air so innseadh, oir tha fhios aig an t-saoghal air caoimhneas nan Gàidheal aig àm de 'n t-seòrsa.

Trì lathan roimh àm na bainnse chaidh mise null gu Airdioura, ann an I Chalum Chille, a dh' fhaicinn bana charaid a bha 'dhìth oirnn gu ar cuideachadh. Chaidh sinn còmhla a null gu ceann an eilein, a dh'ionnsuidh na tràigh do ghainmheach gheal mhìn far am faightear na clachagan bòidheach uaine, air am bheil uibhir mheas an diugh le luchd-taghail. Aig amhare air mach a a' chuan, thug mi 'n aire gu 'n robh Tìriodh mar gu 'n robh e 'g éirigh as an fhairge. A nis, tha Tìriodh cho ìosal gu 'm bheil e duilich a thogail ri sìd mhath shoilleir, mar sin chuir e iongantas orm na ceithir cnuic ìosal fhaicinn cho dealbhach. "Seall, a Bheitidh!" ghlaodh mi, "tha Tìriodh ag éirigh as an fhairge!"

"Mise 'n diugh!" arsa Beitidh, "am faic thu na tha de sgeirean ag éirigh aig oir a' chuain, agus na tonnan geala m'an timchioll?"

Am feadh a bha sinn a' coimhead orra thòisich uidh-air 'n-uidh coltas an éilean ri bhi air a dhealbh, 'n a sheasamh air a cheann anns an speur, thairis air an fhìor éilean. An sin, uidh-air 'n-uidh mar a thàinig e, bhris e suas, agus chaidh e as, agus aig a' cheart àm dh' fhalbh na sgeirean as an t-sealladh, agus bha Tìriodh cho ìosal 's a bha e riamh!

"Ciod is ciall da so?" thuirt mise le uamhas.

"B'fheàrr leam fhéin gu 'n robh a' bhanais thairis!" arsa Beitidh.

Dh' fhalbh sinn dachaidh, agus chaidh Beitidh leam gu Cnoc-Mhaolagain. Dh' fheuch sinn an drùghadh a rinn an sealladh oirnn a thilgeadh dhinn, ach thug mo mhàthair an aire nach robh sinn uile-gu-léir cho cridheil 's a bu chòir do mhuinntir bainnse a bhi. Dh' innis sinn d'i an sealladh a chunnaic sinn 'n ar seasamh air an tràigh 'an I.

"So, a dhuine," ars' i ri m'athair, a thàinig a stigh le bràid a bha e 'dol a chàradh, "an cluinn thu ciod a tha na h-ingheanan so ag ràdh?" agus dh' innis i dha an sgeul a bh' againn á I.

"B' àill leam fhéin gu 'n robh a' bhanais thairis!" thuirt Beitidh a rithis.

"B' fheàrr leamsa sin cuideachd," fhreagair m' athair le fiamh-ghàire, "ach 's ann a chionn gur fhìor chomharradh stoirm a chunnaic sibh. Tha fèith mhòr ann 's na lathan so, ach an uair a bhriseas air an t-sìd thig gaillionn gur ainneamh a leithid. Ach tha sinn ann an laimh a' Cruithfhear."

Mar so chaidh an gnothuch seachad. Air a shon sin rinn e uibhir dhrùghaidh air m' athair, agus air Iain Gobhainn, gu 'n d'rinn iad gach sìon ullamh, los nach biodh grabadh 's an rathad, gu muinntir fhaighinn sàbhailte dhachaidh na 'n tigeadh briseadh air an t-sìd. Ach chaidh gach ni gu réidh air adhart, agus aig an aon àm bha 'ghaillionn a' bagradh 's a' dlùthachadh.

Mu dheireadh bha 'm pòsadh thairis, agus bha a' chàraid òg le buidheann de na càirdean deas gus an rathad a ghabhail gu Grìobunn. Chaidh na beannachdan 's na guidheachan math fhàgail air gach taobh, an uair a thill Iain a dh'ionnsuidh an doruis, far an robh ar màthair 'n a seasamh; rug e air làimh oirre, agus chaidh iad a stigh do 'n tigh.

"Ciod a dh' fhairich thu, Iain?" dh' fharraid mo mhàthair.

"A Mhàthair," ars' esan, a' toirt dheth a bhoineid ghorm, agus a' cromadh air thoiseach oirre, "ged a tha mi 'falbh gu sona riaraichte dhachaidh, tha mulad orm 'ur fàgail: thoiribh dhomh bhur beannachadh!"

"A Mhic," fhreagair a mhàthair, le 'sùilean làn, agus a' leagail a làmh air a chamagan dubha mar gu 'm bu ghiullan e, "tha mo bheannachadh agad daonnan. Thoir d' uan geal dhachaidh as a nead ghlan, agus gu 'n robh beannachadh an Tighearna, agus mo bheannachd-sa agaibh a ghnàth."

Mar so dhealaich iad.

Chaidh na càirdean leo a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis aca, agus dh' fhalbh gach aon d 'a thigh féin. An sin bhris an doinionn.

Aig feasgar an ath latha thàinig Dòmhnull Mac 'Illeathain, aon de choimhearsnaich Iain, á Grìobunn thun an doruis againn. "Thigibh a stigh, thigibh a stigh, 's e 'ur beatha tighinn!" ghlaodh m' athair gu cridheil.

"Am faca sibh Iain is Raonaild an diugh?" ghlaodh mise. Ach dh' fhan an duine 'n a thosd.

"Ciod a th' air tachairt?" dh' fharraid mo mhàthair le ciùinead, ged a bha 'n iomagain 'n a sùil.

"An uair a dh' éirich sinn an diugh, 's a chaidh sinn a mach, chunnaic sinn gu 'n do thuit meall mòr a nuas o 'n chreig" ——

"C'àite?"—bhris o bhilean Ghilleasbuig.

"Air tigh Iain."

"Ach ciod e sin ma tha iad fhéin sàbhailte. Ciod a thachair riu fhéin?" dh' fhoighnich ar màthair.

"'S ann feadh na h-oidhche 'thachair do 'n mheall tuiteam," fhreagair Dòmhnull.

Cha robh feum air tuilleàdh a ràdh!

Chaidh fios a chur air a' mhinisteir a phòs a' chàraid òg. Rinn sinn a réir a chomhairle. Mhair an stoirm trì lathan. Thàinig fèith anabarrach 'n a dhéigh. Bhoillsg a' ghrian a mach gu h-àillidh. Thrus an dùthaich còmhla a chum seirbhis an tiodhlacaidh. Thàinig an sluagh 'n am buidheannan o gach ceàrn, leis a' Phìob air an ceann. Cha bu lugha na naoi no deich pìobairean a sheas am meadhon an t-sluaigh air an latha sin, agus an uair a dhùisg iad mactalla a' ghlinne le "Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh," theirteadh gu 'm b' iad guth bròin nam beannta 's a' chuain, seadh na gréine féin, a' caoidh na dithis nach tilleadh gu bràth a chur aoibhneas air cridheachan nam muinntir a dh' fhàgadh as an déigh.

Labhair am ministeir o na briathran, "Bha iad gràdhach agus taitneach 'n am beatha, agus 'n am bàs cha do sgaradh iad."

Cha robh sùil thioram anns a' chomh-chruinneachadh mhòr sin, agus dh' fhàg sinn Iain agus Raonaild an sin, far an d' adhlaic an Tighearna iad.

Bho 'n latha sin gus an diugh 's ainm do 'n mheall cloiche sin *Clach na Lànain*, 's e sin Clach na Càraid Oig.

THE CLAN STEWART SOCIETY held their first social gathering in the St. Andrew's Hall on 8th December—Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether-Lochaber, in the chair, who was supported by Colonel J. L. Stewart, of Coll; Colonel Stewart, of Achnacone; Mr Andrew Stewart, Glasgow; Mrs Stewart, of Dalness, and others. The hall was crowded. The chairman delivered a rousing address, and interesting speeches were also given by Colonel Stewart, of Ardvorlich, and Mr John A. Stewart, Perth. The secretary (Mr A. A. Stewart) mentioned that the society had been most successfully floated, the membership exceeding 300, and the funds nearly £200. The Culloden flags attracted a good deal of attention.

THE CLAN GRANT held their annual "At Home" in the Grand Hotel, and was quite a brilliant function, many of the gentlemen being in Highland dress. At an interval during the evening short and interesting speeches were made by Mr Jas. Grant, president; and Mr Grant Sharp, hon. president.

MESSRS CAMPBELL & Co., 116 TRONGATE, GLASGOW, have just issued their privilege price list for 1900. It is a handsomely got up work, every imaginable form of musical instrument being artistically represented in its pages. Messrs Campbell's melodeons are of world-wide celebrity, but these only form a small part of the enormous output of musical instruments from this celebrated firm's warehouses. As bag-pipe makers, they enjoy a great reputation, and readers requiring a set of pipes, chanters, or reeds, could not send their orders to a more reliable firm. Send for a copy of Messrs Campbell's new price list.

THE LAIRD OF GLENLOGAN.

A NEW-YEAR'S WOOING.

IT wanted but a few days of the New-Year, and the Laird of Glenlogan was making up his accounts, assisted, as usual, by Angus Munro, his faithful factotum and humble friend. Patrick Logan's brow was troubled. There was good cause for it, too, a new tenant had not paid his rent.

"I was telling you how it would be," said Angus, grimly, "Donald Gow will never be ready with money. You will be foolish to give him the farm, Mr Patrick."

"His father was always ready, Angus."

"His father was a decent man, not an idle, lazy lout."

"Well, Angus, what's to be done? We can hardly cut down farther, except with extras."

"There will be no extras, Mr Patrick; not one at all."

Angus was becoming more and more gloomy.

"Of course not. But we must retrench unless you find some other plan."

"That is what I will be finding long since, Mr Patrick. We must bring a rich wife to Glenlogan!"

The laird lay back in his chair, laughing heartily.

"A rich wife! Do you know what you are saying? Why, I'm forty-five, Angus, as you know. What young girl would look at an old fogey like me?"

Angus was grimly offended.

"I will not be thinking of a young girl, and there's many a lady would be thinking you a very pretty man."

"*Where* are the ladies, Angus?"

"They will not be far away, Mr Patrick. There will be Miss Macrae of Sennach, and Miss Davidson of Achnavohr, not to speak of Helen Rua up at Duncloich," Angus rattled off the list of names glibly.

"Good gracious, man! I don't know any of them." The laird was aghast at Angus' boldness.

"That will not be mattering at aal," Angus declared, serenely. "You will be knowing them when you go to call this New Year."

Patrick Logan was a shy man. He had lived for years near the ladies named, but knew none of them personally. He had never loved any woman, he did not know women's ways. But the idea of a wife—a lady at Glenlogan—once entertained, soon became fascinating, and he found himself often dreaming strange dreams of a new and delightful life with one of these ladies Angus had mentioned. To do him justice, the money question was soon entirely forgotten, so it was with a shock that he realised its hold upon Angus.

"Mr Patrick, it will be time for you to call now on Miss Murray. She will have the best land," Angus observed, one afternoon. "The dog-cart will be ready for you after dinner."

The laird felt himself helpless in his masterful servant's hands; besides, there was a fearful but secret joy at a move being made towards matrimony. So Angus carried the victim off to the sacrifice in triumph. In other words, the pair started for their call at Duncloich shortly after dinner.

Miss Murray was absent, and not expected home till late, but Angus was equal to the occasion.

"We will go to Achnavohr," he said calmly, turning the dog-cart. He would not let his master drive for fear of the laird's courage evaporating.

Alas! further disappointment met them there—Miss Davidson was also absent. The laird ventured to suggest a return to Glenlogan, but the inflexible Angus scouted the idea.

"We will not be going home till we see *some body*," he insisted, and his master gave in.

It was dark when they reached Sennach. It was lit up, Miss Macrae had company.

"Aal the better, Mr Patrick, you'll have the chance to be speaking," whispered the gleeful Angus, and the laird followed the maid into the house, feeling that Angus expected the whole affair to be settled that evening.

To his dismay, Miss Macrae's company con-

sisted of the two ladies he had called upon, and another who was introduced as a Miss Hill from Glasgow. Into this feminine circle the stalwart laird had to march, feeling horribly guilty. Had he not been so good-looking, the ladies might have smiled at his evident consternation, to which of course they had no clue. None of the three elders had ever thought of him as a possible husband, yet the conscience of the laird made him so uneasy that, had he been taxed with his mercenary motives there and then, he would have considered the accusation quite natural.

"Are you thinking of standing at the election for the County Council, Mr Logan?" asked Miss Macrae, who had just remembered that perhaps that might be the motive for his call.

"Mr Logan will see that our legal rights are admitted," observed Miss Davidson, who had a quarrel with the present Board, and was keen on her privileges.

"I don't think I could claim my legal rights," remarked Miss Murray, who, despite her ruddy locks, was a comely, mild-tempered woman.

The laird felt miserable, a rank imposter.

"Good heavens! only let me get safe away, and I'll never try matrimony again," he told himself.

But supper called off attention from the subject, and soon the laird recovered his equanimity. Then he became conscious that Miss Hill, though much more plainly dressed than the others, was also much more youthful, a young lady of perhaps twenty-eight. She was not pretty, but her smile revealed perfect teeth, and her brown eyes were very earnest. She spoke seldom, but often when the laird's glance went in her direction he caught a look in her's that set his heart beating, it said so plainly—"You are the handsomest man I have ever seen." Not once did Patrick Logan remember that Angus expected him to pay court to some one of the three wealthy spinsters. That supper party sealed his fate. The new mistress of Glenlogan must be Miss Hill or nobody.

It was with something akin to rapture that he found she was Miss Murray's guest. Miss Murray was the nearest neighbour, and also the least self-assertive of the three he had called on.

"Do you like the Highlands?" he asked Miss Hill, after supper.

"This is my first visit, so I cannot tell yet," she said, smiling. "I only arrived this morning."

"Miss Murray is an old friend?" he asked, shyly.

"Yes, I knew Helen when she was in Glasgow, long before her uncle left her the estate," she answered.

The reason of her plain dress was out. Helen Murray, before she came to Duncloich, had been a poor governess in the city. This was one of her companions in toil. But the laird never thought of *that*, he only thought how he might shield her, keep her from drudgery, if she would let him—if she would come to Glenlogan.

"I hope that horse will behave, Helen," said Miss Hill, uneasily, as they were starting homeward. Miss Davidson was remaining at Sennach all night.

"Why, did you drive yourselves?" cried the laird, in consternation, when he saw the spirited mare in the shafts of the Duncloich trap.

"Yes, Dougal will be poorly," said Miss Murray, serenely, preparing to mount to the driving seat. But the mare objected with a vigorous bounce.

"You can't manage that beast, Helen," cried Miss Hill, drawing back with a scared face.

"Of course not. Here, Angus, you help Miss Murray up beside you. I'll tackle this brute and drive Miss Hill. Our roads lie in the same direction."

A brilliant idea had flashed into the laird's brain, and he proceeded to carry it out. But Angus was sulky, and whispered as he passed his master—

"You will be losing a braw chance, Mr Patrick. *I* wad drive the young leddy."

The laird paid no attention. He helped Miss Hill into the trap, and the mare, after a few mad capers, settled into a proper pace. The others were in front, and the laird did not hurry to keep them in sight. He was very happy, but silent. Perhaps his companion guessed the cause of his silence, for she grew suddenly quiet and shy. He was wondering how he could let her know his feelings, how he could win her, when some white object, probably a belated mountain hare, darted across the road. With a scream of terror, the mare reared upright, then plunged madly forward. How it all happened Patrick Logan never clearly recalled. When he staggered to his feet dizzily, his eyes made out a motionless form lying near, while to his dazed ears came the thud of hoofs speeding away in the darkness.

One arm hung useless, but with the other he managed to lift her. Her face was death-like, her eyes closed. Frantic with an awful horror, he clasped her fiercely.

"My God! she is dead! she will never know that I love her—love her!" he cried hoarsely, and showered kisses upon the face lying so still upon his breast.

Suddenly the brown eyes opened, she had only been stunned. She sat up, and he knew that she had heard. It was too late to draw back had he wished. But he did not wish it, once he had seen the divine light in the brown

eyes. He let himself go, he poured out his heart with Highland impetuosity.

"Dear, I will be waiting for your word. You will not go back to that toilsome teaching. You will come to me?" he pleaded.

"That toilsome teaching!" she repeated. Then her soft eyes lighted up, she comprehended. "I will not teach any one but you," she said simply, and laid her head on his shoulder.

So Angus and the searchers found them when they came with blankets and stretchers, for the flying trap had told the tale of accident.

Angus read his master's face as he parted from Lillias Hill at the gates of Duncloich

"Good patience! and they wass telling me she will be but a beggarly schoolmistress," he groaned. "Mr Patrick, you'll be rueing this night," he said solemnly, when, the laird's sprained arm bandaged, he was free to express his chagrin. "They will tell me in the kitchen at Sennach that she will be having no money whateffer. You will be foolish, Mr Patrick."

The laird revolted. He turned fiercely.

"If you say another word, Angus, we part," he said, with cold fury, and Angus collapsed.

"You will go to Duncloich to-morrow, first thing, and ask if Miss Hill is able to receive visitors—to see me, in fact," he ordered, and the vanquished Angus could only nod acquiescence.

"Ochone! Glenlogan will be a lost house," he moaned, in genuine distress over his master's blind folly.

But he positively raced back from Duncloich next day. He rushed into his master's presence, he danced, he gesticulated wildly, he fairly yelled. Finally snatching off his cap (he had forgotten to remove it before), he dashed it on the floor, and sat upon it. The laird thought his henchman had lost his reason from disappointment. But the true cause of the outbreak was breathlessly disclosed at last.

"She will be a stupid stirk whateffer," cried Angus, dashing his big fist against his own head. "Hooch! hooray! Mr Patrick, they will not know at Sennach—they will just be guessing wrong. Miss Hill will be a grand leddy, with twice as much siller as buy up the county."

Angus, in his excitement, was equally incoherent and Highland, as many of his brother Celts become under intense emotion.

"It will be a proud day for Glenlogan," he resumed, more quietly, "for the rich wife will be making the grand changes moreover."

He was right. The laird's quest, brief as it had been, was a brilliant success, and when the bride came home in spring, the changes and improvements began.

"You see, Patrick dear," she said once, "you chose me thinking I was poor. I never had been loved for *myself* before, it was always my money. So my joy and pride is to make Glenlogan all that my husband wishes it to be."

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.

REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., EX-MODERATOR OF THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY.

THE seventh annual social gathering of the Clan Macmillan was held in the Queen's Rooms—Rev. Dr. Macmillan, chief of the society, in the chair, and was supported by Chieftains John Macmillan and Dr. John M. Macmillan; James P. Macmillan, Paisley; Donald Macmillan, J.P., Donald Macmillan, Rev. James Macmillan, and others. The gathering was specially interesting because of the fact that it was the Rev. Dr. Macmillan's last appearance as chief of the society. In his excellent address he referred to the desperate struggle in which our countrymen were engaged in South Africa, and applauded the valour which they had shown. The depopulation of the Highlands was a national calamity, which was now felt when the brave, stalwart men of the glens were so urgently needed, and could not be found. The doctor then touched in sympathetic terms to his retirement from the office of chief of the society, his desire being that the honours should "go rouud." Mr Donald Macmillan, J.P., reported the society to be in a flourishing condition—financially and numerically.

THE KINTYRE GATHERING was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 8th December, Captain Hector Macneal, yr. of Ugadale, in the chair. Addresses were given by the chairman and Rev. Hector Mackinnon and Rev. Dr. Russell, Campbeltown, and a musical programme was ably sustained.

COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C.I.E.

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C.I.E., OF ARDVORLICH.

THE family of Stewart, of Ardvorlich, is descended in direct male line from Robert, Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II. Sir James Stewart, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and great-grandson of the King, was banished to Ireland, but his son James Beg was recalled to Scotland and given a charter of lands, of which the family has retained unbroken succession in the male line for over 450 years.

In the 17th century, Major James Stewart, of Ardvorlich, did good service in the cause of Montrose, but having unfortunately, in a quarrel, killed Lord Kilpont, the son of the Earl of Monteith, a kinsman of Montrose, he had to fly to the camp of Argyle. This powerful and eccentric chief was the proto-type of Allan Macaulay in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," and the principal scenes of that novel were laid at Ardvorlich House—the Darnlinvarroch of the book. His eccentricity was accounted for in family traditions from his having been born after his mother had been slightly out of her mind, owing to the barbarous conduct of some Macdonalds or Macgregors, "children of the mist," who forayed Glen Artney, the King's deer forest, and meeting the King's forester, Drummond of Drummond-Ernoch, who was brother to the lady of Ardvorlich, they murdered him and carried his head in their plaids over the hill to Ardvorlich House, where they demanded refreshment, and while the lady was engaged in procuring food and drink they placed the head of her brother on the table, saying in Gaelic, "Eat, for many a meal you have had in this house before." On the lady returning and seeing the terrible sight, she got out of her mind and wandered in the woods for many days, till on reason returning, she was caught and soon gave birth to this son James, whose character and exploits formed the theme of many a tale.

The subject of our sketch, the present head of the House, Colonel John Stewart, was born on 24th March, 1833, and was educated at St. Andrews and at the Military College of Addiscombe. He joined the Royal (late Bengal) Artillery in 1851 and returned from India after 38 years service. He was created a C.I.E. by Her Majesty in 1887 for his special services to the Indian Empire, in connection with the administration of the Indian Army. He was selected from the scientific corps, after the mutiny, to re-organize and re-model the leather industry of India, with a view to develop the resources of the country and make the armies of India independent of Britain for the supply of leather equipments. He created the large and important harness factory of Cawnpore, which now supplies the army of India. He married in 1857, Amelia, daughter of the late General T. Webster, of Balgarvie, Fife. His eldest son, Major William Stewart, served for 20 years in the 10th Bengal Lancers, and recently retired on his appointment to the Scotch Prison Department, and is now Deputy-Governor of H.M. Prison at Barlinnie.

In May last Colonel Stewart was chairman of the meeting which inaugurated the Clan Stewart Society, and was elected as one of the Vice-Presidents.

The Arms of the family—quarter in 1st and 3rd the Royal Lion Rampant, 2nd the invariable Fesse cheque of the Stewarts, and 4th the Lennox saltaire.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. Maclean.

(Continued from page 73.)

MOUNT Pleasant stands in the very midst of the pinery region, and from it in every direction stretches the great pine forest. Near this centre Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh purchased of Caleb Touchstone a plantation embracing 550 acres, on which were a dwelling house and outhouses, which were more pretentious than was then customary among Highland settlers. The sum paid for this tract, as set forth in the deed, was four hundred and sixty pounds. Flora immediately established herself in the new house and thus felt assured that with her family around her, she would spend her remaining days in peace and happiness. Her dreams were doomed to have a rude awakening. Hardly was she settled when the storm of the American Revolution burst upon her with all its fury. That she was in part responsible for the final disaster that accomplished the complete financial ruin of the family is undenied by tradition; for she was an active participant in arousing the Highlanders to resistance. Her influence in the settlement was commanding and this she used in forcing the insurrection of 1776. Notwithstanding this the disaster would not have overtaken the family had Kingsburgh refrained from precipitating himself into the conflict, needlessly and recklessly. With blind fatuity he took the wrong side in the conflict; and even then, by the exercise of patience might have overcome the effects of his folly.

The party bent on the subjugation of the thirteen colonies, looked to the formidable settlements along the Cape Fear and the Mohawk for assistance. The frightful atrocities following the disaster on Drummossie Muir, and the systematic persecutions of the clansmen, did not wean the hardy race from the relentless hand of the oppressor. The American Revolution found all Scotland its pitiless foe. Petition after petition went up from city, town, and hamlet to George III., expressing their intense feelings against the Americans, and each protesting that the respective petitioners were his most loyal subjects. Over seven thousand native Highlanders fought against Washington and his compatriots.

If one turns to the emigrants from the Highlands, he will discover that the colonists received them with open arms and rendered every assistance within their power. Some of these emigrants were destitute even of the means of procuring assistance. After the call to armed resistance had been obeyed, a shipload of Highlanders was stranded in Virginia, and every assistance was rendered by the colonists.

On the breaking out of hostilities the Highlanders became an object of consideration to the contending parties. They were numerically strong, increasing in numbers, and their military qualities beyond question. Emissaries were sent among them, although it was known that their inclination strongly favoured the royal cause, and that party left no means untried to cement their loyalty, even to the appeals to their religious natures. On this point the Americans were at a great disadvantage, for it was impossible for them to secure a Gaelic-speaking minister, clothed with authority, to go among them. Perhaps such an effort would have been abortive, for their own minister, John Macleod, would have counteracted the influence exerted. Macleod's sympathies were against the Americans, and on account of his suspicious actions was arrested, but discharged, May 11, 1776.

No steps were taken by the Americans to organise the Highlanders into military companies,

OLD HIGHLAND BURYING-GROUND ON MOUNT PLEASANT.

but their efforts were for the purpose of enlisting their sympathies. On the other hand, the royal Governor, Josiah Martin, took steps to enroll them into active British service. The Governor was in constant communication with them, and, in a measure, directed their movements. Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh was their recognised leader. As early as July 3, 1775, he went to Fort Johnson, and there concerted with Governor Martin the raising of a battalion of "the good and faithful Highlanders," fully calculating on the recently settled Macdonalds and Macleods. There must have been prior intercourse between them, for in his communication to Lord Dartmouth, on June 30 preceding, Martin recommended that Kingsburgh should be appointed major. In the report of the same, to the same, dated Nov. 12, 1775, the statement is made that Kingsburgh had raised a company, as had also his son-in-law, Alexander Macleod.

ALLAN MACDONALD'S FARM AT MOUNT PLEASANT.

Affairs among the Highlanders in North Carolina were rapidly taking form. General Gage sent Major Donald Macdonald from Boston to take immediate charge of raising the Highlanders. All these movements were noted by the Americans. Knowing that Kingsburgh was the most important man in the settlement, he was not only watched, but early came under the suspicion of the Committee of Safety at Wilmington. On the very day, July 3, 1775, he was in consultation with the Governor, its chairman was directed to write to him, "to know from himself respecting the reports that circulate of his having an intention to raise troops to support the arbitrary measures of the Ministry against the Americans in this colony, and whether he had not made an offer of his services to Governor Martin for that purpose?"

The influence of Kingsburgh was supplemented by that of Major Donald Macdonald, then in his 65th year, an officer of varied experience. He was in the Rising of 1745, and headed many of his own name.

All the emissaries of the British sent into the settlement were officers in the army, but represented themselves as only visiting friends and relatives; but this guise was seen through, as may be witnessed in a letter of Samuel Johnston of Edenton, dated July 21, 1775, written to the Committee at Wilmington: "A vessel from New York to this place brought over two officers who left at the Bar to go to New Bern: they are both Highlanders, one named Macdonald, the other M'Cloud. They pretend they are on a visit to some of their countrymen on your river, but I think there is reason to suspect their errand of a base nature. The Committee of this town have wrote to New Bern to have them secured. Should they escape there, I hope you will keep a good look-out for them."

A vigorous campaign for 1776, in the Carolines, was determined on in the fall of 1775. In deference to the oft repeated and urgent solicitations of the royal governors, and on account of the appeals made by Governor Martin, the brunt of it was to fall upon North Carolina. He had assured the home Government that large numbers of the Highlanders and Regulators were ready to take up arms on behalf of the king.

The programme, as arranged, was for Sir Henry Clinton, with a fleet and seven corps of Irish regulars, to be at the mouth of the Cape Fear, early in the year 1776, and there form a junction with the Highlanders and other disaffected persons from the interior.

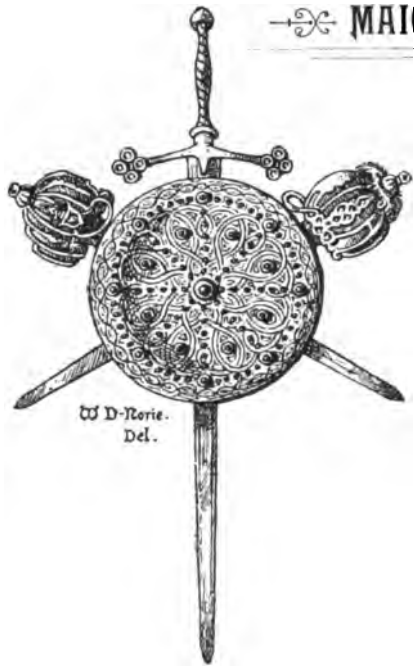
(To be continued).

HENDERSON'S TUTOR FOR THE BAGPIPE AND COLLECTION OF PIPE MUSIC.—We have pleasure in directing attention to this valuable work which has just been published. It contains a splendid selection of the most favourite tunes, many being here printed for the first time. The whole work has been carefully edited by Pipe-Major J. Macdougall-Gillies.

MAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR'S FAMILY,

By FIONN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)



II.—ALEXANDER, THE GAELIC BARD.

THE second son of the minister of Ardnamurchan was Alexander, the Gaelic Bard, whose fame has in a measure eclipsed that of his father. He is styled on his father, for he is invariably known to the Gaelic student as "*Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair.*" Although famous as a bard in his day and generation, yet the earlier facts of his life have not been chronicled. He is supposed to have been born at Dalilea, where his father was tacksman, somewhere about 1700, the exact year being unknown. He seems to have given early indications of intellectual ability, and while his father was anxious that he should follow his own sacred calling, the ClanRanald of the day offered to assist with his education if he would devote himself to the study of law. How the matter was decided it is impossible to say, but it is evident that this vigorous young Highlander found his way to Glasgow University, where he became a fair classical scholar. While still a student he fell in love with, and married, Jane Macdonald, of Dalness, Lochetive,—"*Sine bheag nam bròg an buidhe,*" as she was locally designated. This imprudent step, along with the death of his father, rendered it necessary for him to abandon his studies, and he retired to his native parish, Ardnamurchan, probably about 1726, and here we find him in 1729 in the capacity of teacher and catechist, in the joint employment of the Royal Bounty Committee and the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

The parish of Ardnamurchan is 45 miles in length, by 39 in breadth. Owing to its extent, "*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*" had to go with his school from place to place within the bounds of the parish. From 1729 to 1738 he taught at Eilean Fhionain; from 1738 to March, 1739, at Kilchoan; and from March, 1739, to Whitsunday, 1745, at Coir'-a'-Mhuilinn, at the base of Ben Shianta. His salary in the dual capacity of catechist and teacher was far from encouraging. From 1729 to 1732 it was £16 a year, and from 1732 to 1738, £18 a year. In 1738 it was reduced to £15, in 1739 to £14, and in 1744 to £12.* Small as we may consider the Bard's salary as teacher and catechist, it would appear the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge thought it more than ample, as may be learned from the following extract minute.

"4th May, 1742.—A report from the school at Coryvulin, in Ardnamurchan, is found agreeable to formula, but considering the smallness of the school, and the largeness of the schoolmaster's salary, resolved that enquiry be made about his conduct."

What the result of the proposed "enquiry" was, we cannot say; but it would appear from subsequent minutes as if the Society were determined to starve out the teacher:—

"2nd Aug., 1744.—Salary reduced to £9 for Royal Bounty and £3 for S.P.C.K., which is £2 of diminution to him, because the funds can bear no more."

About the year 1740, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge desired to publish a Gaelic Vocabulary for the use of their schools, and the Presbytery of Mull recommended Macdonald as a competent man to compile such a work. This work he undertook and successfully executed. It was the first attempt of the kind in the language, and was published in 1741.

We have been unable to ascertain what remuneration, if any, was allowed to the compiler for his Vocabulary, but it is clear from the Presbytery records that Macdonald was in very straitened circumstances at this time—being obliged to do "high thinking on plain living." We have heard of "cultivating

* For these and other interesting facts we are indebted to a Paper by Mr. Wm. Mackay, Inverness, entitled "Presbyterial Notices of 'Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair,' &c.," to be found in vol. XI. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

literature on a little oatmeal," but it seems that in Macdonald's case the "little oatmeal" was awanting, as will be evident from the following minute of the Presbytery of Mull, of date 28th April, 1741:—

"The visitors of the charity school of Ardnamurchan report that when they attended there in order to visit said school, Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster thereof, sent an apology to them for absence, viz., that through the great scarcity of the year, he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family. The appointment is therefore renewed upon said visitors."

Nor was this the only time that Macdonald absented himself, as may be learned from the following minute of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, of date 4th April, 1745:—

"Read a letter of the 8th March from the Presbytery of Mull, in answer to that sent them the 22nd November last, anent Alexander Macdonald, catechist in the parish of Ardnamurchan. Believing that supposing he was absent most part of last summer from his charge, yet this same was supplied by his son; and that as he was at Edinburgh the beginning of last winter, they hope he then satisfied the Committee of his conduct. The Committee, having heard the said letter, declare the same not satisfying. Meantime appoint that the Presbytery be desired to acquaint the Committee how the said Alexander Macdonald has behaved since he last returned home."

The son referred to as acting as teacher in the absence of his father, is Ronald (*Raonull Dubh*) who, according to Reid,* was afterwards a schoolmaster in Eigg. He compiled a collection of Gaelic songs in 1776.

It is evident the bard was becoming a prey to his own restless nature and disappointed hopes. From minutes of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge which we have perused, it is evident that his conduct was not becoming a teacher and catechist, and they "resolved to consider his case at making up the establishment for the ensuing year." It is clear the bard anticipated the action of the Committee, for from the minutes of the Presbytery of Mull, held on 15th July, 1745—four days before Prince Charlie cast anchor at Loch-nan-uagh—we learn that the minister of Ardnamurchan reported "that the charity school in this parish has been vacant since Whitsunday last by the voluntary desertion of Alexander Macdonald, the former schoolmaster of this country."

RAISING THE STANDARD AT GLENFINNAN.

Acting upon this information, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in 14th July, 1745, make the following entry: "Upon considering the various representations given of the conduct of Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster at Coirvullan in the parish of Ardnamurchan, who has as is now informed left his station, resolved to be dismist the Society's service, and ordered that he be left out of next scheme."

Tradition speaks favourably of Macdonald's abilities as a teacher, and the following extract from a letter received from Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, Edinburgh, the author of "The Gesto Collection of Highland Music," shows that some of the bard's pupils attained eminence in the paths of learning.

* Reid's "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," page 83.

"It was the poet who educated my grandfather and his brother John, who afterwards became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Valladolid, in Spain, while their father was hidden in a cave for seven years, having been outlawed for breaking the gates of Carlile in 1745."

Not long after laying down the ferule, the bard took up the sword; for having heard the pibroch—*

"Thàinig mo Rìgh air tir 'am Mùideart,
Rìgh nan Gàidheal Tearlach Stiùbhart,"

he threw himself into the movement with the whole energy of his vigorous yet restless nature, and some of his finest poems were written under the excitement of this period. From a "Roll of men upon ClanRanald's mainland estates—with their arms,"† made up in the year 1745, we find the following entries under Dalilea:—

"Angus MacDonald,.....gun, sword, terge.
Alexander his brother,.....gun and pistol.
Angus Bàn,.....gun, sword, and terge."

Alexander, with "gun and pistol," joined the Prince's army under the younger ClanRanald of the day. He received a captain's commission, and was present at the raising of the Standard on 19th August (O.S.), 1745.

"Where in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees,
Saw once more the stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze."

It is said‡ that when the royal standard was unfurled, and the prince and his chiefs were about to partake of some refreshments, Allan Macdonald, brother to Kinloch-Moidart, set the prince on the bard's knee, who straightway proceeded to extemporise the spirited strain—

"O Theàrlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thèarlaich,
Leat shiùbhlainn gu h-eutrom,
'Nam éigheach bhi màrsal," etc.

Which may be rendered—

"O Charles, son of James,
Son of James, son of Charlie,
I'd answer the summons
And follow thee early."

The bard was regarded as a valuable adherent to the Stuart cause; not only was he an energetic officer, but as a poet he was both able and willing to arouse enthusiasm on behalf of the cause, and to stimulate the energies of those who, like himself, had given up their all to follow their prince.

(To be continued.)

* "My King has landed at Moidart," composed by John MacIntyre in 1745. See "Mackay's Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd," 1838.

† "Moidart; or, Among the Clanranalds," p. 173.

‡ See footnote to this poem in the eighth edition of the poet's works: Edinburgh; John Grant, 1892. The editor of this edition was the late D. C. MacPherson—the "Abrach" of modern Gaelic literature.

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART, OF INVERNAHYLE.

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART—whose portrait, in captain's uniform, is given in this issue—is the present representative of the Stewarts of Invernahyle. The point of off-shoot from the great Appin family is described in the handsome quarto "The Stewarts of Appin" (1880) from which we learn that the first Stewart of Invernahyle was Alexander, called "Siochail" or "The Peaceful," being fifth son of Alan Stewart, third of Appin, by his wife the daughter of Lochiel. After Flodden the lands of Invernahyle were gifted to Alexander by his father. A later Alexander—the eighth of Invernahyle—in 1778 exchanged his lands for others belonging to Major John Campbell, of Airds. Of this gentleman Sir Walter Scott, who as a young man often visited Invernahyle, writes:—"Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, a name I cannot write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to the friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the Highlands, their traditions and their manners. . . . He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, gallant, courteous, and brave even to chivalry." Not a few would rather know that Scott wrote thus of an ancestor of theirs than feel sure that they had the blood of kings in their veins. In course of time Charles Campbell Stewart, great grandson of Duncan, seventh of Invernahyle, became a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and married a daughter of Andrew Wood (a well-known surgeon there) whose second son, Andrew Wood Stewart, was Major Charles Stewart's father.

The subject of this sketch was born at Trinity, Edinburgh, on 4th March, 1860. His father being one of the original volunteers of 1860, and of fervent military spirit, it is not surprising to find young Stewart on 18th March, 1878, joining as gunner, the Midlothian Coast Artillery Volunteers. He received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant on 8th December, 1880; became Captain on 6th August, 1886; Hon.-Major on 17th January, 1896, and Major on 15th July, 1898. On account of illness, after twenty-one years' ardent service, he resigned his commission on 11th May, 1899, with permission to retain his rank for life and wear his uniform. He has also been granted the long-service medal.

Major Stewart is Accountant to the Standard Life Assurance Company at their head office in Edinburgh, and is, on account of his modest demeanour and his many amiable qualities a great favourite amongst those who have the privilege to know him.

JOHN HOGBEN.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

GRIM, ancient stronghold, that has kept
Thy watch beside the main,
While o'er the land dark ages swept
With changes in their train.

Unchangèd thou hast stood the blast
Of long unnumbered years,
Thou haunt of music, song, romance,
Of mirth, and tragic tears.

Thy light has flashed out o'er the waves
Through countless nights of gloom,
While to thy lofty chambers rose
The wild Atlantic's boom.

Brave clansmen 'neath thy walls unfurled
The flapping briny sail,
While high above the tumult skirled
MacCrimmon's mournful wail.

With dance and song thy roof-tree rang
From eve to early morn;
Thy bards of love and valour sang,
And round went Rory's horn. *

The noble, beautiful, and young
Sat round thy festive board,
And in thy halls the leal and strong
Have girded on the sword.

Thy chiefs renowned on flood and field
For iron hand and will,
Ne'er from the poor withdrew their shield,
And help and shield them still.

In coming years may gallant chiefs
Adorn thy ancient halls,
And firm through coming tempests stand
Thy time-stain'd massive walls.

May gallant Rory's famous cuach
Run o'er with ruddy wine,
And clansmen brave rich harvests reap
From pasture, croft, and brine.

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

* A drinking horn that belonged to Rory More, a renowned chief of the Macleods, and which is preserved as a valued relic at Dunvegan.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

(Continued from page 64.)

INNUMERABLE snatches of song are still floating in the Reay Country which are fathered upon Rob Donn; but it is questionable how many of these are genuine. There is good reason, however, to believe that he was in the habit of making *impromptu* verses on almost all occasions, when meeting old friends, or joining convivial parties. It cost him little trouble, and it gave them much amusement. Some specimens of this sort have been supplied to me by Widow Ann Murray, the bard's great-grand-daughter, who is now in her 94th year. She well remembers Christina Donn, her grandmother, for Ann Murray was grown up before the last of the bard's daughters died. On one occasion the bard went to a funeral in the heights of the parish, when a terrific storm came on, drenching them to the skin. Thereupon he remarked to his equally unfortunate neighbours:—

"'S iomadh latha grianach
Dh'fhaodadh sinn bhi lomnochd
Theid an diu a dhioladh oirnn
Aig tiodhlacadh Nin-Donnachaidh."

Of this class is the following, to one who laid claim to the limpets on the rocks adjoining his croft :—

"Mac-Allais-Ic-Naoise gràdhach
'Buain nam beàrnach air Leac-fhlìrim
'S maith a loinneadh és a chairdeas
Ris gach càrn air' fasadh maorach.

Shaoilinn gum bu chàra dhuit
Bhi 'g àiteach 'nuair bhiodh thìm ann
Na bhi 'sireadh traghad
Anns gach àit 's am fasadh maorach."

"Oran a' Bhotuill" was composed to one who went a long distance in quest of a wife, armed with a bottle of liquor, but who, on being refused by the fair one, carried the bottle back untouched :—

"Failte air suiridheach a' bhotuill,
Fhuair e 'n tiotal ud gu saor
Bheil sibh 'n dùil gu'm pòs i feasd e
Is sgeul a' bhotuill air dol sgaoilte
Saoil sibh fein nach b'e an t-amhlair
Thigeadh o'n Gleann-du do Mhaldi
Le botul sìn-eibhir aig no Branndaidh
Is na bh'ann thoirt dachaidh rìs ;
Saoil sibh fein nach e bha gòrach
'Dhol an cleamhnas dhaoine còir
Am fear crìon, nach brisudh sgòrnan
Bhotuill ghòinich, 's beag a phrìs."

BAINACILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.
(The tombstone, with inscription, in the left foreground, marks the bard's grave.)

On another occasion, a certain individual of the name of Murdoch dogmatically predicted rain, as the wind had veered to the west. The bard disliked the too confident assurance of his friend, and replied—

"Air son creidimh Mhorachaidh liath
Air mo bhriathar cha dean e tùrn ;
'Smuaineachadh nach b' urrainn Dia
Gaoth an iar 'chur dheasbhuidh bùrn."

It is stated in the first edition that some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift." That was so, and one of his sons also, namely, John, the soldier son of the bard, who is thus referred to in a note which Colonel Stewart of Garth quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee, 2nd June, 1782 :—"I take this opportunity of communicating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in Macleod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donn, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem. This son of the bard has frequently revived the spirits of his countrymen, when drooping in a long march, by singing the humorous and lively productions of his father. He was killed

by a cannon shot, and buried with military honours by his comrades the same evening." Not only could he sing his father's songs, but he also possessed to a certain extent the gift of versification characteristic of the family. It is recorded that when he was about to take part in the last action, he cheered on his company against shot and bullet with an *impromptu* verse, reminding his comrades of the game of shinty on Balnakiel sands:—

"Nach e so na *cailleagan*
'S cha 'n e *cailleagan* Traigh-na-Cille."

This power of versification also characterised the children of the bard's brothers. Barbara, the daughter of Gilbert Donn, known as Barbara-Nin-Ghilbert, composed freely. One of her songs to Murdoch Low is well known. It was on the death of her favourite lap-dog:—

"Mharbh iad mo chù bàn
B'fhearr leam e 'bhi beó
Fhir a rinn a' cheard
Na dean thus' an còrr.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Fhir a mharbh mo mheasan
'S thug air falbh gun fhios e
Na dean thusa do shuipeir
Gus an ith thu 'fheòil.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh beag na straighlich
Leis a' smigead gaibhre
Dearbh cha dean mi t' fhoigheachd
Oir cha do thoill thu chòir.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh biogach 'crotach
Aig bheil airgiod focair
'S mor tha neul na goirt
'S tàn air port do bheòil.
Mharbh iad, &c."

Outside the bard's family, Durness can boast of a considerable number—both male and female—who with more or less success were wont in their day to cultivate the muses. Had it not been for the Rev William Findlater, however, who carefully preserved the following pieces, not a scrap would have remained to the present day. He was himself a man of strong literary tastes, a feature which has been so happily reproduced in his grand-daughters, Misses Mary and J. Helen Findlater. I have before me some specimens of his composition in Gaelic poetry, and considering the subjects on which he worked—versifying the Shorter Catechism—they are most creditable. It is also apparent that he encouraged such of the parishioners as possessed the gift, for among the papers which have been handed to me there is a little missive bearing marks of the old-fashioned wafers, written in verse, and inviting one of the most prolific of the Durness bardesses to the manse to supply an air to one of his latest productions.

It was in 1808 he came to the Parish of Durness, and the event is worthily commemorated in a song by Janet Mackay, wife to Donald Mackay, *alias* Abrach, in Eriboll. His predecessor, Rev. John Thomson, was now aged, and Rev. John Kennedy, latterly of Red Castle, his predecessor in the mission of Eriboll, had some time before this gone to Assynt. She sings:—

"Tha ministear na Sgìre so, a fàs gu h-aosmhor liath
Tha e mar na craobhan pailm, tha bho'n talamh 'g eiridh suas
Do mheud 's a theid do chudthrom oirr', is ann is mò am brìogh
Mar sin tha maise na naomhachd 'na aodainnse le fiamh.

Nach iongantach do riannan ris an fhearainn fhiadhaich bhorbs'
Thug t' fhacal ann do liubhraigeadh an guthan mìn is garbh;
Thug clathrar do luchd-riarach' ann 's bu mhiann a bhi 'n am pàirt
Chunnaic mi m' as fhior dhomh 's a' bheatha shiorruidh fàs.

Am fear mu dheireadh dhealaich ruinn bu shoilleir air a ghràs,
Fhuair e gibht' gu liubhraigeadh o'n Trianailt Naomh is Aird'
Maighstir Ian Ceannadaidh, a dhimirich as an àite-sa,
Fhuair comunn-làithreachd t-inntinn, cho cinnteach ris a' bhàs.

Thugadh leat do dh' Assint e gu t' fhacal 'chur an céill
Do mhuinntir gharbh is aineolach, mar dh'fhàg e as a dhéidh
Chaidh gach seorsa a ghlacadh leis 's gach àit 's 'n do thachair e
A fhuair an t-eàrlas firinneach fo neart a shaothair féin."

The following verse refers to the Rev. Mr Findlater, who had just come to the Mission of Eriboll, and in the course of a few years (1812) was inducted to the parish of Durness.

"Thug thu fathast òganach do sheòladh t' obair fein
Thoir tuigse is gràsan mòra dha gu t' fhacal chur an céill
Dean aois' is òige a ghlacadh leis, gu neartaich thu a cheum
Gu treudan ùr a bheathachadh gu rioghachd t-athair fein.

Thoir dhuinn bhi tric a' meadhrachadh an caoimhneas pailt nach tràigh
A rinn gach beàrn a lionadh dhuinn, a' meudachadh do ghràidh
A dh' fheuch do rùintean diamhair dhuinn, an lionmhoireachd do ghràis
An dorchadas a' shoillseachadh do bhraighdeanaibh tha 'n sàs.

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1900

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. JOHN MACKAY, of Hereford, is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness. He has just forwarded parcels of Gaelic Class and Music Books for the use of the classes formed in Strath-Halladale, Strathy, Melvich, and other places in Sutherland.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' WAR FUND.—The various Societies are still busily engaged collecting subscriptions for this deserving object, the sum realised by several of the Societies being very handsome. The Clan Campbell have just issued a first list of subscriptions, and the Clans Cameron and Colquhoun have issued an appeal to their members. Since our last issue, the following additional subscriptions have been received by us for the

CLAN MACKAY FUND.--Per Donald Mackay, Helmsdale (collected by Miss Mackay Bruce), £7 14s; James H. Mackay, £3, Mrs James H. Mackay, £1, and Miss Rose Mackay, London, £1; Donald Mackay, Bromley, Kent, £2 2s; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D., London, £2 2s; James R. Mackay, Edinburgh, £1; Ben Davidson, New York, £1; Dr. Ian D. Mackay, 10s 6d; Peter M'Kie, Wigtown (per Dr. N. J. M'Kie, Newton Stewart), 10s 6d; Donald Mackay, J.P., Braemore, 10s 6d; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., 5s; Hugh Mackay, Coleraine, 5s. Total to date, £64 8s.

CLAN CAMPBELL.—Major-General P. J. Campbell, London, £5; Ronald Campbell of Craignish, £3 3s; John Campbell, Pollokshields, £2 2s; Duncan Campbell, Lochearnhead, £2; Andrew Campbell, Gourock, £1 1s; Colin Campbell, Glasgow, £1 1s; Major-General F. Lorne Campbell, £1; Campbell of Dunstaffnage, £1; Paul Campbell, £1; Alex. Campbell, 10s; etc.

"ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT," by the Duchess of Sutherland.—There seems no limit to the versatility of the young and gifted Duchess of Sutherland. Ten years ago she made her *debût* as an authoress in, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," and the promise of that delightful record of a tour round the world has been more than justified during the intervening years. And now Her Grace surprises us with a novel! We have perused the volume with particular interest, and are pleased to say that our impressions of the work are entirely favourable. It cannot fail to increase her great reputation as a litterateur, and a practical worker in the difficult paths of social reform. It is not a book intended to provide a half-hour's light reading; it is really a serious exposition of a problem which is attracting the attention of our greatest statesmen and thinkers. It is a study of Socialism, in its sensible and extravagant forms, worked out in the form of a story. We cannot imagine any subject more difficult of treatment, in the shape of fiction; and yet those who have carefully read "One Hour and the Next" must admit that the noble authoress has performed her self-imposed task most successfully. Our space is too limited to permit of an exhaustive analysis of the novel, but, briefly, we may say that the plot is associated with a Dyers' strike in an English town. Contending for mastery in controlling the strike are the two almost opposite forms of Socialism—the sensible and Christian attitude, which is well represented in its leader, Philip Assheton; while the professional agitator, the inciter of outrage, Robert Lester, illustrates a phase of Socialism the dangers of which we have too often had experience. The heroine, Agnes Stainer, affords a character sketch showing how women may be attracted by a false ideal. To weave these different elements into an interesting volume was a task requiring no ordinary literary gift, and we heartily congratulate Her Grace in achieving a distinct success. From a literary point of view, the work is of exceptional merit. We might quote many beautiful examples of word painting not often found in novels, which in themselves, to the student of literature, make the volume a sincere pleasure to read. We hope that the gifted authoress will be encouraged to write another work; if we might presume to indicate a subject, where could she find a more congenial or delightful theme for a story than the romantic land of Sutherland, and the home life of its people, with its joys and sorrows, its romances and thrilling episodes.

FORTHCOMING SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—The Ross and Cromarty Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 8th February, and on the same evening the Natives of Cowal meet in the Waterloo Rooms; on the 9th the Clan Mackinnon gather in the Waterloo Rooms—Major F. A. Mackinnon in the chair; 14th, Natives of Islay in the Waterloo Rooms—Mr. D. T. Martin, of Dunlossit, presiding; 28th, the Inverness-Shire Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms—Mr. Neil J. D. Kennedy in the chair. The celebrated Inverness Select Choir are to take part. The Clan Mackay have decided not to hold a Social Gathering this winter, owing to so many of the Clan suffering bereavements through the war, but an Excursion will take place in the summer.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART SECOND.

THE examination of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern, as a witness for Lochiel, was objected to by Glengarry, who in person stated his objections, as follows :—

At Fort William, 14th May, 1825, Sir Ewen Cameron appearing, Glengarry stated that however respectable the proposed witness is, he felt it incumbent on himself to object to the baronet's evidence being received in the present question, and that for the following among other reasons. First; Sir Ewen is a near relation of Lochiel's, the nearest in life next to the family of his chief. Second: He has invariably shown a very anxious interest in every question and matter affecting Lochiel, and he has done so particularly respecting the result of the present question. He has besides, till a very recent period, taken an extremely active share in the management of the estate of Lochiel, as guardian, trustee, and otherwise, and he is still consulted in matters of business important thereto. Third: He is, if not the Institute, very high up in the list of Substitutes, in a deed of entail, which it is understood has been recently executed by Lochiel, to which Glengarry is informed that Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern is a party, and thus has a very important family interest in the issue of these actions; and for these reasons, it is submitted to the Commissioner (Sheriff Flyter) that Sir Ewen Cameron is not a competent witness in the cause before him. Answers: On the part of Lochiel it was stated that the objections now made required no answer, but it might be noticed in regard to the last of them, that it would be proved by Sir Ewen Cameron's own evidence that the relationship with the present Lochiel, was that Lochiel's paternal grandfather, by whose attainder the estates were forfeited, was Sir Ewen's uncle. That the statement regarding the entail was altogether founded on a mistake. That Sir Ewen was neither Institute nor Substitute, or disponee of any kind under that deed. That Sir Ewen as a trustee of Lochiel at that time, was indeed one of the grantors of the deed, but that under the deed he had no interest of any kind, and that the only way Sir Ewen or his children could at any time succeed to the estate of Lochiel, would be as heirs whatsoever in the degree of relationship already mentioned, and that therefore the event of their succession could never happen until after the entail had become void and null by the succession opening to heirs whatsoever, and the property descending as a fee simple. Replied: Glengarry was certainly informed that Sir Ewen Cameron had an interest, in the degree noted in his objections, under the Deed of Entail, but as the reverse is so unequivocally stated from the opposite side, he will not press that part of his objection. Still, he must observe that Sir Ewen Cameron and the present Lochiel's father were first cousins, being the sons of two brothers by the same parents; consequently, Sir Ewen and the present Lochiel are first and second cousins: and though his family cannot succeed to the estate contrary to the deed of entail, still it must be kept in view that, failing the legitimate sons of Lochiel's body, Sir Ewen Cameron and his sons succeed to the chieftainship. But laying aside an argument which by many, with the exception of Highlanders, may be considered irrelevant, Glengarry submits that the relationship, accompanied by the other circumstances enumerated in Glengarry's objections, renders the evidence of Sir Ewen Cameron equally inadmissible, as if he were within the forbidden degrees. Glengarry's legal skill seems to have had effect, for the evidence was taken down on a paper apart; but at an after stage the Lord Ordinary, Meadowbank, allowed the examination to form part of the process.

Sir Ewen Cameron was examined a second time, at Fort William, upon the 2nd November, 1825, and deponed as a witness and exhibited as a haver,

From Photo by *W. Drummond Norie.*

LOCH ARKAIG NEAR ACHNACARRY.

as follows—That the deponent's father informed him that Lochiel's charter-chest had been broken open and rifled of part of its contents, after the battle of Culloden. That the deponent is in possession of some papers connected with Lochiel's affairs, which his father gave to him, and which his father also stated to him were part of the papers recovered after Lochiel's charter-box had been so broken open, and he exhibits:—

1. Wadset between Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron of Lochiel, his eldest son, on the one part; and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 13th Mar., 1690.

   Note.—In another place Macphee is described as "kindly" tenant, an expression well known legally in former days, signifying that the position of the tenant was in a higher degree than "moveable" or ordinary tenant.
2. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 16th October, 1728.
3. Duplicate thereof.
4. Tack, John Cameron of Lochiel, and Dame Jean Barclay (Dowager of Lochiel), 27th April, 1702.
5. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron, tenant in Glenpean Beg, dated 24th March, 1736.
6. Duplicate thereof.
7. Inventory of wadsets and tacks from 1727 to 1738; also inventory of writs in Mr. Macfarlane's hands.

   (Mr. John Macfarlane, W. S., was husband of that spirited lady who shot the enamoured Saxon, Cayley, officer, Inland Revenue; and was himself an admirer of the fascinating Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessary.)

Sir Ewen Cameron further deponed that the whole of the foregoing seven productions had been in his possession for 40 years, and were part of the papers which his father (who died in 1786) left him, and recovered after the breaking open of Lochiel's charter-chest, as already mentioned. It may be concluded that neither Glendessary nor Glenpean were among the abstractors in the fir wood near Achnacarry.

The following papers were also produced for Lochiel under the Commission. Lochiel's total exhibits contrast unfavourably with those produced for Glengarry, as will be seen hereafter.

8. Charter, King James V. of Scotland, to Ewen, son of Allan Cameron of Lochiel, dated 9th January, 1527.
9. Charter, George Duke of Gordon, to Sir E. Cameron of Lochiel.
10. Sasine thereon in part of Mamore, dated 16th October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 12th December, 1688.
11. Charter of Resignation. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, in liferent, and John Cameron, hie eldest son, in fee of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, 9th October, 1696.
12. Sasine thereon, dated 2nd and 4th June; registered, General Register of Sasines, 19th July, 1701.
13. Disposition by John Cameron of Lochiel, in favour of Donald Cameron, his eldest son, dated 26th February, 1706; registered, Books of Council and Session, 15th February, 1716.
14. Sasine thereon, dated 30th and 31st July, 1st and 3rd August, 1716, and registered in the General Register of Sasines, 28th August, same year.

    Note. — There being no dispensatory clause in the titles, fixing one place at which infeftment might be given for the whole lands, the notary took four days to go over Mamore, Letter Lochiel, Glenlui and Loch Arkaig. The 2nd August was doubtless a Sunday.
15. Letters of Presentation. King George III. to Donald Cameron, grandson of the above Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 8th May, 1785.
16. Charter by the Commissioners of the Duke of Argyle, in favour of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 15th August, 1785; and
17. Sasine thereon, dated 3rd October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 15th Oct., 1785.

From Photo by *W. Drummond Norie.*

PART OF OLD ACHNACARRY CASTLE—DESTROYED, 1746.

Two old plans made by order of the Commissioners on Forfeited Estates, show that the Lochiel estate was bounded in part on the north-west by the lands of Auchaglyne and Sourios, portions of the forfeited estate of Barisdale in Knoydart.

Before giving some particulars of, and parts of the evidence led on oath of aged witnesses, closely scrutinised by the parties, the whole of which is most interesting as dealing with people and customs long passed away, and with localities now and for some time past sealed up to the public and to possible enquiries, reference may be made to the objections, of a preliminary character, taken and keenly discussed, at least by Glengarry, who showed himself an experienced legal hand.

Proof had been ordered by the Lord Ordinary to take place in Lochaber, before Sheriff Flyter as Commissioner. Glengarry was in Paris, an invited guest at the coronation of Charles X. Lochiel got the date fixed, to the great consternation of Glengarry's agents, who, they well knew, had intended not only to be personally present, but to conduct the proof himself; and as a last resort applied, in Glengarry's name, to stop in the meantime Lochiel proceeding, and were successful in procuring a stay. Lochiel's action at a late stage came to the ears of Glengarry, and the latter, not knowing of the sist, had to consider whether to lose the opportunity of creating a sensation in Paris, a severe shock to one of his ostentatious character, but selected to cross the Channel, and post from London to Lochaber with all expedition, and accordingly arrived at Banavie in sufficient time to enable him to withdraw from the sist and to proceed. Lochiel's agent seems to have made a sorry appearance, while Glengarry, satisfied with his successful and unprecedented celerity, could afford to be magnanimous.

At Banavie, the 9th day of May, 1825, in presence of Robert Flyter, Esquire, Sheriff Substitute of the Fort William District of the County of Inverness.

Compeared James Arnott, Writer to the Signet, Agent for Donald Cameron, Esquire, of Lochiel, and Captain Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel, his son, in the conjoined actions of Declarator of Marches, &c., depending before the Lords of Council and Session between them and Colonel Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell of Clanranald and Glengarry, and produced Act and Commission to the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, for taking the oaths and depositions of all such witnesses as shall be duly certified to him to be of the age of seventy years and upwards, or whose state of health from age or infirmity shall be certified by a respectable surgeon or physician to be such (although under seventy years of age) as shall render it probable that their testimony will be lost by supervening death unless so examined touching the matter at issue in the said conjoined actions. The said James Arnott also produced letters of diligence at the instance of the said Donald Cameron, Esquire, and Captain Donald Cameron, with execution against witnesses, &c., to this diet, and notorial execution of intimation to Glengarry's Agent, and craved that the Commissioner would accept of the Commission and proceed with the examination of the witnesses. Upon which the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, stated that upon Friday, the 6th instant, an interdict from the Court of Session, obtained at the instance of Glengarry, had been intimated to him, and that he could not proceed with the examination of the witnesses until that interdict was withdrawn. Thereafter Glengarry, being present, stated that he arrived in Edinburgh on the morning of Friday last, the 6th current, and then learned that an interdict had been obtained in his name on the 4th, the preceding Wednesday; that he had accomplished thd journey under the unpleasant circumstances of being obliged to separate from his wife and daughter, left behind in London, with the conciliatory view of meeting the wishes of the opposite party; and that accordingly, notwithstanding the fatigue and night work to which he would thereby be subjected, he formally withdrew the supposed advantage and convenience that he might personally have derived by adhering to the sist granted by the Supreme Court and duly notified at Mr. Arnott's chambers: and having so done he cheerfully acquiesced in the proof now proceeding.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

Mr. Arnott replied that the only part of the preceding statement which he was to notice was where it seemed to imply an intention on the part of Lochiel and his Agent to take a supposed advantage over Glengarry in leading the proof while he was absent, and in proof of the fact of there being no such intention, Mr. Arnott referred to the certificate of intimation which had been given, and to a letter which had been written by him to Glengarry's Edinburgh Agent in this case, a considerable time previous to the notorial intimation, asking him for the use of Glengarry's Commission for leading the evidence on the present occasion.—(Signed) JA. ARNOTT.

To which it was observed by Glengarry that, though he did not see the supposed charge in the light Mr. Arnott had taken up, still since that gentleman had thought proper to go into a vindication of the proceedings adopted through his medium, he (Glengarry) felt himself called upon to observe that as the certificate bore date the 27th day of April last, leaving only three days of that month, and as his intentions were to have led this proof upon the 5th current, he humbly submits that eight days of intentional premonition (nor even twelve, to which it was ultimately prorogued, *as he has been credibly informed*, owing to the absence of the Commissioner, whose presence had been required at the Circuit Court of Inverness), and that this was the first legal day since his Lordship's return; especially as it was well known to all the country, as well as to Lochiel's Agents, that he was then in France, under the very general impression that he would not return from thence previous to the coronation of the French King Charles the Tenth.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

(To be continued.)

The Charge of the Highland Brigade.

MAGERSFONTEIN—11th December, 1899.

THE gates of the Temple of Janus
Are ope'd to the Transvaal's red veldt:
The bondage of Tyranny, heinous,
Has fired soul of Saxon and Celt.

Britannia's Lion is bounding
To goldfield, and kopje, and kraal:
For 'tis moan of our *Brothers* is sounding
And the 'cry of blood leaps to their call.'

Rise! Rally, O Soldier and Sailor!
Press forward, O brave Volunteer!
Your country is calling to save her,
And ne'er was her bugle so dear.

For long as life lasts must be warfare,
Till th' strivings of nations shall cease,
Till th' sword be beat into a ploughshare,
And thro' the wide world shall be peace.
Then forward! March forward! Men of Motherland,
Th' Union Jack of Freedom to float o'er the Rand.

Hark! Hush! In the grey of the dawning,
Undaunted, as if on parade,
Into Death's dark abyss, without warning,
Pushed forward the Highland Brigade.

Hark! Halt! 'Twas one shot of Boer rifle—
The dim trenches leapt into light,
Red musketry belched forth to stifle
And put the close columns to flight.

Did they fear?—falter?—own they were failing,
At that fury of shot and of shell?—
No! but faced it with never a quailing—
As Highlanders face death—and fell.

Fell! Fell! and, ah! God! in the foremost,
The Leader they loved more than life:
A sob shook from outpost to outpost,
As fiercer they flew to the strife,
Black Watch and Infantry, Seaforths, Argyles,
And the Gay Gordons, fill the broken files.

Hark! Haste! On and on! Britons ever
Die hard, with their face to the foe:
The bay'net of Black Watch bared never
More bravely for weal or for woe.

Did they think, as they leapt to the charge, then
To stagger and sink 'mongst their dead,
How they won at bygone Gildermalsen
Their bonnets' proud hackle of red?

Out Guards! and King's Own to the rescue!
Roar louder artillery's boom!
Your country is waiting to bless you,
And watches you there in the gloom.

O! over that dark Magersfontein
To their ears did there seem to be borne
Great Wellington's "Up Guards, and at them!"
From Belgium's far fields of green corn?

As on, thro' the smoke and the thunder,
And wild bullets' death-dealing blast,
They drove the foe's picquet asunder,
And victors fell back at the last.
Scots Guards and Grenadiers, brave Coldstreams too,
Shoulder to shoulder, as at Waterloo.

O, Century! dying so darkly,
Shine still from the wealth of your years,
And over our soldiers in kharki
Lay laurels, tho' wet with our tears.

O, Empire! Look up in your anguish,
'Tis *Heroes* ye mourn, brave and bold:
Your orphaned ones never shall languish
Whilst their's are your grief and your gold.

But O! to your sons who stand waiting
In response to your "Riflemen, form!"
Give glory of armament mating
The foe's on the field of the storm.

For 'cross your escutcheon so snow-white,
Is written in letters of fame,
They are ready to die for their birthright
And the honour of Britain's name.
British and Irishmen, Colonists, true,
Shedding their hearts' blood for Queen and for you!

MAVOR ALLAN.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES ON THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

By Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., Westerdale.

II.—Strath-Halladale.

(*Continued from page 49.*)

UNTIL within the last three or four years Strath-Halladale, including its sea-board townships of Melvich and Portskerray, was in the anomalous position of being in some respects a part of Caithness, and in other respects a part of Sutherland. Ecclesiastically it formed part of the *Parochia* of Reay, and pertained to the Presbytery of Caithness. Its teinds and taxes went to Reay, its modicum of local self-government it enjoyed in common with the other Caithness inhabitants of Reay; but as to civil government Strath-Halladale, since the year 1631, was under the jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Sutherland, and constituted a part of that county. In the Royal Charter of 1631, defining the bounds of the County of Sutherland, the following is the description given:—

"Beginning upon the north at the Strype called Faehallodail, which divides Strathnaver from Caithness, and fra that south-east by the top of the hills to the Ord upon the sea coste, including the hail bounds of the Ord, and thair fra south-west till the mouth of the water of Tayne, alias Portnacutar; and fra that west to the water of Oikill, comprehending therein the hail lands and country of Fairincostar, alias Sleischeillis; and fra that west till Lochbrome and Coygathe (Coigach), so far as the diocese of Caithness extends, comprehending thairin the said lands and country of Assynt into the west sea, and fra thence north up the sea coste till the northmost point of the land called Arduriness; and fra thence east to the river and water of Hallodaill; and fra that east to the said strype called Faehallodaill."

Before 1631 the present geographical unit, "County of Sutherland," did not exist—it was described as Sudrland and Strath-Naver. Then Strath-Halladale, and the rest of what is now called the Mackay Country, had as much in common with Caithness as they had with Sudrland. Nay, but their connection with Caithness was closer, for the Earldom of Caithness included old Strathnaver, as we know from the fact that Johanna, the daughter of Earl John of Caithness, who died in 1231, of the Norse line of Paul, got as her dowry Strathnaver. The clause in the charter of 1631, "Faehallodail which divides Strathnaver from Caithness," as well as abundant other evidence to the same effect, makes it clear that Strath-Halladale, and the intervening districts, formed of old a part of the territory of Strathnaver. In a local sense Strathnaver meant the Strath along the river Naver, but in a general sense it meant the whole country from Durness to Druim-Holstein.

Origin of the Name Strath-Halladale.

Strath-Halladale is generally supposed to be named after a Norseman who was slain and buried there. The Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay says in a note to his translation of Torfæus in 1776:—

"Halladus is said by some to have been slain in battle, in that part of the parish of Reay which lies in Sutherland, and which is called Strath-Halladale. It is a valley ten miles in length, divided into two sides by a river called the river Halladale, running from the south to the North Sea at Tor. About the middle of this strath, and near a place called Dal-Halladha, the country people show a spot where, they say, a bloody battle was fought between the Scots and Norwegians. It was on the side of a hill on the east side of the river, now covered with small *cairns* or heaps of stones, where the slain are supposed to have been buried, and there, they say, Halladha, the King of Lochlin's son, was slain. Not only so, but they show the place where he was buried, on the opposite side of the river. It is a circular deep trench twelve feet in diameter, and there is a large stone erected in the midst of it. They assert that Halladha and his sword were laid there."

I have been told by most intelligent people on the strath that Mr. Pope, and Mackay of Bighouse, afterwards opened this ancient tomb, and found a Norwegian straight-bladed sword which was brought to, and preserved as a relic in, Bighouse House. Possibly that sword may still be in the possession of some member of the Bighouse family. The typical Norwegian sword has a peculiar hilt and pommel, as described so clearly by Dr. Anderson in his "Rhind Lectures," and can easily be identified. It may be mentioned that the Norse Sagas make no reference to the slaying of "Halladha, the King of Lochlin's son in this district, but the tradition may record an actual fact for all that.

The Imprint of the Norseman.

It is a notorious fact that though the Norsemen held the north, or claim to have held it, according to their sagas, for 300 years, they left very few traces of their occupation in the interior of the country save graves, battlefields, place-names, and a few loan-words. Their angular, irregularly-built strongholds or castles are found right round the rugged coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, but scarcely any are to be found inland. The interior is dotted with round Pictish, or Celtic, towers; the sea-board is held, at commanding positions, by the angular strongholds of the Norsemen. Throughout all Caithness, which they greatly hankered after because of its rich, fertile soil, I know of only one forti-

fied place of theirs in the interior, viz., Brawl Castle, on the Thurso river, five miles from the sea. In the Mackay country I do not know of a single Norse fortified building, except those perched on the sea rocks, and to which due reference will be made. The native Celts appear to have held the hills and hill forts; the pirate Norsemen held the fortified sea rocks, whence they issued, as opportunities presented themselves, to plunder the flocks and corn fields of the aborigines. In some cases they married with the natives, but their hold on the country was much more slender than their historians would have us believe: and this is very evident, they did little to elevate the moral or religious life of the natives. On the contrary, they crushed out the infant Christianity of the north, burning and plundering, in a most ruthless manner, the primitive settlements of the devoted Culdees, who, since the sixth century, laboured among the people with a growing measure of success. On the east bank of the Halladale, and just where it enters the sea, there is a place called Bighouse, or in the vernacular *Bigas*. This word is a Gaelic corruption of the Norse compound *big hus*, meaning "big house." It is also called *An Tor*, which is the Gaelic for "an heap." From this it appears there was of old a Norse habitation here, which may have been fortified, but not likely. The Norse name for a fortified place is *tun*, the equivalent of the Gaelic *dun*. The present modern house of Bighouse stands on the site of the old Tor. Further up the river there is another place-name Bighouse, but not a stone of the building can be seen, and from its position it does not appear likely that a stronghold would be reared there. It was more probably the private dwelling of some Norseman who settled down among the people of the place.

Celtic Towers and Places of Interest.

There is a magnificent specimen of the old Celtic round tower on the heights to the east of the river, and nearly opposite Craggy. Its external circumference is fully three hundred feet. Its height, in some places, is about nine feet, and the walls are about ten feet thick. It is built of dry unhewn stones, some of which weigh half-a-ton, perhaps more. There is the usual passage running round through the body of the wall, from which the winding staircase rose to its summit. The tower is peculiar in that it has two exits; the larger facing the east, the smaller the south. Opposite the southern exit, and in contact with the tower, traces of an irregularly shaped building are to be seen, which give a clue to the object of having a second outlet. It is very likely the occupants of the tower were in the habit of storing their corn and folding their cattle in this building when danger threatened. Close to one of the towers at Keiss, lately opened and cleared by Sir F. T. Barry, a similar irregular structure is seen, which is declared, by competent authorities, to have been an ancient covered cattle fold. The Keiss building is very much less massive than the Strath-Halladale tower; the former is built of comparatively thin flagstones, which have seriously decomposed through weather action; the latter of whin and granite, solid as a rock. Some distance further down the strath, at Bun-na-houn, where the Dyke water falls into the Halladale, there is another round tower on an eminence close to the river. It is not so imposing as the former, and very little of it now remains. I am told its stones were used in building dwelling houses, and in rearing a wall round the burial place of Bun-na-houn, which stands in its near neighbourhood. I may remark, in passing, that this burial place is comparatively modern, and that it became a place of sepulture by what may be called an accident. About the beginning of this century the maternal aunt of Ensign Joseph Mackay died at Dyke, and she being a native of the Strath of Kildonan, her friends and neighbours set out in wild, wintry, weather to bury her at Achaneckan; but by the time they reached Bun-na-houn the storm grew so furious that they were compelled to halt and leave the coffin in the old tower. There it lay for some days without any abatement of the snowstorm, the friends meanwhile keeping a "wake" in the old tower, to show their respect for the dead, as was and is their custom. But a prolonged "wake" in a roofless old tower, with the thermometer under zero, will wear out the devotion of even warm-hearted Highlanders. The end of it was they had to bury their dead in the haugh close to the tower, and to remove the stigma of giving her a dishonourable interment, resolved to make it a permanent burial place, which resolution they have religiously kept ever since by regularly burying their dead there. Still further down the strath, and on the same side—the west side—Cnoc an Fhreacadain (the watch hill) lifts its bold shoulder to the skies. On its summit, and within a fortified place prepared for the purpose, the guards of Strathhalladale kept a sharp eye on the marches, lighting a fire at the first sign of danger, which would be seen on the "watch hill" above Tongue, 30 miles away, and thus warning the chief to gather his men and prepare for action. With fire signals and fiery crosses, it did not take long to muster the clansmen in those wild, unsettled days, when fighting was a pastime, especially if there was a prospect of securing plunder.

The Fencibles and the Water Horse.

Near the foot of the strath, and quite close to the public road leading from the river to Melvich Inn, Loch More is to be seen on the left—it is a misnomer to call such a small lake Loch More; but that is by the way. What signifies a name? It was bigger by a long way when it got that name, for then no canal had pierced its bowels to drain away six feet of its clear limpid waters, as is the case to-day. Shrunk and shrivelled as it is, shorn of its ancient expansive glory, let us not begrudge it the old time honoured name Loch More. This loch could tell a story had it a tongue, but since it has not—and small wonder, with a constantly draining wound in its bowels—I will try to relate what it might tell. On an artificial island within this loch there stood an old Celtic round tower, whose ruins are to be seen to this day, but in a very dilapidated and stranded condition. The level of the loch having fallen six feet, the old tower lies high and dry; and to make matters more wretched, the greater part of its old stones were carted away some years ago to build an embankment at the river side. At the time of my story the loch was at its proper level, and the tower sat snugly on its island, like an old man asleep. We were at war with France, and while most of our young men were away grappling with Bonaparte, those who could not be spared from home, like true Britons, formed themselves into a regiment of Fencibles. A company was raised in Strath Halladale, captained by Mackay of Bighouse. Now, Loch More with its old tower had a bad reputation, I am sorry to say. People did say that the water horse, or water kelpie—call it what you will—dwelt in that loch, and was seen o' nights, much to the discomfort of passers by. Captain Mackay of Bighouse, a cultured, philosophical, far-travelled gentleman, would not believe a word of it. Determined to clear the reputation of the loch, and to prove to his superstitious clansmen their mistake, he called out the company one evening, armed them with a certain number of rounds of ammunition, and said the company must mount guard round the loch during the whole night. The great majority of these loyal fencibles did not at all relish the job—they would far rather, any day, charge the legions of Bonaparte than mount guard on Loch More for a night. But orders were orders, and especially with Mackay of Bighouse in command. As the shades of evening were falling, the guards were posted at regular intervals right round; Captain Mackay taking his stand at the sunk causeway leading from the shore to the island tower. All went well till midnight—that dread hour—and when it was past the men drew a sigh of relief. They gradually began to smile at the idea of a water kelpie being in the loch; and one, more frisky than the rest, drawing off his shoes and hose, and lifting his kilt, began to wade out by the causeway towards the old tower. Just as he was about to set foot on the island, a wild duck and her brood nestling there, startled, raised a tremendous quack, quack, and rushed away through the water flap, flapping. The kilted fencible turned, fled, stumbled, and yelled with terror. The posted guards heard the din, came to the conclusion that it was the water horse sure enough, fired wildly, then cast away their arms and ran pell-mell. Even Bighouse was seized with the general panic, took to his heels like the rest of them, and never drew breath till he found himself within the door of his own house, after wading the river up to the armpits. Mercifully no one was hit during the firing, but some had narrow escapes. In the morning men were sent out to gather up the dropped muskets and accoutrements. Bighouse felt so vexed at the fiasco, that he could not till his dying day endure a bare reference to this military exploit. It is even possible that one reason for the draining of the loch was revenge, but that is only a suspicion of my own. Of one thing I am very sure, neither the loch nor the old tower prospered since that unfortunate night. The one is drained, the other is spoiled, and even the water horse has now, I am told, forsaken both.

(To be continued.)

THE MAD LAIRD'S WILL.

THE laird was dead and buried, with the peesweeps and the whaups crying over his grave in the glen; and Evander Macdonald, the penniless heir, walked out at the door of the House of Nevis for the last time, with an empty sporran, a dour mouth, and the pride of twenty generations gnawing and burning in the heart of him. He was a shapely lad, tall and straight, with the masterful swing about him when he walked. The world was before him and a ruined fortune behind him, and over the water at Ardgour a fair lady sat weeping for the black prospect of her lover. But all the weeping of a Maclean lady, and one of Ardgour forbye, could not fill the sporran of Evander Macdonald, the young laird, as the good folks in Nevis called him.

"A curse on their ill-mannered ways!" he hissed, as he swung down the avenue with a fine straight back and his head cocked high. He could hear the laugh of the newcomers, who with their lowland moneybags were now to sit in the halls of Nevis House, where a Macdonald had reigned for time out of mind.

Then he thought of the Maclean lady over the water, and the eyes of him grew wet, and he breathed hard, and swallowed something in a haste as he went.

When he came to the Roaring Mill he went down to the river and sat on a rock above the fall, and took out a letter from his breast and began to read it for the twentieth time. The salmon were leaping up the fall, and turning somersaults in the spray, and falling back again to avoid the jagged rocks. The rock on which Evander sat was wet with the splashing of the linn, and round about him everywhere the hills and bens were laughing in a wealth of April sunlight. But his eyes only saw the queer mad words before them—

"Evander, son of my heart, take the way by the kirkyard and spiel the braeface till you reach the shieling on the hill, and when you swing back the door it is no more you will need to ask what to do. Mind your father's last words and haste ye to join him where he is in a queer place. Farewell, Evander, and if ye turn back from the shieling ye are lost, and all the House o' Nevis. Written by me, Ranald Macdonald, laird in Nevis, this fifteenth day of November, seventeen eighty three."

"A queer will for a Macdonald to be leaving —with ne'er a single bag o' siller!"

And Evander rose and took the way, not by the kirkyard, but down to Linnhetown. He stepped into his boat, set the sail, and made down the loch for Ardgour. And long before he was there, a dark-haired girl was at the jetty waiting for him, with the white lovelight shining in her blue-grey eyes that is the sign of true love in Highland hearts, and will be for ever and a day.

"Evander!"

That was all she could say. And the lovelight danced. But he waited till he was ashore, and then made answer. And he made answer in the way that all maids like, and her lips had the speech taken from them for a space in which a lad with a stutter might count ten.

Then they sat down in the shadow of a rock, and when all their love passages were over, Evander turned and said:

"Mary, I am going away."

"Evander?"

"Aye, I mean it."

"Away! but not from me, Evander?"

"Aye—it is alone I must go."

"But why, Evander, why? It is I that will go with you; aye, anywhere."

"I am going to the wars, my treasure."

And the colour flew from the girl's cheek till it was as white as snow.

"Tell me," she whispered, "tell me what it means? Is it because you are poor, Evander? Do you think that a Maclean cares for siller? Are not ye the laird of Nevis, though there be not a single gold piece in your sporran? Oh, Evander, there is something more. Tell me. For the love of our hearts, tell me."

Then he told her about the letter. "Fine you know, Mary, that the laird that was my father was queer in the way he spoke and did before he died. Aye, we were poor, bitter poor, but at least it was some sort of a will I was looking for, and here is all the laird left me—a mad scrawl o' a pen that was held by an old man who had ta'en leave o' his wits long syne. Many a time have I been for throwing it into the Roaring Mill. Well, well, if ye have done reading it, my lass, we'll end the joke and light a fire on the shore with it. For I am off to the wars now to win a fortune for my love."

"Evander, you will go this very night to the shieling."

"No, Mary, and that is what I will not do. Once have I been made a jest of by the old laird, and to-day I heard the lowland hounds laughing at me and my fine will. By God! I am poor, but I am proud. And I will not go."

"Evander, my own, it is I that am asking you. You will go to the shieling. I knew the old laird, it seems, better than his ain laddie—and he was wiser than he liked to show. Evander, for my sake, you will do it?"

And she kissed him.

"No, I will not. God! do I not hear them laughing even now?"

"Evander—is this how you keep your promise to me? And will you refuse to do the first thing I will be asking you? Evander, do you love me?"

"Mary—don't."

But it fell out as it has aye fallen out since the world began, the man could not stand against the maid, and the lass had her way in the end, and a smother of kisses forbye.

That night Evander Macdonald took the way by the kirkyard in the glen, and when the moon was filling the corries of the hill of heaven with a pale misty light, he came to the old ruined shieling. The walls were standing, and the roof was still there, but the nettles were growing everywhere like brackens for thickness, and he had to push his way through them to the door. He was for turning away and going down to the glen again, when he minded the promise he had made to Mary, and he pushed open the door.

"God keep us!"

And Evander, for all his big ways, trembled in the very limbs.

The moonlight lit up the interior of the hut and shewed a gallows standing in the middle of the floor, with a rope and a noose hanging

ready! It was an awesome sight. And it was a shortish while before the big man came to himself again.

Then the bitter anger brought the blood back to his face, and he saw how complete and how cruel had been the old laird's jest. And was it to this that Mary had brought him with her coaxings? Lands gone, fortune gone, kinsfolk gone, and the last of them away to the narrow house with nothing but a mockery left for the son that was to follow him. Again he heard the laughing of the lowland folks who had bought the old house, and were even now filling the halls with their revels and debauchery. What was left for him but beggary and shame and—pride? Aye, pride was a poor thing to live on, but it was a fine thing to die on. They said his father was mad. And he was his father's son. Aha! He began to laugh now. And the laughter of him would have made a bairn scream with fright.

"A curse on life and an end to it!" cried Evander Macdonald; and with one spring he leapt on the gallows and the rope closed round his throat.

Then! A turf from the roof fell, and the rope was hanging loose upon the mud floor. Here was a foolish man and no mistake. The young laird of Nevis standing in the moonlight in the shieling with a rope dangling from his neck as harmlessly as the tether of a cow. Evander laughed. But this time his laugh would have made a bairn crow with delight. For he was in his senses again. He thought of Mary—the Maclean lady in Ardgour—and took the rope from his neck. Then he lifted the turf, and a small white packet fell from it. And Evander laughed again.

He opened the packet and found a key in it, and round the key there was a bit of paper rolled and fastened with a string. On the paper, as he smoothed it out in the moonlight, he saw his own name written in the old laird's shaky handwriting, with these words below—

"Take this key to the south-east corner of the hut and lift the stone. Then cease from cursing thy father."

Evander went to the south-east corner and found a great stone. It needed all his strength to roll it away. And there in a hole he found a chest. How his fingers trembled as he felt for the lock!

The key turned, and when he lifted the lid and put in his hand he felt—gold. Heaps of gold. Then Evander Macdonald ceased from cursing his father.

That same night as Evander went down the glen by the House of Nevis, he saw lights in the windows, and a sound of high revelry caught his ear. It was a fine clear night in April and the trees stood still and quiet, casting great shadows in the moonlight. Through the windows of the hall he could see the lowland hounds who had laughed at him, sitting leering over their wine cups.

Evander stepped straight into the lighted hall and stood glaring at the revellers. They welcomed him with a roar of drunken laughter, and the host at the table-end hurled a mouthful of jeers at the tall lad, as he stood there staring with the anger in his eyes.

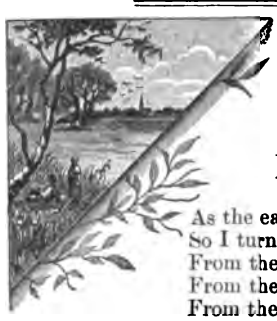
"Ho! thou penniless laird, welcome to the house of thy fathers. Art thou at home, rags and tatters, in the hall of Nevis? Come, read us thy father's will. Ha, ha! See how he winces, friends. Evander of the empty purse, come, I will make thee an offer. Wilt thou buy this leaky old house back again for thine own money? There now. Witness my offer, good friends all. Never say that I did not give the penniless laird a chance. Wilt close with the bargain, rags and tatters? Come, wilt sign the bond?"

"I will," answered Evander.

Another roar of drunken laughter greeted this speech, and in the fever of his wine the tipsy host cried for pens and parchment to carry through his madcap jest. The inkhorn was brought, the compact drawn, and amid a wild howl of derision Evander saw the host sign his name with a shaking hand.

Then with his bond in his sporran, he made his way, amid the jeers of the revellers, out of the hall again, and when he was standing in the quiet night he knew that the very turf he was pressing with his feet was his own again. For the devil's bargain had became the honest man's bond. And this is how it came about that the Maclean lady became mistress of the House of Macdonald of Glen Nevis.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.



NORTHWARD!

NORTHWARD,
As the needle to the pole;
As the child to its mother,
As the lover towards his maid,
As the eagle towards the blue sky,
So I turn
From the great, restless city,
From the cold look of strangers;
From the dim crowds of faces,
From this dreary, barren south-land,
There to rest,
As the deer in the forest,
As the bee 'midst the heather,
As the mist by the loch-side,
As the soft cloud on the hill top—
Northward. . . .

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

'S ANN AIG PORT-AN-TIGH-AIRIDH.

THE following air was found jotted on the back of a ticket for a Gaelic concert in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, Glasgow, dated 12th May, 1876, by the late John Munro, a native of the Reay country, Sutherland. Mr Munro was a gifted musician, and probably knew more about Gaelic music than any Highlander of last generation. He collected in his native district nearly fifty of the original melodies to which Rob Donn Mackay's songs are sung in Sutherland, which were published for the first time in the handsome edition of the bard's works recently published at the office of the *Celtic Monthly*. He also left several valuable MS. collections of old Gaelic airs, many of which have never been published. Perhaps the most interesting of his musical remains is a packet of tickets in connection with the Gaelic concerts which were given in the Assembly Rooms nearly twenty years ago, and which are still continued. Mr Munro was deeply interested in these concerts, intended to popularise Gaelic song and music, and took an active part in promoting them. He evidently acted as ticket collector, for on the back of many of the admission cards are to be found, neatly jotted down in pencil, the notes of certain tunes which seemed to touch his fancy or were new to him. Among them are some quaint and beautiful melodies. That Mr Munro was able to correctly take down these airs from the rendering of the songs which he heard sung on the platform is an ample testimony to his musical genius. We have pleasure in giving one of these airs, which, we believe, has not been hitherto published, and which Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, of Elderslie, has kindly prepared for our Musical Page.

EDITOR.

GLEUS C.

SEISD-																			
.r	|	f.,	s	:	l	|	t.,	s	:	l	|	r',	r',	:	f'	|	r',	d'
Air		faill-ir	-	inn,				ill	-	ir	-	inn,		I	ho		ró		hù	o;
: l	|	s.,	f	:	r	|	f.,	s	:	l	|	s.,	f	:	d	|	r	‖
Air		faill-ir	-	inn,				ill	-	ir	-	inn,		Och	o		rinn		ù.	
RANN-																			
: r.r	|	f.,	s	:	l	|	t.,	s	:	l.l	|	r',	r'	:	f'	|	r', d'	
'S ann	aig	Port	- an	-	tigh	-	!! àiridh		Thogadh				siùil	ris		a'		bhàta;	
: l.l	|	s.,	f	:	r	|	f.,	s	:	l.l	|	s.,	f	:	d	|	r	‖
S cha	b'i'n	stiùir	a		rinn		t'fhàgail,		Ach	gu'n		d'fhàilnich			na		bùird.		

'S ann shios aig Sgeir-chailleach,
Tha mo ghaol-sa 'n a laidhe,
Fo fhaoileig na mara,
'S fo ghaillinn nan stùdh.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S mòr am beud do chùl clannach
Bhi 'ga reubadh 's an fheamainn,
Gun chiste, gun anart,
Ach gainneamh a' ghruinnd,
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S na 'n rachadh do bhàthadh,
'N uair a chaidh mo thriùir bhràithrean,
Gheibhinn leth-sgeul, a ghràidh-ghil,
Gu bràth bhi ga d' chaoidh.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S cha truagh leam do phiuthar,
Ged a tha i dheth dubhach;
Théid is' ann an cuideachd,
'S bidh a mulad air chùl.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

Gur truagh leam do mhàthair
A shaothraich air d'àrach,
S nach d' fhuàir i de dh-fhàbhar
Bhi ga d'charamh 'san ùir.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

Fhir nan camagan donna,
Mhuineil ghil 's an uchd shoilleir,
'S mi gu 'n rachadh ad choinnimh,
'S cha bu choma leam thu!
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S mi 'dìreadh a' bhealaich,
'S trom mo cheum 's mi air m' aineol;
'S ma bha sùgradh air m' aire,
Chaidh e tamul air chùl.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'S ann air feasgar Di-màirt,
A dh'fhalbh sgiobadh bha àluinn,
Chaidh a dh-iarraidh a' bhàta,
Rinn d' fhàgail 's a' ghrunnd.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

'N uair thruiseas na gillean,
'S a sheinneas an fhidheal,
Ciamar thogas mo chridhe
'S gun thu 'tighinn, a rùin!
Air fàillirinn, &c.

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EWEN CATTANACH.

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EWEN CATTANACH,

PRESIDENT, GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MR. EWEN CATTANACH, a son of the late Alexander Cattanach, well known in the North as one of the "Men", was born at Upper Cluny, Laggan, in 1858. He received his education in the Gergask Public School, of which the master, who is still hale and hearty and approaching the patriarchal age of ninety, was his old friend, Mr. Angus Mackintosh, a name widely known and kindly remembered in all parts of the world by Laggan boys, who are greatly indebted to its worthy bearer for their success in life. In 1872, at the early age of fourteen, Mr. Cattanach entered the Caledonian Bank, Kingussie, where he was initiated in the mysteries of commercial life; but his ambition was to make his way to that haven of Scotsmen, London, and in 1875, through the influence of his uncle, a member of the firm, he received an appointment in an important East Indian merchant's office. Owing to circumstances unforeseen at the time of his arrival in the metropolis, he soon, although so young, took an important position in the management of affairs; and his services were so appreciated that he has ever since been, and still is connected in business with the son of the senior member of the firm he first joined.

Whilst in London he took a great interest in all matters concerning the Highlands, and was one of the original members and afterwards captain of the Highland Camanachd Club, and always looked forward to the Saturday's game of Camanachd on Wimbledon Common.

He was one of the founders, and acted on the first committee of the London Inverness-shire Association, until his departure for South America in 1885; on which occasion his fellow-members and other friends entertained him to a farewell dinner and a presentation in the Freemasons' Tavern. He is still a member of the committee of that flourishing Association.

As a member of the volunteer corps of Kingussie, Mr. Cattanach naturally on his arrival in London joined the well-known London Scottish Volunteers. Perhaps, however, his name will be best remembered in connection with the Crofter question. Together with his late friend, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, he organized the first meeting—held in Exeter Hall—concerning the welfare of the Highland Crofters, and, as a result, a committee was formed, out of which sprang the Highland Crofters' Association, of which Mr. Donald Murray acted ably as Hon. Secretary. The work thus commenced and carried on resulted in the passing of the Crofters' Act, which has proved so beneficial to the Crofter community.

In 1885, Mr. Cattanach went to Brazil as manager of an important industrial and commercial enterprise, of which he afterwards became a partner; and his experiences of "roughing it" in that country are most interesting and thrilling. On more than one occasion his work was carried on at the risk of his life; and a certain attack would probably have been fatal had it not been that the writer of this article and another mutual friend, Mr. George Anderson, caught the would-be assassins in the act and rendered their leader, who was already credited with over half-a-dozen murders, permanently incapable of further mischief.

In 1890, he re-visited the old country to enjoy a well earned holiday, returning in the same year to Brazil; and the following year he again came home and commenced business in London as a Brazilian merchant, and his firm is now largely interested in various mining and other enterprises in that rich country.

In 1893, business again called him to Rio de

Janeiro, and he was in that city continually under fire during the eight months of the Revolution. He, however, soon accustomed himself to the whizzing of shells and bullets, and during this exciting time, owing to the Rebels' continuous bombardment of the town, he had many narrow escapes and passed many a sleepless night. On one occasion a five inch shell from one of the naval guns actually went through his office, but fortunately did not burst until it had reached the street beyond. Since his return in 1896, his fifth voyage to and from South America, he has not been called away from his steadily extending business in London.

Mr. Cattanach often says that one of the happiest recollections that dates from his first arrival in London, is of his visits to the meetings of the Gaelic Society of London, of which he became a member in 1877; and he has vivid and fond recollections of old John Cameron Macphee; Colin Chisholm, uncle of the late president; Donald Campbell; Dr. Roderick Macdonald; and many other worthy members of the Society who are now no more. Before going abroad Mr. Cattanach was the Honorary Librarian of the Society, and on his visit to this country in 1890 was elected Vice-President.

At the annual meeting held last December, he was unanimously chosen to be President for the ensuing session; one of the highest honours which can be bestowed upon a Highlander in London by his fellow Highlanders, and well may the Society be congratulated on the selection, for Mr. Cattanach is instinctively the personification of all that is Highland and noble in character. He is a devoted adherent of his chief, Cluny Macpherson, interests himself in all Celtic matters, and notwithstanding his long absence from the Highlands stills speaks fluently the mother tongue which he loves so well.

J. C. G.

"UNTO THE HILLS."

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

No. VI.—The Breath of God.

THAT Loch Fyne fisherman, of whom Buchanan tells us, who called after the great steamer from his little sailing boat "go you on with the Devil's reek, I go with the Breath of God"—that poor fisherman had prophecy as well as indignation hidden in his words. The earliest inarticulate expectation of the creature for the return of peace and pure air, for unexcited movement by the Breath of God. How foolish, how unprogressive, in a mechanical age, when all the world is a huge automatic machine and all the men and women merely puppets! "If you want to move the lot put a penny in the slot!"

The big steamers, and the express trains, and the rich Jews, and all the other dignified elements of commercial prosperity, are on one side, protected, let us remember, by the Whitehead torpedo and the Maxim gun; and on the other side are a few feeble country people with their brown-sailed fishing smacks, and ploughs, and carts, and reaping hooks. Yet the tale is that of David and Goliath over again. The giant warrior, whose spear is like a weaver's beam, and the active unimpeded shepherd boy with his sling and stone, moving easily and breathing deeply. And the issue is just as sure "because there is none other that fighteth for us save only Thou" O Mother Nature, the embodiment of Father God!

In order to follow more closely the scattered fight, the battle for natural healing, I have come to Berlin, where three professors in one of the most important medical schools in the world have lately declared in favour of sun and air baths (that means simply living for hours without clothes in a bit of wood or hill-land enclosed, like Mr. Hoagland's sty in New Jersey City, but for exactly opposite purposes) eating grain and fruit, and bathing constantly in cold water; these, they say, are the only means of rooting out disease and bringing in health. Just the old open air life of the hills, with the Breath of God ever blowing about it, put into some rather owlish German paragraphs. Never mind! the owls were all till lately on the side of the big battalions, now they fly in their faces unceremoniously. And, here, in the "Curing Establishment" where I am writing, may be seen daily, a large number of curiously stout and dismally prosperous merchants and lawyers, *and doctors*, and clergymen, and stockbrokers, together with their stouter wives, standing in a row and breathing regularly "deep in, deep out" for quarter of an hour at a time, and paying well for the lesson, which every labourer learns direct over spade and pick.

Unless you live in smoke and smuts, pray take a dozen deep breaths of thankfulness and amusement for the pleasant way in which the whirligig of time, going without steam, "brings its revenges."

Yet reverently! for within the hard shell of the September nut lies hid the white kernal, and within the deep Breath of bodily health is another of a diviner quality.

J. A. Campbell,
of Barbreck.

Erkner, near Berlin.
September, 1899.

A Lament for the Highland Brigade.

AFTER MAGERSFONTEIN.

THE heather droops beside the brae,
The thistle's blown afar;
Mourn, Albion, mourn! thy valient sons
Laid low in hapless war,
Their solid ranks asunder torn
By Fortune's fickle star.

The pibroch wails adown the wind
In winter's surly rime,
Mourn, Scotia, mourn! thy bonnie flowers
In morning's youthful prime
All scattered on the stormy blast
And perished ere their time.

Oh! many a burn that lightly trips
Will wait in vain for them,
Mourn, Highland Hearts! thy hardy plants
Are withered on their stem;
Oh, Scotland! they whose faithful hearts
Were thy heart's diadem.

The vacant chair remains unfilled
In castle and in hall,
For they who graced the happy board
Have heard a louder call;
And chief and follower absent stay
From home's bright carnival.

Sigh, Scotland! o'er thy laurelled dead,
Thy slaughtered heroes fate;
In many a home o'er thy fair lands
The matron lone doth wait
The son that ne'er returns; the maid
Her lover at the gate

That comes not; child and wife the sire
That lies so cold and low,
Where want of skill outmettled them
And slew them for the foe;
Oh, had they died as they had wished
Returning blow for blow!

They led them forth like trusting sheep
To where they could but die,
Thro' all the dark night's pitiless rain
To face a stormier sky;
The lightnings gleamed, the bullets rained,
And stricken low they lie.

"Saviours of India," must ye there
Your lion-fury lave;
Oh! Gordon's crest, that waved so high,
The bravest of the brave;
Stand fast, Craigellachie,* or die
Against the advancing wave!

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

* The motto of the Grants.

The torrent down the mountain side
Is stayed in its descent;
The deer hath faltered on the hills;
The tempest's force is spent;
The banner of the bravest brave
In one rude shock is rent.

Seaforths! I saw your gallant line
With banners streaming gay,
When fife and drum did merrily hum
Your march in field array,
How graceful did your columns swing,
How brave you marched away.

Scions of many a noble line
Your lands may go unploughed;
There Wauchope fell beside his men,
A Roman veteran proud,
His bosom bared, his soul unbent,
The noble chieftain bowed.

But hark! across the gathering mist
I hear a cry of shame!
Whoever blundered, their's no flinch,
In bravery no blame;
And Scotland! still thy heroes bear
Their old untarnished name.

Mackenzie's, Grant's and Campbell's men,
Frasers, Mackays, arise!
Oh, Scotland! you have others sons,
Where valour never dies;
And they'll avenge your slaughtered ones,
Then dry your weeping eyes!

BERNARD GEORGE HOARE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AM MUILIONN-DUBH.

SIR,—I have been greatly interested with the communications which have appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* regarding the origin and location of this well known dance tune. I have no doubt there are many "Muilionn-dubhs"—I know one in the island of Luing, Argyllshire, and in my boy-days we associated the *port* "Am Muilionn-dubh" therewith. I am inclined, however, to believe that the occasion of the tune will be found to belong to the Strathardle district of Perthshire. The following account of the origin of the tune was contributed by my friend, Mr. Charles Ferguson, to vol. xx. of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness."

It would appear the year 1571 was memorable in Strathardle for its severe frost and snow, which came on in February and continued for a long period, so that the district mills were unable to grind, a fact which caused very great inconvenience:—

"Among the other mills that couldn't grind on account of the frost," says Mr. Ferguson, "was the famous Black Mill of Tullochcurron—the 'Muilionn-dubh'—Black Mill of song and story, and it was on the first starting of the mill—wheel and machinery—well on in the following summer, after the long enforced idleness caused by this great storm, when the country people were starving for meal—that the words and music of this famous reel were composed.

"Angus Mackay in his pipe-music book, and some others who knew only the name and music without the real origin of the tune, have fallen into the mistake of calling it the Black Snuff Mill.

"According to tradition, the miller, who was a bard, composed the music when he first got the mill started after this long enforced idleness. The big water-wheel thundered round once more, and all the little wheels whirled about so merrily that the old miller felt so happy he was inclined to dance for joy:—

"Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
'Se togairt dol a' dhannsa."

He tells how the "snow and drift and wind" came on so fierce as to block up the mill:—

"Bha cur, is cathadh, 's gaoth
Anns a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

He thought there was a little barley meal left in the mill, but not a grain:—

"Shaoil leam gun robh min-eòrna
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh, 's gun deann ann."

Instead of barley meal, there were many things in the Black Mill not dreamt of in their philosophy:—

"Tha ioma rud nach saoil sibh,
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

From the uncanny noises heard about it at night, he thought that the great muckle Deil himself was there by the horns:—

"Tha 'n Diabhall-dubh air adhaircean
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

If Great Hornie himself was not there, there certainly were smaller hornies, as cows and goats had taken possession of the deserted mill, in which calves and kids were born:—

"Tha 'n crodh a breith nan laogh,
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh, 's a' Mhuilionn-dubh,
Tha gobhair is crodh-laoigh,
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh o Shamhradh."

Such a forsaken spot had the Black Mill become for so long, that the very grouse had selected it as their nesting place:—

"Tha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

After such a desolate state of affairs who can wonder at the old poet-miller singing and dancing for joy when he once more got his beloved mill—"air bhogadan," so that it might grind.

"Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
'S e togairt dol a' dhannsa."

And from that day to the present, the mill, occasionally renewed, has continued to grind." Such is the very likely story told by my good friend "Mac-Fhearghuis"—who knows what he says and whereof he affirms.

I am, &c., FIONN.

GORRIE'S LEAP.

A Legend of Mull.

WHEN studying Highland history, one cannot fail to be struck by the proud and sensitive nature by which even the humblest member of a clan was dominated. While willing and ready to lay down his life for his chief, the clansman would brook no insult or fancied slight, either from his chief or from the highest in the land.

The following incident in the life of one of the ancient chiefs of Loch Buie, will serve to illustrate the above remarks. Maclaine of Loch Buie had given orders for a large deer drive. Clansmen were stationed at every point where the deer were likely to pass, and it was intimated by Maclaine that the man who allowed the deer to pass his point of vantage would, after the chase was over, be put to death. Gorrie (or Godfrey) had the guarding of one of the passes, and by some mischance or other a stag got past him scatheless. Thereupon Gorrie's enraged chief, in place of carrying out the death penalty, had Gorrie ignominiously chastised on the summit of a high peak in presence of the assembled clan.

There were present, among others at the time, the nurse of the chief's family, holding in her

LOCHBUIE CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL, ANCIENT SEAT OF MACLAINE OF LOCHBUIE.

arms Maclaine's infant son. Smarting, *not* from the pain, but from the ignominy of his disgrace, Gorrie, when his chastisement was over, rushed to the nurse, tore the child from her arms, and leaped with the infant in his grasp from the summit of the peak. A cry of horror arose from the clan, but the distracted father's apprehensions were somewhat allayed when Gorrie was seen to have alighted, with the child in safety, on a ledge many feet below the peak where he had received his chastisement.

Maclaine, looking down from the peak, implored Gorrie to restore to him his child, offering him life, forgiveness, and reward if he complied. Gorrie, however, declared that he would not make up his mind as to what he should do until Loch Buie had endured, in the sight of his clansmen, the same chastisement which he had meted out to Gorrie. To this the chief submitted, and was there and then publicly scourged in full view of Gorrie.

The chief's chastisement over, he implored Gorrie again to restore to him his child. Gorrie's reply was a shout of triumph, as with the infant in his arms he precipitated himself from the ledge on which he stood to the rocks beneath, on which he and the infant he held were dashed to pieces!

Java. FRANK ADAM.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. Maclean.

(Continued from page 83.)

Flora mcdonald

On the assurance that there were between two and three thousand Highlanders ready for the call to arms, the governor's trusty agent, Alexander Maclean, was sent into the back country with a commission, dated January 10, 1776, authorising Allan M'Donald, Donald M'Donald, Alexander M'Leod, Donald M'Leod, Alexander M'Lean, Allen Stewart, William Campbell, Alexander M'Donald, and Neal M'Arthur, of Cumberland and Anson counties, and seventeen other persons who resided in a belt of counties in middle Carolina, to raise and array all the king's loyal subjects, and to march them in a body to Brunswick by February 15. Donald Macdonald was given the chief command with the rank of brigadier-general. Immediately he issued a manifesto summonsing all the loyal subjects "to repair to His Majesty's Royal Standard, erected at Cross Creek." This manifesto was followed by another, issued on February 5.

On February 1, General Macdonald set up the Royal Standard at Cross Creek, in the public square, and in order to cause the Highlanders to respond with alacrity, manifestos were issued and other means resorted to, in order that the "loyal subjects of His Majesty" might take up arms, among which nightly balls were given, and the military spirit freely inculcated. Among the chief personages at these balls was Flora Macdonald, using all her persuasive powers on behalf of the royal cause.

When the appointed day arrived, the Highlanders were seen coming from near and from far, from the wide and scattered plantations, and from the rude cabins in the depths of the lonely pine forests, with broadswords at their side, in tartan garments and feathered bonnet, and keeping step to the shrill music of the bagpipe. First of all there came Clan Donald, with Clan Macleod near at hand, followed in lesser numbers by Clan Mackenzie, Clan Macrae, Clan Maclean, Clan Mackay, Clan Maclachlan, and still others, the whole being variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, including about two hundred Regulators.

On February 18, the Highland army took up its line of march for Wilmington, and at evening encamped on the Cape Fear, four miles below Cross Creek.

The war spirit of Flora Macdonald was now fairly stirred within her, and she fully partook of the enthusiasm of her husband. According to tradition, when the Highlanders gathered around the standard, she made them an address in their own Gaelic tongue that excited them to the highest pitch of warlike enthusiasm. With the due devotion of an affectionate wife, Flora followed her husband for several days, and encamped with him one night in a dangerous place, on the brow of Haymount, near the American forces. For a time she refused to listen to her husband's entreaties to return home, for he thought his life was enough to be put in jeopardy. Finally, when the army took up its march, with banners flying and pipes playing, she deemed it time to retrace her steps, and affectionately embracing her husband, her eyes dimmed with tears as she uttered an earnest prayer to heaven for his safe and speedy return to his family and home, she unwillingly turned her back upon the army. She never saw him again in America.

The assembling of the Highland army aroused the whole country. The patriots, fully cognisant of what was transpiring, flew to arms, determined to crush the insurrection, and in less than a fortnight, nearly nine thousand men had risen against the enemy, and almost all the rest were ready to turn out at a moment's notice. At the very first menace of danger, General James Moore took the field at the head of his regiment, and on the 15th, secured possession of Rockfish-bridge, seven miles from Cross Creek, where he was joined by a recruit of sixty from the latter place.

On the 19th the royalists were paraded with a view to assail General Moore on the following night. A bare suspicion that such a project was contemplated was a sufficient cause for two companies of Cotton's corp to run off with their arms. On the same day General Macdonald sent General Moore the following:—

"Sir,—I herewith send the bearer, Donald Morrison, by advice of the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency Josiah Martin, and in behalf of the army now under my command, to propose terms to you as friends and countrymen. I must suppose you unacquainted with the Governor's proclamation, commanding all his Majesty's loyal subjects to repair to the king's royal standard, else I should have imagined you would ere this have joined the king's army now engaged in his Majesty's service. I have therefore thought it proper to intimate to you, that in case you do not, by 12 o'clock to-morrow, join the royal standard, I must consider you are enemies, and take the necessary steps for the support of legal authority. I beg leave to remind you of his Majesty's speech to his Parliament, wherein he offers to receive the misled with tenderness and mercy, from motives of humanity. I again beg of you to accept the proffered clemency. I make no doubt but you will shew the gentleman sent on this message every possible civility, and you may depend in return, that all your officers and men which may fall into our hands shall be treated with an equal degree of respect, I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army, your most obedient humble servant,

DON. M'DONALD.

Head Quarters, Feb., 19, 1776."

To this missive the following reply was sent:

"Sir,—Yours of this day I have received, in answer to which I must inform you that the terms which you are pleased to say, in behalf of the army under your command, are offered to us as friends and countrymen, are such as neither my duty or inclination will permit me to accept, and which I must presume you too much of an officer to accept of me. You were very right when you supposed me unacquainted with the Governor's proclamation, but as the terms therein proposed are such as I hold incompatible with the freedom of Americans, it can be no rule of conduct for me. However, should I not hear further from you before twelve o'clock to-morrow by which time I will have an opportunity of consulting my officers here, and perhaps Col. Martin, who is in the neighbourhood of Cross Creek, you may expect a more particular answer; meantime you may be assured that the feeling of humanity will induce me to shew that civility to such of your people as may fall into my hands, as I am desirous should be observed towards those of ours, who may be unfortunate enough to fall into yours. I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant.

JAMES MOORE.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb., 19, 1776."

On the succeeding day General Moore sent the following to General Macdonald:

Sir,—Agreeable to my promise of yesterday, I have consulted the officers under my command respecting your letter, and am happy in finding them unanimous in opinion with me. We consider ourselves engaged in a cause the most glorious and honourable in the world, the defence of the liberties of mankind, in support of which we are determined to hazard everything, dear and valuable and in tenderness to the deluded people under your command, permit me, sir, through you to inform them, before it is too late, of the dangerous and destructive precipice on which they stand, and to remind them of the ungrateful return they are about to make for that favorable reception in this country. If this is not sufficient to recall them to the duty which they owe to themselves and their posterity, inform them that they are engaged in a cause in which they cannot succeed as not only the whole force of this country, but that of our neighboring Provinces, is exerting and now actually in motion to suppress them, and which must end in their utter destruction. Desirous, however, of avoiding the effusion of human blood, I have thought proper to send you a list recommended by the Continental Congress, which if they will yet subscribe we are willing to receive them as friends and countrymen. Should this offer be rejected, I shall consider them as enemies to the constitutional liberties of America, and treat them accordingly.

I cannot conclude without reminding you, sir, of the oath which you and some of your officers took at Newbern, on your arrival to this country, which I imagine you will find difficult to reconcile to your present conduct. I have no doubt that the bearer, Capt. James Walker, will be treated with proper civility and respect at your camp. I am Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant.

JAMES MOORE.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb., 20, 1776."

To this General Macdonald replied as follows:

"Sir,—I received your favor by Captain James Walker, and observed your declared sentiments of revolt, hostility and rebellion to the King, and to what I understand to be the constitution of the country. If I am mistaken future consequences must determine; but while I continue in my present sentiment, I shall consider myself embarked in a cause which must, in its consequences, extricate this country from anarchy and licentiousness. I cannot conceive that the Scottish emigrants, to whom I imagine you allude, can be under greater obligations to this country than to the King, under whose gracious and merciful government they alone could have been enabled to visit this western region. And I trust, sir, it is in the womb of time to say, that they are not that deluded and ungrateful people which you would represent them to be. As a soldier in his Majesty's service, I must inform you, if you are to learn, that it is my duty to conquer, if I cannot reclaim, all those who may be hardy enough to take up arms against the best of masters, as of Kings.

I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army under my command, Sir, your most obedient servant,

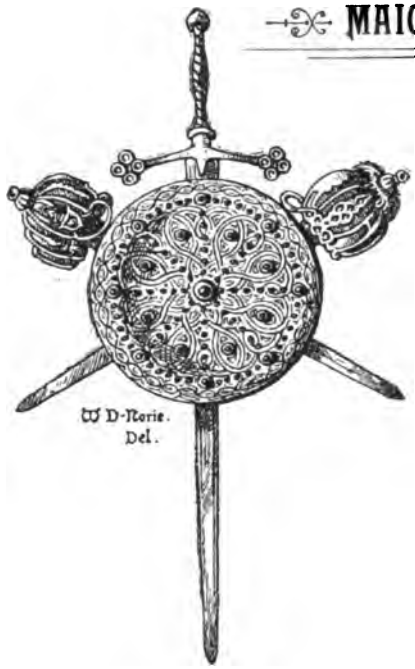
DON. M'DONALD."

(To be continued.)

MAIGHSTIR + ALASDAIR'S + FAMILY,

By FIONN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86.)



THE Bard and his brother Angus followed the Prince through that disastrous campaign. After the brilliant blunder of Culloden they both escaped the pursuit of their enemies and concealed themselves in the woods and caves of Ceannloch-nan-uamh, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig, suffering great privations. On the passing of the Indemnity Act, in 1747, he received from Clan Ranald the office of Bailie of the Island of Cana—a position which he occupied when, in 1751 he published the first edition of his poems. It is said that he visited Edinburgh a few years after Culloden with the view to follow the profession of teaching. If so, his mission proved unsuccessful, for we find that he was absent from Edinburgh when the first edition of his poems was being printed, for he excuses the "errata" in the vol. on the grounds of his being so far distant from the printer, who was ignorant of Gaelic.

The Bard held the farm of Eignaig on the Glenuig estate from Clan Ranald, where he might have lived in comfort all his days had he comported himself as he ought, but his friend Clan Ranald was compelled to remove him from Eignaig to Inverey, Knoydart. (See poem "*Imrich Alastair á Eignaig.*")

On the authority of Father C. Macdonald, who lived in the district, we give the history of the closing years of the Bard's life—

"Clan Ranald subsequently gave him a piece of land in Arisaig, at first near the strath at *Camus-an-talmhuinn*, later on at Sannaig, a hamlet overlooking that arm of the sea separating Arisaig from Moidart. Here he lived long enough to win back a large share of that esteem which his objectionable pieces had lost him. In his last illness he was carefully nursed by his Arisaig friends, two of whom, on the night of his decease, finding the hours rather monotonous, and thinking that he was asleep, began to recite in an undertone some verses of their own composition. To their astonishment, however, the bard raised himself up, and smiling at their inexperienced efforts, pointed out how the idea might be improved, and the verses made to run in a smoother form, at the same time giving an illustration in a few original measures of his own. He then sunk back on the pillow, and immediately expired." He was buried in the cemetery of Kilmory, close to the present Catholic church of Arisaig. He reached a good old age. The year of his death is not known, but it was probably about the beginning of the last decade of the eighteenth century.

THE FIRST GAELIC VOCABULARY, 1741.

As already stated Alexander Macdonald was entrusted with the difficult task of compiling the first Gaelic Vocabulary. He performed it in a very capable manner when we consider his isolated position and the state of Gaelic education at the time. As the book is now somewhat rare, we subjoin a specimen of the work performed by the gifted schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan. We have to point out that the words are not arranged alphabetically, but grouped under various headings. Here is an extract from Section XI.

Do thaobh pàrtin Cuirp Duine—Of the parts of Man's Body.

An Ceann.	The Head.
Mullach a Chinn.	The Crown of the Head.
An Cheannaighuidh. / Clàr Aoidinn.	The Forehead.
Cùl a Chinn.	The Hind-head.
Preasadh, no Casadh.	A Wrinkle.
Folt an Chinn.	The Hair of the Head.
Ciabh chasda, / Cuailen, Amalach.	A curled Lock.
Na Ciabhogan.	The Fore-locks.
Folt Liath.	Grey Hairs.

HIS POEMS, 1751.

The Bard must have been not only a keen Jacobite but a man of indomitable will to have published poems containing such rebellious

sentiments, so soon after Culloden. Here is the title page of the first edition—

AIS-EIRIGH NA SEAN CHANOIN ALBANNAICH: no an Nuadh Oranaiche Gaidhealach. Le Alastair MacDhonuill, Baille Chana. Ris am bheil comh-cheangailte Eidir-theangair am mìneachadh ann am Beurla gach cruaigh fhacall a thàrlas anns an leabhar so. Clo-bhuailt' ann an Duneidiunn go feum an Ughdair 1751.

This edition contains 31 pieces, several of them unfit for ears polite, and many of them "breathing rebellion in every verse." Copies of the first edition are so very scarce that it is more than likely that the bulk of the edition was destroyed. A copy of the first edition belonging to that indefatigable Gaelic bibliographist, Rev. D. MacLean, Durinish, Skye, contains the following statement in faded ink,

CASTLE] TIORAM.

written in an old-fashioned hand.—"Numerous copies of this collection were burnt by the Common Hangman in Edinburgh, in 1752, by order of the Government."

This edition contains a Gaelic dedication to Walter MacFarlane, chief of the Clan Farlane, an English preface, and a vocabulary. His poems were several times republished in Glasgow: first in 1764; again in 1802; in 1835; in 1839; and lastly in 1851.

It is generally believed that not more than a tenth of Macdonald's poetry has been preserved.

From the preface in the first edition we learn that it was the Bard's intention to publish a volume of ancient Gaelic Poetry, and it is more than likely that it was from the materials accumulated by his father, that Ronald his son compiled the valuable collection of 1776.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' NOTES.

The Clan Campbell are compiling a clan "Roll of Honour" of all the Campbells killed or wounded in the war. They also intend having an Excursion to Inveraray and Dunstaffnage during the summer.

The recently formed Clan Macdougall Society have issued a very attractively got up little booklet, with constitution, office-bearers, and other useful information.

The Mackays are to have an "At Home" in Glasgow on 30th March, when members from all parts of the kingdom are expected to attend. Their war fund now stands at £66 2s., the largest sum collected by any of the societies.

The Mackinnons are making splendid progress. Their recent Social Gathering was a great success, and the "At Home" for the mothers and children of the clan, given by Major and the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Mackinnon, was a delightful meeting. It was quite a sight to see the young cheery faces beaming over the tables laden with all sorts of toothsome cakes, and to witness the kindly way in which the heir to the chiefship and his charming lady received the women and children on arrival. Long life to them, they show the right spirit!

The Macleans having their Clan History now published, are busily engaged compiling a collection of the old clan music. In the literary department the Macleans have shown a praiseworthy activity.

The Macdonalds are evidently too much interested in following the career of their clansmen at the front to undertake any active local work. Like other clans they have suffered losses. To-day's papers announce General Hector Macdonald of the Highland Brigade as seriously wounded, and Lieutenant C. Neil Macdonald, of Dunach, of the 91st Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, as also wounded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1900.

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HARBOURS AND RAILWAYS IN SUTHERLAND.—Mr. Donald Mackay of Hereford is evidently determined not to allow government to overlook the needs of his native county. He has now arranged that a deputation representing the various Sutherlandshire Associations in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the Clans Mackay and Sutherland, are to have an interview with the members of the Highland Congested Districts' Board to urge upon them the necessity of advancing sufficient capital to complete certain harbours and branch railways in Sutherland. We hope the deputation may be successful in their efforts, for both harbours and light railways are badly wanted in that County.

HIGHLANDERS ABROAD AND THE WAR.—We had a letter the other day from a distinguished Kintyreman, Professor D. MacEachran of Montreal, dated from the regions of the Rocky Mountains, in which he stated that he was busily engaged in the patriotic duty of selecting men and horses for Lord Strathcona's corps of scouts. His Lordship had ordered everything to be "done well," and Dr. MacEachran mentions that with such grand fighting material at their disposal as was to be found among the cowboys of the ranches of the North West, they would soon equip and ship to South Africa a body of Canadians who would ride and shoot as well as the best that the Republics could produce. The doctor comments upon the great enthusiasm evinced on behalf of the Old Country in all parts of the Dominion, indicating a feeling which is not likely to escape the notice of our enemies on the continent.

We have had many letters of late from readers in distant lands, all expressing the same warm feelings of loyalty to the Mother Country, and a desire to do something to assist her. Some have arranged benefit concerts and public subscriptions on behalf of the dependents of the fallen soldiers. To-day, Mr. Malcolm Macleod of Los Angeles, California, sends us the programme of a grand concert got up there on behalf of the Mansion House Fund.

AN ASSYNT PARODY.

SIR,—The following verses I have heard repeated in the north of Sutherland more than half a century ago, but so far as I am aware they have never been printed. As a poetical composition their merit is probably not very high, but there is a touch of humour both in the story of their origin, and the way in which they were delivered.

In the early part of the present century Gaelic teachers were sent to various parts of the North Highlands, and it would appear that there was one in Assynt, near Loch Crocach. As the story goes the teacher had given one of his pupils—a young lad—as a task before dismissal, verses of the 2nd Psalm, beginning with "Iarr orm mar oighreachd 's bheiream dhuit" (Ask of me and for heritage, etc.). A near neighbour of the boy, some years his senior, who was somewhat of a wag, heard the task assigned, and recognising a prospect of some fun, asked the boy to accompany him to the hill to look after some sheep. He however demurred, advancing as his excuse the plea that he had a task to learn, and had not yet given it a moment's thought. "Oh, never mind," replied the wag, "I know what you have to learn and I'll teach it you ere we return." He was as good as his word, and next morning when the boy was called up to repeat the verses to the class, he rattled off the following lines, much to the amazement of the teacher and the great hilarity of his school-fellows, including doubtless the author of the joke.

The foregoing is the story so far as I can remember it, but I rather think there is a verse missing. Probably some of your many Assynt readers may be able to give a better version, as also the additional verse.

St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh.

ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

AN LOCH CROCACH.

Iarr orm mar oighreachd, 's bheiream dhuit,
An loch Crocach leis na th' ann,
A chulaidh bhiorach air an loch
'Si tarruing connadh nall.

Nam biodh a' choille sin cho math,
'S gun deanadh i taigh blàth,
Cha loisginn bioran 'na mo thaigh,
Gu siorruidh, no gu bràth.

'Nuair rannsaichs' tu na 's aithne dhuit,
Do cheannaidheachd gu léir,
Guirmein, is tombaco pronn,
Is anart lòm deth 'n fhéill.

'Nuair chaidh Uilleam agus Màiri,
A mhàin thun na deigh,
Gun d' labhair e le briathran àrd,
A Mhàiri, bual a' chneig.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART THIRD.

AT a later date, when the first Gaelic Witness was adduced, there was a sharp fight over the appointment of Interpreter, from which it will be seen that Glengarry issued the victor.

At Fort-William, the twelfth day of May, 1825 years, Mr. Arnott stated to the Commissioner that he now proposed to examine witnesses who were only acquainted with the Gaelic language, and that the Interpreter whom he was to suggest to the Commissioner is the Reverend John Macmillan, licensed preacher, now residing at Corryveg, and who is thoroughly acquainted both with the Gaelic and English languages, and is unexceptionable in every respect to discharge the duties of an Interpreter. Glengarry objected to Mr. Macmillan being received as an Interpreter for the following reasons. First: Mr. Macmillan is the son of Lochiel's ground officer, residing in his father's family on Lochiel's estate. Secondly: Glengarry has reason to know that he is not well disposed towards himself. It is thus evident he cannot be an impartial Interpreter. In his place therefore, Glengarry would suggest that the Reverend Duncan Macintyre, minister of the parish of Kilmallie, in which the contraverted lands are principally situated or alleged so to be; or the Reverend James Macgregor, residing in Fort-William, both of whom are perfectly masters of the English and Gaelic languages, and who must in every respect be impartial as well as unexceptionable, be appointed Interpreter.

Answered for Lochiel: That before the objection had been dictated, Mr. Arnott had stated to the Commissioner in the hearing of all parties that the Reverend Mr. Macintyre was not at home at present, and his reasons for saying so was, that he had yesterday written a note to that clergyman, which had been returned to him with a message from one of the clergyman's family, that he had gone to attend a meeting of Presbytery at Fort-Augustus; that he could not admit that there was anything in the objection stated by Glengarry; that Mr. Arnott was not acquainted with the Reverend Mr. Macgregor, but he left the matter to the decision of the Commissioner.

Replied: Glengarry stated, that before sitting down to breakfast this morning, he had sent one of his servants with his compliments to the Reverend Mr. Macintyre at Kilmallie, to request the pleasure of seeing him along with the bearer; having then heard that the ground officer's son was to be proposed as Interpreter, having no knowledge of

INVERGARRY CASTLE—ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACDONELLS OF GLENGARRY.

the parson's absence, as his servant had not yet returned, as he wished that clergyman in whose parish most of the witnesses resided to be near at hand, without knowing why. He will farther state that he was informed that Mr. Macmillan had been actively engaged in precognoscing witnesses for the opposite party, and that he, Glengarry, had stated verbally in the same open and above-board manner, in the hearing of all present, the causes for the predisposition towards himself which he noticed on the part of Mr. Macmillan; and having so said, he begged leave to leave the affair entirely at the Commissioner's disposal.

Duply to the new objection: that the Reverend Mr. Macmillan never had precognosced witnesses for Lochiel, and that this fact might be ascertained by reference to himself if thought proper by the Commissioner.

Triply: Glengarry begs leaves to join issue on that subject if acquiesced in by the Commissioner, in which event he is perfectly confident of establishing that the Reverend Mr. Macmillan has been engaged as agent and has a thorough knowledge of what the witnesses can say.

The Commissioner having considered the foregoing debate, regrets exceedingly that matters so irrevelant to the merits of the question at issue should have appeared upon the Record; and he earnestly recommends to the parties concerned to abstain in future from any such irrevelant controversy. The Commissioner is of opinion there is no necessity for examining Mr. Macmillan on oath, and therefore declines to do so, but in the circumstances of the case prefers the Reverend Mr. Macgregor as Interpreter and appoints him accordingly.

(Signed) ROBERT FLYTER, *Commissioner.*
ALEX. FRASER, *Clerk.*

The parties at later stages did not quarrel over the Interpreter, and on various occasions, Collector Duncan Stewart of the Custom's at Fort-William; the Reverend James Macgregor, Roman Catholic Priest at Fort-William; the Reverend Donald MacColl, of Auchindarroch, in Appin; Mr. Thomas Gillespie, of Ardochy; Captain James Macdonell, of Killichonate; and others, acted as Interpreters.

One of the witnesses for Lochiel examined at Fort-William, on 25th October, 1825, was the well-known but rather unfortunate Alexander Cameron, so long in Invermallie, but in 1821 residing in Stronchreggan of Ardgour. Being then eighty-five years of age he was six years old at the Battle of Culloden, and had lived all his life with the exception of six years on the estate of Lochiel. He was one year at Perth, and the other five at Stronchriggan. In 1825, he had been keeping house and in possession of land for upwards of sixty-four years. His father, Dugald Cameron, left among his papers receipt by Factor Butter, dated 22nd January, 1761, and he produced in his own favour receipt by Butter, dated 24th December, 1766, and both while the estate of Lochiel was under attainder, also a receipt by Fassfern after the restoration, dated 29th November, 1785. That he knew, in 1761, Alexander Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, and he had also sheilings in Glenkenzie, called Carn-na-breachd, Brai-dubh, and others. That the witness had visited Macphee at his house in Glendessary, and he (Macphee) had visited at the house of witness' brother-in-law, Alexander Mackintosh, schoolmaster at Kinloch-Arkaig, while witness was also a visitor; sitting together at the head of Mackintosh's house, Macphee and witness had frequent and lengthened "cracks." He knew in same year, 1761, Alexander Macmillan, tenant in Muirlagan, with its sheilings in Glenkenzie, called Tom-a-dubh. Mr. Cameron mentions with minuteness the names of the other tenants on Loch Arkaig side downwards, with their respective sheilings, and of the successive tenants, so long as he lived on the Lochiel estate. He never heard of the marches of Lochiel's tenants being disputed by Glengarry, though he was in the habit of attending the rent collection, and mixing with the Lochiel tenants. That Henry Butter, the factor, held two courts, one in summer and one in winter. The winter or Martinmas meeting was the rent court, and the summer court was the souming court, regulating the holding of cattle each tenant was to have according to the extent of his possession. That Butter had the farm of Monaquoich, which was formerly a forest, and was succeeded by Glencoe. That Butter also lived and had the farm of Corpach, and was succeeded by Alexander Cameron, and the latter by his son, William Cameron, presently in possession.

In answer to Glengarry, Invermallie deponed that the part of Lochiel's estate formerly mentioned as forest, was called Monaquoich and Corrybuie. John Macphee, crofter, Corpach, aged eighty years, one year old at the battle of Culloden, son of Alexander Macphee, deponed that his father's principal occupation was that of deer forester, and that he possessed the farm of Coanich, rent free, in lieu of his wages as forester. That his father had liberty to go to different sheilings with his cattle in respect of his office as forester, and being servant to the king's factor. That these sheilings included Corrynagaul, Brai-dubh, Kingie, Derrymore, Corry-na-laogh, Corrylia, Derry-meal-nan-Eilean, Corryrea, and Luib-na-Caillach.

It would appear that even at this early period, the people though not absolutely removed from the district, shifted, or were shifted a good deal from place to place. Macphee further deponed that the place continued as a deer forest by the factors, Campbell and Butter, and superintended by his father, was called Corrybuie, and when the forest was given up in Butter's time, he, Butter, then tenant of Corpach as well as factor on the Lochiel estate, sent yeld cattle to graze on Corrybuie, after it was given up as a forest, and also to Corryrea and Corrynagaul. Among the

places Macphee and his father were shifted to, he mentions Coanich, Coul of Glendessary, Glaskfern, Derry-nan-Cluanan in Glenkingie, Kenmore of Loch Arkaig, from whence they sheilled to Altgoueach of Loch Quoich, Glen Pean, Inverkiach-a-nish of Glendessary, at which place he was married. He gave the names mostly of a break-neck sound and appearance, of all the sheilings on both sides of the River Kingie, although the very highest had the modest cognomen of Brai-dubh. That he left Glendessary and the other glens for ever, about twenty years ago, and has since resided at Corpach.

Ewen Mackinnon, crofter, Corpach, said he was born at Tarrovich, in Glen Lui, two years after the battle of Culloden. Had served as herd to Mr. Henry Butter, at Monaquoich, and to Glencoe. That Mr. Butter was also tenant of Killinan in Glengarry, and one of the places, where he had a sheiling bothy, was called Luib-mor-Corry-na-gaul. That he knows Main Clach Ard, and the Cairn called the Carra, where the three properties of Glengarry, Lochiel, and Lovat meet, Lovat's North Morar having formerly been the property of Glengarry. Witness had seen droves of cattle coming from Loch Hourn Head, by Main Corrybeg across the Gearuinn. That Barisdale gave grass to these droves at Reach-a-choisi, and Mr. Butter gave them grass on the Mainger. Thereafter these droves took the route through Glenkingie to the Black Knowts, or Tigh-a-Crockan, at the head of Loch Arkaig. Interrogated whether the march at the cairn at Main Clach Ard is at a point close to or near where the waters of Knoydart and Morar turn or back from those of Glendessary. Depones that he thinks so.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF BENS AND HEROES.

Translation of Neil Macleod's Song "An tir 'bu mhiann leinn"—Clarsach an Doire, 2nd Ed. page 81.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

Then fill your cuachs unto the brim,
Wi' the sparkling dews that cheer us,
For the bonnie land o' heathery hills,
The land o' bens and heroes.

There's mony a lad that's far awa',
Across the stormy ocean,
Who'd drain a toast to the land we love,
Wi' his warmest heart's devotion.

There's mony a hearth 'mang the Hielan hills,
Now mouldering cauld and dreary,
That for kindly hearts in the days of yore,
Blinked welcome blythe and cheery.

But though exiled 'neath foreign skies,
There's aye nae land sae near us,
As the bonnie land o' heathery hills,
The land o' bens and heroes.

While ocean's breakers lash the shore,
The lads that fought wi' Charlie,
On land and sea, will bear the gree,
O'er ilka foeman fairly.

And when the steel is flashing far,
The world shall hear the story,
That Scotia's glaives are still as keen,
Undimmed her fame and glory.

Then drain your cuachs to our kilted lads,
(Wi' a Hielan heart's devotion),
Who never faced on field the rear,
Or dimmed the fame of Scotia.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

"I WOULD NOT BID THEE STAY" or "THE HIGHLAND MAID'S FAREWELL."

AWAY, it is duty that calls thee,
Beloved, thou must leave me to-day;
'Tis for thee to be fighting and toiling,
'Tis for me to wait and pray.
But if in the far off sometime
We two should meet again,
Surely the gladness of meeting
Will requite the parting pain.

(*Chorus*) Ah, fain would I have thee forever,
Forever and a day;
But if duty we twain must sever,
I would not bid thee stay.

Oft in years that have vanished, thy fathers
Were nerved to the blood-stirring charge,
For their dames had buckled the claymore,
Their daughters had given them the targe.
And shall I, a chieftain's daughter,
Be poorer in spirit than they?
No, No! I will trust to the morrow
To banish the clouds of to-day.

(*Chorus*) Yet fain would I have thee forever,
Forever and a day;
But if duty we twain must sever,
I would not bid thee stay.

But if it should be forever,
And here we should meet no more,
Remember the Isle of Angus,*
That lies by the western shore,
Where the voice of Niambh† gives welcome
And the Twin Birds sing above,
When the sun of life is sinking,
I shall come to thee my love.

(*Chorus*) And nothing we twain shall sever,
No duty shall call thee away,
And I will have thee forever,
Forever and a day.

* In many parts of Scotland and Ireland the superstition exists that lovers whose vows have, through fate, been unfulfilled on earth, will meet in the Isle of Youth, which lies in the Western Sea, and is ruled by Angus, the Celtic God of love. The voice of Niambh (Neeve), a beautiful spirit maiden, has been heard by mortals for ages.

† Niambh, pronounced "Neeve."

Brizil. R. ROSS NAPIER.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

By Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness.

(Continued from page 89.)

ANOTHER bardess of the period immediately succeeding Rob Donn, was Barbara-Nin-Rob, already referred to. Her son is still living—an old man who supplied valuable information in the recent controversy about the bard's surname. Barbara's father was Robert Mackay, a comtemporary elder of Rob Donn, when the latter was an assessor of the Kirk-Session. He was known as Robert Mac-Ian, or more fully, as in Baptismal Register, Rob-Mac-Ian-mac-Uilleam-macNeill. Barbara's father was on very intimate terms with the bard, whose daughter Isobel was married to John Mac-Ian, Robert's brother. This habit of designating parties by means of genealogical trees going back to three, four, and sometimes five generations—Uilleam MacDhòn'll 'ic Huistean, mac Dhòn'l ic Gilbert—makes the loss of surnames in the Reay Country much more difficult than some folk imagine.

REV. WILLIAM FINDLATER,
Minister of Durness. Inducted 1812, Died 1869.

If Rob Donn's mantle fell upon any one in his native parish, it was upon Barbara-nighean-Roib. In the collection handed to me by Miss Findlater, there are more of her compositions than of any other songmaker of the period. She tackled all manner of subjects, grave and gay; elegies on worthy men and women removed by death; and satires upon passing events of public interest. I shall here give a few specimens of each class — :

1. Marbhrann le Barbara-nin-Rob air cluinntinn bàs Pheggie Nic-Diarmaid, bean uasal, dhiadhuidh an Duthaich 'Ic-Aoidh, agus Mhr. Ceannadaidh a' Chaisteal Ruadh.

"Bu chomaradan firinneach
A' mhuinntir chaidh thoirt uainn,
Bha air an gairm gu cabhaigeach
Gu cairtealan tha buan —
Maighstear Iain Ceanadaidh
Chaidh chruinneachadh gu 'shluagh,
Is Peigidh Mhòr nic-Diarmaid
'N tir na dì-chuimhne anns an uaigh.

Nach mòr an dithis fhianuisean
Chaidh spionadh uainn anns ràidh?
Bu mhòr an call do dh' Alba
Gu 'n d' fhalbh iad as cho tràth
'S iomadh neach a dh' iarradh dhoibh
Bliadhnaichean de dhàil
Ach thug mionad iad gu siorruidheachd
Gu 'bhi 'n an gniomhra pàidhte.

Cha b'aithne dhomhsa air thalamh
Gin a dh' aithriseadh am beùs;
No, dithis bha cho caithriseach
Mus fhaigheadh 'n Deamhan teum;
Bha 'n comhairleam cho brìoghal
A' struthadh sios mar chèir;
'N an cantanas, 's 'n an gniomhra
'N am fianuisean an Dè.

Nach soilleir tha e feuchainn dhuinn
Cianalas 'bhi dlùth
'N trath chaidh leithid so de dh' fhianuisean
A spionadh air gach taobh (tù)
Cha bu bheag an diamhaireachd
Gu 'n leigte an gniomh 's an cliù
'Chur do thìr na dìachuimhne leo
Gu chaireamh sios fo 'n ùir.

Ged a bha na mìllte
Ann an Israel de shluagh
'S iad uile air an aon inntinn
Gus an Righ a chumail suas;
'N trath chual e 'n ceannard treubhach
A dh' aon bheum thoirt do 'n uaigh
Ghlaodh e "'S lag a tha mi
Oir gheibh mo naimhde buaidh

Tha e duilich do na càirdean
'Bhi g' an càireamh anns an uaigh
Ach cunnartach bhi 'g àicheadh
Na bheireadh 'n t-Ard-Righ bhuainn
Oir tha gealladh cinnteach
Anns an fhirinn air a luaidh
Tha 'g radh "Is mise an Ti sin
'Chumas puist na tìre suas."

'S ann tha sealbh neo-chumanta
Air na tha ri t-obair fein
'N trath chi iad nithe duilich
Bheireadh tuisleadh air an ceum
Ceart mar thuirt an Salmadair
Ri ni bha garbh do-dheanta
"Dh' fhan mi 'm thosd gun argumaid
Oir leatsa do rinneadh e.

Tha fios agam nach urra' mi
An cliu a chur an gèill
'S tha fios agam nach buineadh dhomh
A ghabhail ann mo bhèul;
Ged a tha mo nàduir
Ga fhàsgadh uam le eud
'S ann dh' fheumas mi bhi 'g fhàgail
Do 'n àl a thig mo dhèigh."

2. Marbhrann do Mhrs. Scobaidh, bean uasal dhiadhuidh an Ceàlldal, Sgire Dhùiranais.

'S e mo thìr (a) chaidh gu h-uilinn
Cha 'n eil filidh no bàrd ann
Iad a dh' easbhuidh 'n ceann-cinnidh
Cha do chuir duine ann an dàn e;
Cha mhò chuir iad anns *metre*
Chraobh mheasail thug 'm Bas uath'
'S gu 'm bi iomradh 's gach linn oirr'
Anns an tìr anns an d' fhàs i.

Chraobh bhuadhach bha taitneach
Bha maiseach le bèusaibh
Bheireadh 'measan a seachad
Ris na frasan bu ghèire;
Bheireadh biadh do 'n fhear acrach
Bhiodh fear nan racan air eideadh
'S ann bha 'cuid is a comhairle
Airson cobhair nan ceudaibh.

'S ann 'do chridhe bha 'n reùsan (d)
Gheibht' o do bhèul e le tàbhachd
'S ann 'do cheann bha 'm foghlum
'Chuireadh sèul air do chràbhadh;
'S tu nach beanadh ri Teachdair
No chanadh facal 'chur tàir air
'N uair a gheibht' ann do chùirt e
'S e do ghnùis chuireadh fàilt air

C'arson a bhuineanas idir
Ri ni nach b' urrainn mi innseadh?
Gu 'n deach t-iomradh cho fada
'S tha duine geal air an t-saoghal
Ann an Eirinn, ann am Breattuinn
Ann an Afric' 's na h-Innsin
'S iomadh duine tha air chuairt annta
D' an eòl do bhuadhan is d' ìmeachd.

Cionnus chuirinnse *metre*
Air na gibhtean bha dlùth riut?
'M fear a b' àirde ann an oifig
Gu 'm biodh do chomhairle g'a stiùradh
'N tràth thigeadh uaislean ar comunn
Ged be Moirear no Diùc e
Bhitht' an comainn do chuimhne
Air son naigheachd rioghachd is Duthaich dhoibh.

Cho luath 's a bhios neach abuich
Theid a tharruing gun dàil uainn,
A thoirt a stigh gu bhi 'g innseadh
Ciamar dhìmich a thàlant
Ma thug iad uainne le cabhaig
'N te bha maiteachail pàirteal
Co chuig' idir a thèid sinn
'N trath thig èigin no sàs oirnn'.

Ach c'arson chuirear 'n teagamh
Na 'm faigheadh sinn creidimh a dh' iarradh
Air a' Ghliocas, gun mhearachd,
Bho 'n Bhith tha neo-chriochnaichte
Gu bheil a gheallaidhean seasmhach
Anns na fireasdailibh diamhair
Gu 'm bi 'fhianuis' air thalamh
Fhada 's bhios gealach no grian ann?

3. Marbhrann do Chaiptein Uilleam Scobaidh Ardbhàr, Sgire Assint.

'Chaiptein Uilleam bha 'n Assainnt
Co b' urr' dhol a dh' aithris
Na h-uile buaidh bha mar-ruit
Fhada 's a mhair thu an tìm?
Bha thu iriosal, rianail,
Bha thu carthannach fialaidh,
Bha thu smachdail le diadhachd
'Cumail riaghailt do thìr.
Tha mi faicinn do chuideachd
Fada mearachd gach duine aca
'N uair bu mhath leo d'a chumail
Bho d'a bhunnaig* a chaoidh
'N uair a bha Sonas g' a d' iarraidh
Gus na Flaithinnis shiorruidh
Chuala mi g' n do thriall thu
Is tu gu ciallach a' seinn;
Theirig buadhan nam bàrda
Chuireadh am *metre* do phàirtinn
'S tu bhuilicheadh 'n tàlant
Chuireadh càch gu droch fhéum.
Bha do ghibht air dhoigh àraidh
Air a measgadh le càirdeas
Fhuir thu creidimh o'n Ard-Righ
Air chor 's nach d' fhàilnich do chéum;
Cha tugadh uaillse no àrdan
Ort gu 'm briseadh tu 'n t-Sàbaid;
'S tu bha coimhead na h-aithne
Bha air 'cur mhàn le 'laimh fhéin
'S air a' teagasg le tàbhachd
Airson eiseamail làidir
"Gaol do Dhia 's do d' nàbuidh
Suim nan àitheantan gu léir."

(To be continued.)

* Advantage, reward.

THE SURNAME MACLURE, M'CLURE OR M'LURE.

SIR,—I thought some of your numerous readers would have replied to your correspondent, *Spectemur Agendo*, before now. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that I have solved the difficult question put regarding the origin of the name Maclure, but perhaps I may be able to throw some light on the stock from which it may have emanated.

Not a few Highland surnames are derived from colours, with the term *gille*, servant or son, prefexed. From *donn*, brown, we get *Mac'Illedhuinn*, a Gaelic form of the surname Brown. From *odhar*, dun, seems to come Mac Clare and Maclure, that is *M'Illeuidhir*—son or servant of the dun coloured one. The late Dr. Maclauchlan in his "Celtic Gleanings" regards MacClare and MacClure as from *M'Gille-leabhair*—son of the servant of the Book—probably an ecclesiastical functionary. In another way also the surname Maclure may owe its origin to an ecclesiastical source. The surname Dewar comes from *deòradh*, a pilgrim or anchorite. It takes the form Dewar and M'Indeor. In Islay it takes the form of *M'Illeòra*—the son of the Dewar's-*gille*. In English it sometimes takes the form M'Leoir and M'Lure.—I am, etc., FIONN.

THE DAME OF THE FINE GREEN KIRTLE.

THERE was at some time or other before now in Glen Nevis a widow, and she had a son. Widow Macrae was the woman's name, and the name of her son was John. There was no lad in Lochaber who was a better son, and he was quick at the learning of the hardest things. John Macrae and his mother lived in a cottage near the entrance to the Glen of Heaven, as the name of the place reads in the Gaelic, and there was not a day in all the year that John Macrae was vexing his mother. He was the mother's boy altogether. He carried the stoups and tethered the cow, and went out to the fishing in the Loch, and there was no one in Linnhetown that was luckier at the fishing and readier with the hand at anything than he. So the good folks of Linphetown called him the Shifty Lad.

Now on a day of days it fell that the Shifty Lad was going up the hill at the darkening to fetch home the red cow to the byre, and when he was just coming out of the birchen planting whom should he meet but the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle. A right fair dame was this, and no mistake, but the Shifty Lad could have wished to meet anyone rather than the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, and his heart began to leap and flutter with the soft beauty of her.

"Ha ha, my Shifty Lad," laughed she, and with a shake of her head and a queer light in the eyes of her, she began to smile on the son of Widow Macrae.

"Come with me, and it is I that will shew you a thing or two that will pass all you ever knew before."

"I am not caring to know anything at all," replied the Shifty Lad, "let me go!"

"So ho! and who is keeping you?" laughed she.

And the Shifty Lad was at a loss, for sure enough, she had not laid a finger on the man, and yet he stood there foolish-like and wishful to be away, but he could not move either this way or that.

Then the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle looked at the Shifty Lad and spoke in a voice of honey that seemed to make him think of everything better than another, moving her lily-white hands in front of him and breathing with her warm breath all over the face of him, so that he could mind nothing but the glamour of her.

"I am laying thee under spells and under crosses, under holy herdsmen of quiet travelling, and under strange wandering women and the little child most feeble and powerless, to take thy head and thine ear and thy wearing of life from thee if thou ever returnest home again the same as thou hast come."

Then the Shifty Lad saw the beauty of it and was lost.

After that she took a clout from her pocket and waved it and there was no knowing whence she had come or whither she went.

But the Shifty Lad went no more for the red cow, and when he got home his mother looked at him, and then sat down on the stool by the peats and began to weep softly.

Next day was the Sabbath day, and Widow Macrae put her Book in a napkin white as snow and asked if the Shifty Lad would be going as usual to the church with her, but he only laughed at her, and his laugh broke her heart. So she cried to him "Oh, son of mine, what art wilt thou be after now?" and he answered, "The first art which thou wilt hear tell of when thou comest out of sermon to-day, that is my art now, and for ever and a day."

So Widow Macrae went her way to the preaching.

Then the Shifty Lad went to the wood that was next to the church and when his mother came out from the sermon he cried, "Robbing and rieving, and stealing and thieving." She looked ronnd and round and saw no one, and then she took her way home. The Shifty Lad went across the hill by the short road and met her at the door of the cottage.

"And what tale have ye got mother," said he.

"None, my poor lad, but that when I was coming out from the preaching I heard a voice in the air that said "Robbing and rieving, and stealing and thieving."

"And that's the art for me," cried the Shifty Lad, as he went away up the road and over the

hill, with the spell of the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle upon him.

And he was going and going and journeying until he came on a man with the look on the face of him that he knew, and the lad from Linnhetown said, "Thou art from the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle?"

And the man answered, "And thou art the Shifty Lad." So they made friends at once.

The name of the stranger was the Black Rascal, but the Shifty Lad was knowing it fine without asking.

Now it chanced that there was to be a wedding in that place, and the rich Laird was bidden as a guest, so he was for sending a present. He told his herd to go up to the hill and bring back a wether for the wedding feast. So the herd went up to the hill and brought back a wether on his shoulders, and he went through the wood where the Black Rascal and the Shifty Lad lived.

"See you the herd with a wether on his shoulders," said the Shifty Lad to the Black Rascal.

"Aye, but who can steal that?"

"I can," replied the widow's son. With that he ran through the wood and placed one of his fine shoes with some dirt in it on the path where the herd had to pass, and then he hid behind a tree. When the herd came up he looked at the shoe and said to himself, "A fine shoe, and no mistake, but it is dirty and there is no neighbour to it." So he passed on.

Then the Shifty Lad ran forward through the wood again and placed his other shoe in the path, and when the herd came up he said, "Ha! here is the neighbour of the dirty shoe, and it is a fine pair of shoes they will make to me when they are cleaned. So he laid down the wether and went back for the other shoe. The Shifty Lad seized the wether and ran into the wood with it, and when the herd came back he found no wether. So he went home and told his master, and the rich Laird was angry, but there was no help for it.

The next day the rich Laird sent the herd up to the hill for a kid. And the herd went up the hill and brought a kid down through the wood.

And the Shifty Lad said to the Black Rascal "See the herd has a kid on his shoulder."

"And who can steal the kid?" asked the Black Rascal.

"I can," replied the Shifty Lad, and he ran about the wood and began to bleat like the wether. The herd stopped and listened and thought he heard the wether bleating, so he laid down the kid and began to look for the wether which he had lost the day before, and while he was busy at the looking the Shifty Lad went and stole the kid. So the herd went home again and told his master that he had lost the kid. The rich Laird was angered at him, but there was no help for it.

The next day the rich Laird sent the herd up to the hill and told him to bring home a stot for the wedding party. And when the herd was coming back through the wood with the stot the Shifty Lad said to the Black Rascal, "See, there is the herd again with a stot."

"Ay, but a stot is neither a wether nor a kid, and who could steal a stot?" asked the Black Rascal.

"I can," laughed the Shifty Lad. Then he sent the Black Rascal to one side of the wood and went himself to the other. So from the one side of the wood came the bleating of the wether and from the other side came the bleating of the kid. The herd thought that this time he had found both the wether and the kid that he had lost, and he ran into the wood and left the stot standing. Out came the Shifty Lad and stole the stot and drove it home to the hut where he and the Black Rascal lived. And they both made merry over their spoils.

The herd went home for the third time and told his master that he had lost the stot. The rich Laird was madly angered at the herd, but there was no help for it, and the wedding was on the morrow, so he told the herd to go away up to the hill again and bring down a kid and not to let it off his shoulder till he reached home. And this time the herd managed to bring the kid back.

This is how the Shifty Lad and the Black Rascal lived, until one day they had words, and ever after that they pretended only to be friendly to one another.

It happened that as they were climbing a wooded hill on an evening they came upon a rope hanging from a tree with a loop on the end of it. "Ha, ha!" laughed the Shifty Lad, "we are both like to end on a rope, and I am for seeing what it is like to begin with, so you pull me gently up from the ground a bit, and then let me down again," and with that he ran to the tree and put his head in the loop and the Black Rascal pulled him gently up from the ground. The Shifty Lad began to wink with an eye and to kick with his legs so the Black Rascal let him down.

"If hanging is like that," said the Shifty Lad, "then hanging for me. I was just kicking my legs with the pleasure of it. Now you try. And when you are wishful to come down whistle to me, and if you are wishful to go higher just kick with your legs." So the Black Rascal put his head in the loop and the Shifty Lad pulled him up. He began to kick with his legs at once but there was no whistle whatever.

"So ho!" said the Shifty Lad, "you are enjoying it, are you? And you are not whistling

yet. So funny! So funny! So funny! See how he shakes his legs with the pleasure of the thing!"

But the Black Rascal never whistled again, and the Shifty lad hoisted him up higher and higher and tied the rope to the tree, and left him shaking his legs till they could shake no longer. Then the Shifty Lad went whistling down the hill with his hands in his pockets. And in the darkest glade of the wood he met the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CLAN SUTHERLAND.

ONE of the few clans taking its Norse name from the soil, and one of the oldest in Scottish history, this revived clan was one of the latest to come into existence in recent years. The *renaissance* dates only three years back, but from the third report just published, it boasts of 185 members hailing from Caithness, Sutherland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leith, London, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc., etc. The chief of the clan is His Grace The Duke of Sutherland. The Duke and his estimable lady have taken a warm interest in the clan and its aims. Unlike, so far as is known, any other clan society, a membership card of which the following is the description, has been designed. The sketch given does not do it full justice. It is about 15 in. by 15 in., within a border of the clan tartan. There are six views in sepia, of Dunrobin Castle, the old Castle of Forse, the Ord of Caithness, Dornoch

Cathedral, Bridge Street, Wick,‡ and a "Spinning Wife" at her wheel, and a Fisherman baiting his line. The last two were appropiately suggested by Her Grace The Duchess of Sutherland. The membership card which has been issued to members, has been pronounced a work of art by competent critics. In the centre are vignettes of the Duke and Duchess, surmounted by the blazoned crest and arms of the old Earls of Sutherland, with the motto "Bolt Siccar"—Leap Sure.

It should be mentioned that antecedant to, and after the formation of the clan society, some discussion took place in the council of the society and in the *Northern Press*, as to the crest and motto appropriate to the clan—a good many firmly believing, having long held the belief, that the right crest and motto was that used by the Forse family. No one need be in doubt that the right one was chosen apart from the high authority of the *Lyon of Scotland*. The crest and motto is that

‡ The Duke is the Superior of this Burgh.

of all the Earls of Sutherland and of the last Earl, John, who died in 1514 without issue. It must be apparent that the motto and crest chosen, that in existence before the Gordon and Leveson former lines mingled with this ancient Scottish family, must be the right one. To those who are not students of heraldry the following information supplied for the office of the *Lyon King-at-Arms*, Sir J. Balfour Paul, will be of interest:—Gules, three mullets *or;* above the shield a peer's helmet ensigned with an earl's coronet, in place of a wreath, with a mantling gules, doubled *or;* crest a stag's head proper; supporters, *dexter* a greyhound *argent* collared gules; *sinister* a horse proper.

The coat af arms (blazoned) and armorial bearing of John Sutherland of Forse, as supplied in 1738 by Brodie of Brodie, *Lyon*, is as follows:—Red (gules) shield with three stars; above shield a helmet with a mantle (gules) doubling argent, and above helmet on a wreath, is set for the crest, a cat *sejant*, surmounted by the motto *Sans peur*.

The Chieftains are the Honourable J. Sutherland, Premier, Ontaria; Sir Thomas Sutherland, Bart., M.P.; Mr. George Sutherland, and Captain Frank Sutherland, of Forse; and Mr. Eric de Sioblade Sutherland-Rudd, who has been served heir by the Sheriff of Chancery to the title of Lord Duffus. The President of the clan is Dr. J. F. Sutherland, Edinburgh, the Deputy Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland. At the request of the council of the society, he has chronicled a historical outline of the clan and its chiefs, which has been published, and sent to each enrolled member. This epitome has met with the approval of so erudite and zealous a clansman as Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, himself a Sutherland on the maternal side.

The Secretary is Mr. S. F. Sutherland, S.S.C., 80a Princes Street, Edinburgh, who will give any information to Sutherlands at home and abroad, anxious to join and to forward the objects of the Clan Society.

Mr. John Sutherland, Agent, Commercial Bank, Kirkcaldy, is the Treasurer.

These objects briefly stated are, the raising of funds to found a Sutherland Bursary; the collection and preservation of records and traditions relating to the history of the clan; the fostering of clan sentiment; the promotion of friendly intercourse; and the encouragement of native industries (including the fisheries' question) in Caithness and Sutherland, by means of prizes, etc.

During the past year a meeting of the clan was held in Glasgow, which will be repeated during the coming year; and in order to create a real interest in the home-land of the clan, following the example of the Mackays, clansmen will probably meet in summer in Sutherlandshire at Dornoch, visit Dunrobin Castle, and cross the Ord into Caithness—the eastern seaboard of both counties being for the most part the land of the Sutherlands. In this way it is hoped that many Sutherlands will rally to the standard for other and far different purposes to those which animated the men of three centuries ago, when, by means of the dirk, the sword, and the battle-axe, disputes were settled. The night of fraud and force has given place to the dawn of reason, right, and justice. Subsequently a notice of the third report of the clan will appear in our columns.

To become an ordinary member of the clan the fee is 2/6; an extraordinary Sutherland member, 5/-; and a life member, £3 3s. The membership card is bound to create and revive happy and healthy memories in the minds of Sutherlands in distant lands, who have never seen clan-land, and of others who have not many opportunities of visiting the historic places and landmarks along the eastern seaboards of Sutherland and Caithness.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

They marched them out in the darkened night,
The men of the Highland Brigade!
The pride of mothers, and sweethearts, and wives,
Waiting at home for their Highland Brigade!
They sent their best at their country's need,
Truest in heart, and bravest in deed:
The flower of a valorous, dauntless land,
Marched out in that hopeful, gallant band,
Bright with the fame of the Highland Brigade.

They followed afar in their prayerful thoughts,
The women who loved the Highland Brigade;
And smiled to think of how grand they looked,
With the pipes in the van of the Highland Brigade.
Up to the guns of the foemen led!
Someone had blundered! someone said
They could but conquer, or fighting die,
On the open Veldt where the best of them lie,
For that is the way of the Highland Brigade.

Shrouded in grief is their mother land,
Mourning the men of the Highland Brigade!
For the hearts of mothers, and sweethearts, and wives,
Lie buried along with the Highland Brigade!
And Scotland is sadly counting the cost,
Of her wounded, and killed, missing, and lost;
Silent witness that told how true
They had faced the foe, by the living few
Who returned in the ranks of the Highland Brigade.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

ERATO'S FLIGHT.

A flow'ret fallen from tresses fair,
A smile in a maiden's eye,
A gallant youth on bended knee,
And love is born of a sigh.

Erato comes with her am'rous lay,
And 'tis wed to a golden tune;
Alas, for the youth and the maiden fair,
And the love that may die too soon.

Away—Erato takes her flight,
For fickle is she who sighed;
And the song is all that is left to tell
That a love has lived and died.

R. ROSS NAPIER
(ROB LOM).

Brizil.

GAELIC VOCABULARY OF INVECTIVE.

THE other day one of our educational authorities, in commenting on the scarcity of pupils presented in Gaelic, quoted the saying of a West Highland boatman that Gaelic was an admirable language for preaching and *scolding* in. This *scolding* capacity of the Gaelic has been so often insisted on, that many people—even H.M. Inspectors—fully believe in it. When a Highlander's feelings are deeply moved, and he has to give outlet to his righteous indignation, he is always represented as betaking himself to the vernacular to find sufficiently strong language for his purpose. But is this true? Is the *native* vocabulary of invective so rich and serviceable in this respect? So far from being true, the reverse is exactly the case. No Indo-European tongue possesses fewer *native* terms of the vituperative order than Gaelic. Even a stranger to the language must have noticed how the Highlander, in having recourse to unparliamentary language, uses loan-words from the English for his purpose. There are no doubt racial reasons for this. Among Indo-Germanic peoples, the Celt of history is undoubtedly *the gentleman*, far too polite to originate such a vocabulary. So when he makes use of abusive epithets, he has to go elsewhere for his material. In this way, the Latins supplied him with not a few; Scotch or English, with many; but the bulk has come to our language through the Norsemen, whose speech excelled in opprobious terms and nicknames. A glance at the origin of our abusive terms is sufficient to prove this. They are almost entirely borrowed—a sad illustration of the truth of the saying that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The following list, which is not meant to be exhaustive, proves indirectly the purity of the Gaelic language until the race became mixed with peoples of less refined speech.

Aibhistear, scoundrel; properly, Satan; from the Latin, adversarius.

Baigeir, a beggar; from the English. There is no word in Gaelic that is the exact equivalent of *beggar*. *Diol-déirc* views the action from the giver's point of view, which is charity, being derived from *seirc*, love.

Bleidir, a beggar, is from the Norse, bleydi, cowardice (hence Scotch, blate).

Blialum, vapid talk; from Scotch, blellum, idle talker.

Bragaidh, boastful; from English, brag.

Brùillig, a man of clumsy figure; is derived by the H.S.D. from *brù*, belly, but this is problematical. A *bruillig* is one that requires room, knocks against corners, and brings confusion in his wake. The Scotch word, *bruilzie*, to make a great hurly-burly, to jumble, is a most likely origin.

Buanaidh, a Sutherland word for a rude fellow, may be compared to *buanna*, a billeted soldier or mercenary, now obsolete in Gaelic, or with greater probability from the Norse, *bondi*, the slave who had to work for his overlord.

Amadan and *oinseach* are good Gaelic words for a foolish man and woman respectively. For long ages they served the purpose of the Celts; but intermixture with queer folks brought to light many degrees and kinds of folly. So they borrowed *burraidh*, fool, from the Latins, *burrae*, nonsense; *bumailear*, from the Scotch (onomotapoetic); also, *gliodhc*, senseless idiot, from Scotch, glaik; *drabhc*, awkward fool, from Norse, draugr, ghost; *dobht*, a blockhead, from Scotch, doit; *dreòlan*, a silly fellow, from Norse, droel; *dois* and *dais*, from the Norse, *dasi*, lazy fellow, or Scotch, *dawsie*, stupid and inactive. To this class also belong *gogaid*, a giddy female, from Scotch, goggy, French, coquette; and *àpas* (Sutherland) for a vain, conceited woman, English, ape.

To denote a *villain* there is a very expressive Gaelic word, *slaoightear*, whose root appears in other European tongues, *slad lat*, and means *thieving*. In course of time, however, after contact with Teutonic tribes, the Celts had to differentiate between several kinds of villainy, and they borrowed from the Scotch *trùcair*, a rascal; Scotch, truker; English, trick: *trustair*, from the Norse, *trjotr*, a knave; *robair*, robber, an *ròg air*, a rogue, come directly from the English.

For purposes of contempt no term is more often used than *a bheisd*, which is simply English *beast*; a deeper shade is arrived at by *uilbh*, hound, beast, which is the Norse *ulf-r*, wolf. These combine to make up an ugly compound, *uile-bheist*, monster, but really, *wolf-beast*.

It will also be found that the vast majority of opprobrious terms denoting some physical or mental defect is borrowed from the Norse or Scotch. Thus *ceafan*, a light-headed, frivolous person, is clearly Teutonic—Anglo-Saxon *ceaf*, chaff, and Icelandic *kaf-a*, to fly about; *ceigean*, a squat, low-built fellow, is from the Norse, kaggi, Scotch, keg; *cliob*, an awkward tool, whether man or instrument, from Scotch, *clype*, an ugly, ill-shaped fellow. Murray says the origin of *clype* is unknown. May it not come from *cleib*, a gaff, iron hook, Norse, klypa, as the North Highland *crabhc* (croc) crook, is applied to a bent, ill-shaped man?

Indeed, almost all our opprobrious terms are of Norse or Scotch origin, such as *sguidilear*, scullion, from Scotch, scudle, cleanse; *sliomair*, lazy lout, from Scotch, *slim*, naughty; *slabhcair*, awkward fellow, from Norse, slokr, and English, slouch; *tràill*, slave, from Norse, *thrœll*, English, thrall.

To the same origin must be ascribed terms denoting brawling and quarrelling; the wealth of the Norse tongue in this respect is significant of the rough manners of the Vikings. Thus *stri*, strife, *strùcair*, troublesome fellow, are from the Norse; and it is to Teutonic sources we are indebted for *ruidhtearachd*, riotousness; *tàbhurnach*, noisy (tavern); *sglabhart*, a blow on the side of the head; and such like.

It will thus be seen that there is very little truth, if any, in the accusation that Gaelic is a good *scolding* language, and much less that it contains a wealth of vituperative expressions. The charge is often made by those ignorant of the language; but the facts are quite the other way. For our linguistic weapons of abuse we had to go elsewhere, there being no *native* arsenal for such.

Durness. (Rev.) ADAM GUNN.

"THE ART PORT-FOLIO" for this month is of particular interest to Highlanders. It contains a fine portrait of Prince Charlie and three excellent re-productions of famous pictures of incidents in his eventful career.

MAJOR S. MACDOUGALL.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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MAJOR S. MACDOUGALL OF LUNGA,

PRESIDENT, CLAN MACDOUGALL SOCIETY.

THE subject of our sketch this month, Major Macdougall of Lunga, is the second and only surviving son of the late John Macdougall of Lunga, and Richmond, daughter of Donald Stewart of Luskintyre, and succeeded to the estate in 1888, on the death of his elder brother, Lieutenant John, of the 21st Hussars. He was appointed to the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders in 1877, and after sixteen years' continuous service with this regiment, retired in 1892 with the rank of Major. In 1882 Major Macdougall, then a lieutenant, volunteered for active service, and was attached to the Cameron Highlanders, with which famous regiment he served in the Egyptian campaign. He took part in the memorable night march and battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when he commanded one of the leading companies of the Camerons, and after storming the trenches, was dangerously wounded in the leg. It was decided to amputate the limb, as it was very much shattered, but this he refused to have done, and after a year in hospital he made a complete recovery. It is interesting to record that he was specially mentioned in despatches by General Sir Archibald Allison, commanding the Highland Brigade, for "great gallantry and coolness." From 1884 to 1889 he acted as Adjutant of the 4th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and rendered excellent service, the regiment being largely increased in numbers through his efforts. It may be added that the Major's military career is by no means ended. He has volunteered for active service with the Highland Brigade in South Africa, and expects at any moment to be ordered to the scene of hostilities, where we have no doubt he will again prove himself worthy of the martial reputation of his brave ancestors.

As a proprietor in Argyllshire, the laird of Lunga enjoys the entire confidence and respect of his tenants, of which we have tangible evidence in the fact that he is chairman of various local and County Council committees, and takes a keen interest in public affairs. The newly formed Clan Macdougall Society, which has already made such satisfactory progress, owes much of its success to his enthusiasm and encouragement, and his clansmen have done wisely in electing him president. They could not have selected a better chairman. The excellent portrait which we give with this issue will be welcomed by many of his clan, who were desirous that he should be honoured with a place in our gallery of notable Highlanders.

The Lunga family trace their descent from Hugh, youngest son of Allan Macdougall of Ragray by his marraige with a daughter of Maclaine of Lochbuie. The Ragray family were the earliest Cadets of Dunolly, and very potent in their day; but in 1649 John of Ragray was involved by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Argyll, who forced him to sell the greater part of his large estate to the Argyll family, by deed dated 1649.

Lunga House contains many trophies of the chase, secured mostly by the Major's father, who rented a part of the Blackmount and Knoydart forests for many years. It also contains several very interesting and valuable paintings, including one of "Lady Hamilton" by Romney, and a striking portrait (believed to be by Raeburn) of the laird's grand-mother, Miss Maclachlan of Craigenterrive, which old Argyllshire family he now represents. His great-grandmother was a Miss Campbell of Melfort, a family famous in the Highlands for the distinguished soldiers it produced.

In 1885, Major Macdougall married Miss Liddell of Sutton, and Keldy Castle, Yorkshire, and has a son, Iain.

It will be the earnest wish of his countrymen that the Laird of Lunga may gain fresh laurels with the Highland Brigade in South Africa, and that the call to arms may not again sound to summon him to the service of the nation.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART IV.

AT Lochiel's proof, held at Banavie, on 11th May, 1825, Glengarry was much in evidence, and at the outset succeeded, at least for the time, in having the proposed evidence of Alexander Cameron, Esq., residing at Arnisdale of Glenelg, rejected. Mr. Cameron was on the point of starting for America *animo remanendi*, and the time was scrimp. Being only sixty-five years of age, Glengarry argued that the Commission only covered aged witnesses (above seventy), or such as from ill-health and infirmity might at any moment die.

Donald Cameron, tenant of Kinlochiel, was then adduced, aged seventy-five, and showed minute knowledge of Glenkingie and its sheilings from 1775 downwards. He also spoke of the festivities consequent on the restoration of the Lochiel Estates, in 1785, in these terms—There was great rejoicing in the country, and plenty of bonfires and drinking. Perhaps the most interesting part falling under Cameron's examination occurred when Lochiel's Agent put the following question :—

Whether it consists with the knowledge of the witness that, from the year 1775 down to 1820, the tenants of the farms on the north side of Loch Arkaig, and of Shanvall and Glackfearn in Glendessary, had the quiet and peaceable possession of their respective farms and sheilings, as above enumerated, and as parts and portions of the estate of Lochiel, and without any molestation whatever, either during the time that the estate was under the management of His Majesty's Commissioners or since.

To which interrogatory, it was objected by Glengarry, who promptly took the opportunity of belittling Lochiel's ancient territorial position, confined to Letter Lochiel, and at same time showing his contempt for Lochiel's French bringing up, by putting on record :—

That although the witness may be bold enough to answer affirmative of the interrogatory, yet it must appear evident from the circumstance of his having lived all his life at Kinlochiel (except the few years that he occupied the one-half of Kenmore), a distance of many miles, and separated by several districts of country from the land to which the interrogatory applies. That his *causa scientiæ* must be nothing more than hearsay prior to his entry into Kenmore, and must be similarly affected in a greater or lesser degree since he left Kenmore. Glengarry therefore protests against any evidence founded on hearsay, entering the proof, as the districts of Strathlochy, Glenloy, and the south side of Loch Arkaig intervene between the lands of Lochiel proper (being the north and east side of

[*From Photo by* *W. Drummond Norie.*]

NEAR ACHNASANE, LOCH ARKAIG.

CUINICH, LOCH ARKAIG, LOOKING WEST TO GLENDESSARY.

Lochiel), and those of that proprietor's estates upon the north side of Loch Arkaig; and at those early periods the Highlands of Scotland had not the advantage of such communications by roads and otherwise, as the munificence of Government had contributed recently to afford them; wherefore the difficulty of communication between the districts of Lochiel and Loch Arkaig; especially the north side of Loch Arkaig, separated from the south side thereof by a large fresh-water lake of not less than twelve miles in length, is quite as great (at least it was so prior to the introduction of roads), as between any other two Highland districts inhabited by different clans; which, in fact, was the case with those, viz., the Mackintoshes and Camerons of old. To which objection it was remarked for Lochiel that it was unnecessary to answer it, and upon the geographical details, he would only notice that the distance from Kinlochiel to Kinlocharkaig, by the drove road over the hills, is about six Scotch miles only. That the property all the way from Kinlochiel to Loch Arkaig and Glenkingie, whether by the drove road or the Parliamentary road, belonged to Lochiel, and had always done so, so far back as written records extend. Replied, Glengarry admits (as he has no access to know the contrary), having never travelled the hill step referred to, that the distance from Lochielhead to the head of Loch Arkaig is probably correct, being similar to that which generally separates the neighbouring inhabited Highland glens, but Crieff (the last farm referred to), is at least seven or eight miles from the head of Loch Arkaig; and a similar distance to either of those (or an equally short period of time) would bring a Highlander from the low farms on the north side of Loch Arkaig to his inhabited farms on the banks of the Garry; he therefore, so far, is obliged to Lochiel's agent for causing him to illustrate his argument to the understanding of strangers; he is sorry (as being perfectly irrelevant to the proof now taking), however, at being called upon, in pursuance of what he had advanced, to maintain that that gentleman has gone too far in saying—"That the property all the way from Kinlochiel to Loch Arkaig and Glenkingie, whether by the drove road or the Parliamentary road, belonged to Lochiel, and had always done so, as far back as written records extend," as Lochiel's occupation of, and written documents for, Glenloy and Loch Arkaig, are comparatively of very modern date to those of his principals in "Letter-Lochiel," his original property; and in less than an hour's walk from where we now sit that gentleman may gratify his curiosity with an inspection of the romantic ruins of Tor Castle, the ancient residence of Lachlan More Mackintosh in Strathlochy, inhabited by him up to the middle of the 17th century; at least that chief, after withdrawing therefrom, was alive at this period, as can be proved from the records of the Supreme Court, from the circumstance of his having been killed in single combat upon the streets of Inverness, which afterwards occasioned legal proceedings. Remarked for Lochiel, that it was unnecessary to duply, and his agent confesses his inferiority to Glengarry in that description of learning introduced into the reply, but that he could not admit that Lachlan More Mackintosh had resided at Tor Castle within the period referred to. Glengarry considers it quite unnecessary to triply.

Alexander Macphee, crofter, Corpach, aged seventy years and upwards, was born at Glackfern, of Glendessary, his father having been forester in Monaquoich, and Corrybuie, the sanctuary. That the public gave the general appellation of Monaquoich to all the lands and hills on both sides of upper Loch Quoich. That the forest was maintained for three years after Butter's appointment as factor. That at Mam Clach Ard, Lochiel, Knoydart, and North Morar join, and he very minutely described the march betwixt Lochiel and Glengarry from Mam Clach Ard to Bunkingie. The witness proceeded to mention that at a certain point the head waters of Glendessary and of Knoydart run for a time back to back. Referring to the route taken by droves from Skye, and the West Mainland, before the King's road was formed through Glengarry and Glen Quoich to Kinloch Hourn, witness condescends, and says—"That he knows a place on Glengarry's side of Loch Quoich, called Bunchoali, and he knows the head of Loch Quoich, which is called Kinloch Quoich. Interrogated whether or not the witness knows that there was a drove road from Bunchoali on Glengarry's property across the Gearauin to Kinloch Quoich, and then along Lochiel's side of the Loch and through the Mainger, at the time when Mr. Butter was tenant of Monaquoich, as already deponed to, and that droves of cattle passed that way. Depones—That before the King's road, as he calls it, from Loch Ournhead down to the side of the Garry, was made, people were in the practice of taking the drove road mentioned in the interrogatory with their cattle. Depones—That he cannot condescend on the number of years since the King's road was made, but it is not a very long time. Depones—That he is sure it was not finished before he came to reside at Corpach, but he thinks it was began before that time. Depones—That a good many of the droves that took the foresaid drove road came from the Island of Skye across Kylerea, the ferry from Skye to the mainland, and other islands in the Hebrides. Interrogated—Whether or not it consists with the knowledge of the witness that the whole lands already enumerated by him as belonging to Lochiel, and within the line of march which the witness has delineated, from Mam Clach Ard to Bunkingie, have been occupied and possessed as parts of Lochiel's Estate, and ever since the witness recollects and without any trouble or molestation either at the time that the estate was under the management of His Majesty's Commissioners or since. Depones, affirmative. Depones—That he knows it was the practice on the Estate of Lochiel, both when Mr. Butter was factor thereon as well as when Fasafern was factor, for these gentlemen to convene all the tenants of the estate on a given day or days in summer yearly, to adjust disputes about marches, cutting of wood, or any other disputes or differences that might arise on the estate, and this was called the summer court or souming court; and they were convened again in the same manner soon after Martinmas to pay the rent.

(To be continued.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

ARMORIAL bearings are emblems or marks of distinction, which have either been adopted by an individual, a family, or a community, or have been granted by a sovereign for some signal service. They were called arms because they were so often painted upon shields and other pieces of armour. Sometimes they were painted upon banners and pennons, whence they got the name of armorial ensigns, and being drawn upon the surcoats of military persons, they were called coats-of-arms. The officers by whom the rules and regulations pertaining to the adoption and wearing of arms were carried into execution, were called heralds, and hence the science of armorial bearings is known as heraldry.

The science of heraldry is not an ancient one, although the customs out of which it has grown, date back to pre-historic times. Primitive tribes all the world over, and in every age, were wont to wear some mark or emblem which distinguished them from neighbouring tribes. Among some of the ancients those emblems were considered sacred, and all the men wearing the same mark were united by the bond of brotherhood. The remote elements of modern heraldry are to be sought in the war-paint of the savage, who painted in fantastic device on the naked body, and sometimes in rude colours on his shield and weapons. The Celts, too, were fond of painting their shields, and this adornment being for the purpose of distinction, is the earliest form of armorial bearing among the Highlanders.

Probably the earliest record we have of herald's emblem anywhere is in the Book of Genesis, where we read of the aged patriarch blessing his son. The flickering torch of life seems to have been fanned anew into flame for this dying effort, and the old man's intellect and prophetic instinct were never so keen as when he uttered the words (Gen. 49)—"Judah is a lion's whelp. He couched as a lion—as an old lion—who shall raise him up? Dan shall be a serpent by the way—an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels." The word herald signifies the champion of an army, and it is still the province of a herald to declare war. The bards were the heralds of the clans, and they carried the shields of the chiefs as the heralds of succeeding ages bore the arms of their county or patron. Each clansman, too, wore the symbol of his clan on his shield—

"On that targe of tough bull hide,
Which death so often dashed aside."

The marks impressed on these leather-covered targes resembled the intertwining of twigs, a favourite ornament among the Celts, being imitated in the hilts of the dirks and introduced in their brooches and other ornaments. This intricate tracery, which formed for so many ages their common pattern, is still to be seen in the rude sculpture of monumental stones.

Many believe that the Highlanders of the middle ages were a semi-barbarous race of half-clothed savages, devoid of literature and art, and destitute of the tastes of civilised society. It is certainly true that the hands of the Highlander have been more used to the sword than the pen—their hearts more attuned to the freedom of the forest than the restraints of study—but when the winter nights were long, and the deer had shed their horns, then around the peat-fire did they keep alive the memories of the past.

Hundreds of years ago the Highlands and Islands possessed churches adorned with monumental effigies, religious houses replenished with illuminated libraries, and baronial castles decorated with the portraits of many generations, and with the arms with which they had fought on a hundred fields of battle. Each cell had its friar or its clerk, who collected from the storm-stayed birling or night-lodged guest some news of the adventurous world which moved around them, and each *Tigh mor* had its *seannachaidh* and *leabhar dearg*—a living historian who taught to the present the history of the past.

But the ravages of anarchy and civil war—the unfortunate pillages during the Reformation,

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR HECTOR MUNRO OF FOULIS, BART., CHIEF OF THE CLAN MUNRO.

and the rapine of the armies of Cromwell and the armies of occupation in 1715 and 1745 have deprived our literature of priceless treasures. Other countries, too, have had their revolutions. In England the religious faith of the country underwent a change; in France their religion has been practically abolished. Yet, in spite of it all, the spires of the churches of the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries still rear their heads above the trees planted by their French and Norman founders. Turn to the Highlands of Scotland, and in the ruined chapels and amidst the long grass which covers the graves in the half-deserted cities of the dead, you will come across a triangular stone or a grey slab, sculptured with some weapon of the fight or chase. The records, the stores of tradition which could have enriched our literature and archæology, are mouldering in the dust with the tongues that could have told them, or were scattered and doomed to perish in other lands. Still, we have sufficient evidence left to show that the Celt possessed a high proficiency in the fabrication of arms, and this necessarily includes a knowledge of painting and carving. The military ensigns themselves bear testimony to other arts besides the manufacture of their material, for they were richly emblazoned like the baronial colours of all feudal nations. Probably the earliest reference to anything of the kind in Celtic literature is the description of the royal banner, given by Ossian:—

"Thog sinn Deo Ghreine ri crann
A bhratach mhòr aig righ nan lann,
Bha gorm shlios ballach le h-òr
Mar shlige ghlais mhoir na h-oidhche,
'Nuair sheallas na reil o'n speur."

An older version of the same poem says:—

"Thog sinn Deo Greine ri crann
Bratach Fhinn 's bu gharbh a greann
Iomlan do chlachaibh an or."

And thus the flag of Sleit is described by Ian Lom:—

"B'e do shuaicheantas taitneach
Long 's leomhann is bradan,
An chuan liobhar an aigeil
A chroabh fhiona grinn ghaiseadh
A chuireadh sugh di le pailteas,
Lamh dearg roimh ghaisgeach nach tiom."

The silken banner of the Clan Ranald is spoken of by a bard of the 15th century, Domhnull Mac Fhionnlaidh:—

"Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann
A seol faramach ri crann."

Again, the standard of the Macgregors is described in the ancient poem, "Macgregor o' Ruaro":—

"Mac Griogair nam Bratach
Da'm bu tartarach pioba,
Ga'm bu shuaitheantas giubhas
Ri bruthach ga dhireadh.
Crann caol air dheagh locradh,
'S ite dhosach an fhir-eoin,
Crann caol air dheagh snaidheadh
Cuid do dh'aighear mhic Righ e.
Ann an laimh dheagh Mhic Mhuirich
'Ga chumail reidh, direach."

The works of the ancient bards are full of those references to the emblazoned banners of the clans, and now I offer no apology for entering a little into detail of coat armour in general—for there is abundant evidence that the science of heraldry is not a popular study.

(To be continued.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL OF BARCALDINE, BART.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A TANDEM AND MRS. DOUGLAS.

As Told by Molly.

IT was all mother's fault that dad would not let us have a tandem. She is so nervous. Gladys is such a good whip too, and even I have driven Lord Archie's team.

"What is the difference, dear Mums, between driving two horses abreast, and putting one in front of the other?" said Gladys, at last.

"My dear child, it is both dangerous and fast for girls to drive a tandem," said mother, severely.

"Oh, Mums," replied Gladys, with suspicious innocence, "a pair can go quite as fast as a tandem, it all depends on who is driving."

Mother only laughed, for Glad is allowed to say things to both our parents that no one else is.

That afternoon Mums went out in the landeau, taking the three other girls with her.

"Do keep out of mischief, dears," said she, anxiously, "Molly, I depend on you to be good."

This is a stereotyped speech of hers, and is always addressed to me, although Gladys is the elder; but I suppose people find out by experience that the more promises Gladys makes the greater in proportion is the mischief perpetrated. Scotch air seems to have a particularly exhilirating effeçt upon her, for, when in Sussex, she is the quietest of us all, and during her three London seasons she has only been noted for her air of languid indifference.

When we had seen the carriage turn round the bend of the avenue, Gladys linked her arm in mine and said very quietly, "Let's go and take 'Brownie' and 'Kelpie' out in the cart."

"In the dogcart?" I said. "But has'n't it gone with dad and the boys to the moor?"

"I mean the two wheeler," said Gladys, still in the same expressionless tone.

"Well," I replied, laughing, "you can't put both into the two wheeler, unless— Oh, Glad, you can't mean to—?"

"Yes, I am going to drive tandem."

"But," remonstrated I feebly, "we have no tandem harness."

"I can manage that, my dear girl."

"But, Glad, after what Mums said?"

"Oh, dear old Mums, bless her heart!" said Gladys. "What does she know about it? She won't believe me when I tell her it's not a bit dangerous; and, besides, she won't know we've gone till we return safe and sound."

This specious argument seemed to satisfy her conscience (if she has such a thing, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt), and I followed to the stables remonstrating more and more feebly as Gladdie's spirit of adventure infected me.

All seemed in our favour. Stevens was out with the landeau, Mackay with the dogcart, and we had just passed Lawson going to the station with the luggage cart; only Tom, the new boy, remained to be coerced. Gladys ordered him to harness "Brownie," and when that was done she sent him on an errand that ought to have taken him an hour at least. Then began our difficulties. The traces we had to fasten together with string, which "Kelpie" broke at her first movement. But Gladys was not to be beaten. So we hunted about and found a piece of tarred rope, with which we tied up every place where a strap or a buckle ought to have been. It certainly was strong, and so was its smell, and it hurt our fingers horribly. But at last all was ready, and we surveyed our handiwork with great pride. Had it not been for the patched appearance of the harness it would have been a lovely little tandem. "Brownie" is a sturdy hill pony of about thirteen hands high, and the colour his name denotes; whilst "Kelpie" is a bright bay thoroughbred, which dad had bought for us to drive in the cart only a few weeks previously.

"I only wish," said Gladys, with a sigh, "that the cart was big enough for 'Starlight' and 'Rainbow.'

I felt profoundly thankful that the cart was no larger, for "Starlight" and "Rainbow" have anything but a peaceful reputation!

"We'll go up by the moor road," Gladys went on, "a gentle incline will be an excellent thing to start them on. Get in, Molly, I'm ready."

It really was rather disappointing, for our steeds behaved as to the manner born. We subsequently discovered that "Kelpie" had been driven as leader in a tandem only a season before. As for "Brownie," if he had been harnessed to a wheelbarrow with a pig as companion I believe that he would have done his best with it. So we drove in grand style out of the yard, and took the back way to the moor, thus avoiding the lodge and gardener's cottage.

How well I recollect every detail in that drive, and how we enjoyed it! We are neither of us the least sentimental (anyway Gladys was not then), but I think no one could live in our North Country without feeling a possessive love for it that comes very near to sentiment. On each side of us stretched the moor, pink with grouse heather, beyond that on one side rose the steep rugged side of the Ben, and on the other lay the sea, sparkling and good-humoured, in the afternoon sunlight. Beyond us rose the mountains, ridge succeeding ridge, until we were uncertain if the furthest haze upon the skyline was mountain or cloud. There was a crisp autumnal touch in the air, and now and then

the scent of a turnip crop on some little croft heralded (and I think no other more romantic scent does it quite so surely), the near approach of chill October.

For a few miles we drove in silence, a silence which was broken by a sudden and surprising remark from Gladys.

"Archie proposed to me last night," she remarked.

"Gladys!" I exclaimed, too astonished to say more. We are a brotherless family, and ever since we were little girls in the nursery Archie has been to us like the most charming of elder brothers. Certainly Gladys has always been his acknowledged favourite, but so she is with everyone. And Mums has always declared that she loved him as a son.

"I refused him," continued Gladys, as calmly as though she were speaking of a cold *entree*.

"Refused him?" I said blankly. The whole incident seemed so unexpected, so preposterous, that my brain refused to grasp it.

"Yes," said Gladys, still in the same matter-of-fact tone, "it seemed so disloyal to love him better than Mums and Dad, and to prefer him to you as a chum that I told him not to talk nonsense."

My powers of discrimination had returned to me, for I had caught a glimpse of her face.

"Glad!" I exclaimed, "I believe you do love him better—"

"What nonsense!" she interrupted hurriedly, "I don't, of course, I don't."

I have no very clear recollection of what happened after this. I can remember hearing the report of a gun, and I am sure I saw "Kelpie" turn round and make a gallant attempt to take "Brownie" and the cart in one flying leap. Then all became a blank.

I heard afterwards that as we came round a corner, Lord Archie, who had neither seen nor heard our approach, fired at a hare. The report of the gun made "Kelpie" shy violently, upon which our rope-trace gave way, the cart overturned, and we were both pitched out. Gladys, with her usual luck, 'fell soft' on the roadside heather, but I landed on the 'ard 'igh road.

As I regained consciousness these words fell on my ears—"Oh, Archie, I've killed her!"

"Nonsense, my dear girl, she's coming to beautifully."

"Molly, you're not dead are you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not. But what has happened? And oh, Archie, do stop soaking my hair with that horrible whisky!"

Gladys gave a laugh that was suspiciously near to tears, and Archie answered, "Thank goodness, you're all right, Moll! Can you stand?"

With his help I rose to my feet, feeling rather sick and giddy. The cart was lying in the ditch. "Brownie" and "Kelpie" having shaken off all impedimenta possible, were browsing contently by the roadside.

Archie says that if we had known how to make a decent knot much worse might have befallen us, for in that case the harness would not have given way so readily. But by this time darkness was gathering round us, and we both began to feel uneasy as we thought of mother's anxiety at our non-appearance.

"One thing to be thankful for," remarked Gladys, "is that the dear old lady has no idea of the 'manner of style' in which we went out."

"Well," said I, "in an hour it will be dinner-time, and perhaps you can suggest in what way we are to get over six miles in that time."

"I am going to drive you," Archie's voice said, before Gladys had time to reply. He had been silently and busily working at the harness, and continued his work whilst he remarked with withering sarcasm—"Necessity once taught me the correct way of making rope harness. I intend to drive you two safely home in time for dinner, although we must perforce make use of this evil smelling rope." And in an incredibly short space of time he had the tandem harnessed in a very much more workmanlike manner than our most painful efforts could have attained to.

"We've no lamps," he remarked cheerily, "but there'll be a grand moon very presently, and she'll light us finely. Oh, I see you've not got the back seat in. Well, we must sit 'three in a hansom.' Gladys, for your sins, will you kindly do 'bodkin?' Now then, Molly, hop up, and if your head feels queer you shall have some more of that nice whisky." So saying he started his tandem at a brisk trot. He seemed in the best of spirits, and not the least bit like a rejected lover. I marvelled, but presently the explanation came.

"Whilst your spirit was taking that sudden and unexpected flight to other regions, Molly," he said, "in point of fact whilst you lay unconscious by the roadside, Gladys confided to me that she thought she preferred double harness to a tandem. It seems unfeeling towards you to have discussed our opinions at such a time, but if you forgive us, Moll, you shall have your choice of bridemaids' presents!"

"Archie!" burst forth Gladys at this point, "How dare you? I never said any such thing!"

"Never said what, my dear girl? You seem a little incoherent. Molly, will you kindly turn your head away and shut your ears whilst I arrange matters with this foolish young person."

I did as I was asked. It was an ideal lovers' night. One by one the stars appeared until the sky seemed truly "full of pinpricks to let the glory through." Only the moon still veiled her

face behind a fleecy cloud, reluctant perhaps to spy on the lovers, who seemed to have forgotten any existence save their own. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, Archie pulled up his steeds almost on their haunches.

"Hullo!" he cried, "what have we here?"

Just then the cloud most obligingly removed itself, and the moon rode high and clear in the heavens. By her white light we beheld a recumbent figure on the road, clutching in its hand a roll of something white, and by its side a bottle marked in large, clear type, "Brandy."

"Dead drunk, by jove," said Archie, in tones of deep disgust, "A woman too!"

At that moment the figure sat up and began to gesticulate wildly. Our eyes travelled from her dust-covered garments to her face, and there almost hidden by dishevelled locks, we, with feelings that are better left to the imagination, beheld the features of—Mums! Tableau!!

AS TOLD BY MRS. DOUGLAS.

Of course it was a great dissappointment when Archie told me Gladys had refused him—"with scorn," the poor boy added bitterly. I was vexed too that Gladys herself had not confided in me. Altogether it had been a most upsetting day. The three elder girls had been asked over to some theatricals at the Warrens', people with whom I particularly dislike that they should associate, but the invitations had been sprung upon me unexpectedly, and I had not been able at the moment to think of any sufficiently good excuse. Then too I had to leave Gladys and Mary alone, and I had a presentiment that they would get into mischief—a presentiment which on many other occasions has been amply justified.

As I drove home alone, having left the girls at Warren Towers, Archie's last words to me the previous night kept ringing in my ears—"Of course now, dear Mrs. Dug, I shall volunteer for the Transvaal."

Why had Gladys refused him? I could find no answer to the riddle. It seemed such a peculiarly suitable match, twenty-one and twenty-eight; title and property on one side, a certain amount of money on the other; health and good looks on both. I am not worldly, nor am I a matchmaker, but when one has five daughters all 'out,' it seems almost ingratitude to refuse a man like Archie—not that I had anything to do with the refusal, goodness knows.

Darkness was gathering when I reached home, and I at once said to Ross—"Have the young ladies come in yet?"

"I think not, ma'am," he replied. "Indeed I have not seen Miss Gladys nor Miss Mary since the carriage left, and then they went up towards the stables."

I turned to the coachman. "Stevens," I said, "send me word from the stables at once if either of the ponies is out."

I waited at the hall door, and in a few minutes the stable-boy came running down.

"I was to tell Mrs. Douglas that the little cart and both the ponies are gone from the stables," he said.

"Both the ponies?" I cried, "are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am, I harnessed the brown pony for Miss Gladys and Miss Mary, and then they sent me to the post-office, and—" he paused.

"Oh, do go on," I said impatiently. "Why did'n't they take 'Kelpie?' Or where is 'Kelpie'?"

"Miss Gladys she was driving both the ponies when I saw her going out of the stables. I came in just as—"

"Tom," I interrupted, "what do you mean? How could they have both ponies in the little cart?"

"Tandem, Mrs. Douglas," he replied with some dignity.

I have often heard that coolness is the greatest essential in an emergency, and whatever the girls may say to the contrary I consider that I behaved with much presence of mind.

"Tom," I said quietly, "tell Stevens to re-harness the horses, that there has been an accident. Stay! Which direction did they go in? Miss Gladys I mean."

"Up by the east side of the moor, ma'am," said Tom, who was thoroughly enjoying the situation.

"Well, tell Stevens that I shall go ahead on foot taking the short cut, and that he must follow with the carriage as quickly as possible."

My next proceeding was to rush to my boudoir, where I always keep a roll of bandages and a brandy-flask in case of emergencies. I found my bandages at once but the flask was gone, then I remembered that I had lent it to Archie the day before, and of course he had forgotten to return it. To save time I went straight to the dining-room, where Ross was decanting the dinner wines. Disregarding his look of astonishment I seized a bottle marked 'Brandy,' and rushed out through the conservatory.

It was a starlight night, but no moon was visible, and I stumbled over stones and roots of trees as I ran up the short cut to the moor road. A horrible picture of both my darlings lying bruised, bleeding, and helpless, was ever before my mind's eye, and had I not wanted all my breath I should have cried heartily.

I expected to find Stevens and the carriage waiting for me on the road, but they were not even in sight. I walked on up the hill for some way, but still I could see no living thing except

the little black-faced sheep cropping the short grass by the road, nor could I hear anything save the meloncholy cry of sea-birds out on the rocks. It was a most eerie night, and on ordinary occasions I should have been terrified at being out by myself. At last I stopped and listened intently, and fancied I could hear the quick trot of horses' hoofs, but at what distance or in which direction I could not tell. Then I remembered hearing once that North American Indians place their ears to the ground, and, listening thus, can distinguish sounds many miles away.

With some difficulty, for I am neither so young nor so supple as I was, I placed myself in a recumbent attitude on the road, and pressed my ear on the ground. I have never heard well with that ear since. Wonderful! I could now clearly distinguish the quick, sharp trot of a pair of ponies, and they were certainly coming down the hill towards me. Oh, that it might be my dear runaways safe and sound! I fancied that they must still be about a mile away when the sound suddenly ceased. Oh, mercy! the accident that I had hoped was averted had no doubt happened. I struggled into a sitting posture, and beheld close to me that horrible tandem, with Gladys, Molly, and Archie staring at me in the greatest amazement. No wonder.

I do not think I need add more. Archie and Gladys are very happy, so "all's well that ends well." Yet I sometimes wish that they would cease to enquire if I "still keep my private brandy-bottle."

Ryefield, Ross-shire, MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

A UNIQUE AND POETIC DISCHARGE.

IT was customary in the Highlands, and probably in other places as well, for some men to be better known by the name of their habitation than by their surname. Indeed, in the Reay Country, and in parts of Sutherland where the name Mackay preponderated (see Kemp's "Sutherland Democracy," page 44), tee-names were, and I believe are still, as necessary as among the fisherfolk of the seaboard.

On the banks of the Tay, Perthshire, there is a place called Balnakeilly—whether a hamlet or farm I know not—but a farmer was there locally known as Balnakeilly, who on one occasion gave two bolls of meal to a man a considerable distance from thence, on credit, and on the distinct understanding that payment would be forthcoming at a time agreed upon. The recipient, according to promise, arrived at Balnakeilly at the time stipulated, but Balnakeilly was not at home, which chagrined the honest man a bit, having made a long journey. A brother of Balnakeilly happened to be there, Peter Stewart by name, and to him he told his business. Peter told him that if satisfied with his discharge, he would be quite ready to give it to him. The man, canny Scot, who knew no English, said that if he wrote it in Gaelic he would accept it. The document was as follows:

"Tha mise maighstir Pàruig, brathair Bhailnacille,
Toirt dhutsa *disearsg* airson da bholla mine,
'S cha 'n'eil e 'san àl so no 'san àl a tha ri thighinn,
A ni thusa *shearsaigeadh* airson an dà bholla mine."

The man stepped homewards quite satisfied with the discharge. ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

20 St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh, 5th March, 1900.

LAMENT FOR ÆNEAS NORMAN MACKINTOSH, THE DOUNE.*

O'ER the land of Clan Toisich hangs sorrow's dark cloud,
For the kind and the noble lies cold in his shroud;
Seeking health, he set sail for a far foreign shore,
But, alas! to return to the Doune never more.
And his clansmen would share in the burden of grief
That bereavement has laid on the heart of their chief.

Sad and low, like the sounds of the wind o'er the heath
Were the sighs of his clan, as they heard of his death;
Hush'd was mirth on the banks of the Findhorn and Nairn,
And with gloom overcast were the hearths of Strathdearn.
And the bard, as of old, would in accents of grief
Blend his dirge with the sighs of his clansmen and chief.

In the camp or the council, the country or town,
Never more shall his friends meet Æneas of the Doune;
He who aye had at heart his poor countrymen's weal,
Has now gone to the land of the kind and the leal.
And the high and the low sympathise with the chief,
And his death-stricken house, in their loss and their grief.

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

*Mackintosh of Mackintosh's brother, who died a few days ago at Los Angeles, South California.

MANY HIGHLANDERS IN THE COLONIES and other distant parts of the world will now be preparing to visit the old country. When in Glasgow they should not forget to call at R. W. Forsyth's, the celebrated Highland costumier, to inspect his large stock of clan tartans and Highland costume accessories.

THE ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING of the Clan Mackay Society, which this year takes the form of a conversazione, will be held in the "Mikado," Jamaica Street, Glasgow, on Friday evening, 30th March. A large attendance of members and friends is expected, and the proceedings promise to be of special interest. Tickets (price 3s) can be had from John Mackay, hon. secretary, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 7s 6d, post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

CLAN SEPTS AND SURNAMES.

DEAR SIR,—During my last visit to the old country I published, as you are aware, a small book relating to Highland matters, entitled "What is my Tartan?" The little book contained, in as concise a form as possible, notes collected during some twenty years. It was with some trepidation that I gave these notes to the public. However, since their publication I have been much gratified by receiving letters from all parts of the world, not only from Scotsmen, but also from foreigners of Scotch extraction, thanking me for information given in "What is my Tartan?" and asking for further information. I have, therefore, decided to publish a larger work on clan matters which, besides containing the information given in "What is my Tartan?" will also contain over 100 plates of Highland tartans, plates of costumes, maps, &c. I hope to have my MS. completed within the next two years. I thankfully again acknowledge here the kind assistance you gave me when I had my last book in hand. I would now exact from you another favour, namely, the insertion of this letter in your well-known periodical (which finds its way, I know, to all corners of the world where Scotsmen are to be found), and the receiving for me of any letter or communication which your readers may make on the subject.

In the first place, I shall be glad to receive from any of the readers of "What is my Tartan?" any suggestions as to additional information, &c. In the second place, I am very anxious to have my list of sept names in the work I have now in hand as complete as possible. I have already added considerably to my list since "What is my Tartan?" was published, and I shall be happy to have the names of any septs which do not appear in above book, along with information as to their clan origin. Perhaps some of your readers can give me information as to the clan origin of the following names:—

Macswyde, which appears to be of Hebridean origin.

Steel, which, I think, hails from Harris.

Macelfrish, also Hebridean, I think.

Macmorran. Is this a Mackinnon sept?

Maclise. Is this a form of Macleish or Fletcher, Clan Gregor septs?

Gilfillan appears to be a form of Maclellan (though quite distinct from the Maclellans of Kirkcudbright), and to hail from Mull.

Reoch. Is this a form of Macillriach or Macdonald sept?

Maclullich or MacCulloch (as distinct from the MacCullochs of the Stewartry), appear to have been settled in Ross-shire for centuries, and to have been connected with the old Earls of Ross. Is this a Macdonald sept?

MacConacher appears to be a Lorn name. Is this a Campbell or a Macdonald sept?

Macvicar. Am I right in taking this to be a sept dependent on the Campbells of Argyll? The name seems peculiar to the northern side of Loch Fyne.

Macgibbon or Gibson. Is a sept of this name connected with the Clan Donald?

Are the MacCombichs a sept of the Stewarts of Appin?

Mackeggie (originally Mackaggie) appears to come from Morayshire. Is another form of MacCaig, a Farquharson sept?

MacCunn. Am I right in supposing this to be a Macdonald name (Siol Cuinn)? and Mackinnell also to be a form of Macdonald?

Macferron. A number of people bearing this name are to be found in the Northern States of the U.S. They appear to believe themselves to be Macphersons. Can any one throw light on this matter?

Do some Macmasters hail from Ardgour? If so, what is their clan?

I shall also be glad to know the clan origin of the following names:—Macnamara, MacCubbin, Bannerman, MacCord, Macgann, MacCann, MacCaffer, MacComaskig, Mackellaig, Macvinish, MacCarrach, Macnean, Macdulothes, Mackellachie, Fingland, Machugash, Macstephen, Macleven, Macgugan.

My work is purely a labour of love, and one which aims at placing in the hands of every Highlander, in a cheap and concise form, full information as to clan matters. My task is rendered doubly difficult by the great distance I am removed from the bonnie Highlands. I trust, therefore, that any of your readers interested in the subject will lend me any aid which may be in their power. Thanking you, in anticipation, for your courtesy, I am, yours faithfully,

FRANK ADAM.

Island of Java, 3rd January, 1900.

[We will be very pleased to receive and publish any information on the topics referred to which any of our readers may be able to offer.—ED.]

THE OLD MILLS AND THE NEW.

BY FIONN.

ONE of the oldest instruments for grinding corn is the quern, or *bràth*, as it is called in Gaelic. It was used among all who cultivated the soil, and it is only within recent years that its use has been restricted to a few of the Hebridean Isles and one or two remote parishes on the mainland of Scotland. The various travellers who visited the Highlands during the last century, and made "observations," record the use of the hand-mill or *quern*, despite the fact that in 1284 a law was enacted by Alexander III. forbidding the use of "hand-mylnes" (hand-mills) in Scotland. The enactment ran as follows:—"That na man sall presume to grind quheit, maisloch, or rye, with hand-mylnes, except to be compelled by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhilk should grind the samen . . and gif any man contraveins this our prohibition, he sall tyne his hand-mylnes perpetuallie." Long ago the Gael ground his own corn and baked his own meal. His mode of operation was expeditious, if somewhat primitive. A few sheaves of corn were taken, and the grain switched out of the ear and put in a pot on the

THE QUERN, OR HAND-MILL.

fire to dry. This hurried process is called *eararadh*, while corn prepared by the usual kiln-drying process is known as *ealachadh*. A still quicker mode of drying was to set the sheaves standing against each other, and set fire to the straw. This was known by the name of *gradan*, from *grad*, quick, and meal made of the grain so dried was called *min-ghradain*.

The operation of grinding with the quern was usually performed by two women, sitting opposite each other on the floor. Underneath the quern was spread a piece of cloth, or a dried hide, called *craicionn bràthain*, to keep the meal clean.

In course of time hand-mills were superseded by mills driven by water—indeed, some of the larger querns were driven by water in Shetland and other places. Mills were built in each barony, and the laird, to secure the multure or miller's fees, was anxious that all querns should be destroyed, a fact which accounts for the almost complete disappearance of the hand-mills. "The miller on every lairdship," says Logan, "had usually a croft for his support, besides the legal multures and sequels, *i.e.*, perquisites of the miller and his men." In Scots law, thirlage is the servitude by which lands are astricted to a particular mill, being bound to have their corn ground there on certain terms. The district or lands thus bound are termed the sucken, and the payments

are the multure or quantity of grain or meal exacted by the heritor or his tacksman, and the sequels are those quantities given to the servants under the name of knaveship, bannock, and loch, or gowpen. The tenant paid a certain measure out of every boll to the chief, half that measure to the miller, and a quarter to the *gille-muilinn*, or miller's man. These exactions were frequently the cause of considerable friction between the various parties, as may be learned from the writers of the articles on the Highland Parishes in the "Old Statistical Account" of Scotland.

Song was essential to the operation of grinding corn, and several quern croons, or songs, have been preserved. The following may interest our musical readers:—

THE QUERN LILT.

KEY D—*Moderato, with expression.*

.m	s., d	: m., d	s., d	: m.			
The	*cumha*	stills the	dowie	heart,			
.s	l., l	: s., m	r	: r.			
The	*crònan*	stills the	bairn	- nie;			
.m	s., d	: m., d	s., d	: m.			
The	music	for a'	hungry	wame,			
.s	l., l	: s., m	r	: d.			
Is	grinding	o' the	quer	- nie.			
.m	d., m	: s., l	s. m	: s.			
And	leeze me	o' my	little	quern,			
.s	l., t	: d'. m'	r'., d'	: l.			
O	grind the	graddan	grind	it;			
.t	d'. m'	: l. d'	d., r	: m.			
We'll	a' get	crowdie	when it's	dune,			
.s	l, d'.—	: s., m	r	: r.			
And	bannocks	steeve to	bind	it.			

The married man his joy may prize,
The lover prize his earlies;
But gin the quernie gangna round,
They baith will soon be sareless.
Sae leeze me, &c.

The whisky gars the barque of life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But graddan in the ballast gars
It steady gang and fairly.
Then leeze me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
And owre the ingle hinge us;
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe whatever dings us.
Then leeze me, &c.

And now it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'.
Then leeze me, &c.

A curious dispute regarding the erection of a mill on the Mackintosh estates took place in 1660, and one, moreover, which is interesting as proving that the clans did not always offer a blind or slavish obedience to their chiefs. It would appear that the Mackintosh of the day erected a mill which, although on his own estate, was alleged to be injurious to one belonging to Cluny Macpherson lower down the stream. Remonstrances between the rival chiefs having proved of no effect, it was resolved to appeal to arms, and the *Crois tàra* was sent through the country to raise Clann Mhuirich. The contending parties met each other at the site of the intended mill, but Mackintosh, finding himself inferior in numbers, sent down to the laird of Grant for a reinforcement. This chief was young and inexperienced, and offhand promised the support desired. His clansmen, however,

THE MILL WHEEL.

demurred to enter into a quarrel in which they were not interested against their near neighbours the Macphersons. They accordingly sent their elders to remonstrate with their chief, with the result that the laird of Grant immediately countermanded the proposed levy. The Mackintosh then made a similar application to his relation, the chief of the Farquharsons, but with no better success, *Clann Fhionnlaidh* refusing to be embroiled in a war with the Macphersons. Under these circumstances, the two clans having faced each other for some days, Mackintosh withdrew his men, the Macphersons threw down what of the walls had been built, and the erection of the mill was abandoned.

[*From Original Sketch* *by Stephen Adams, F.S.A.*]

THE OLD MILL, PENMORE, MULL.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. Maclean.

(Continued from page 107.)

GENERAL MACDONALD was fully aware that he could not put his threat into execution, for he had been informed that the minute-men were gathering in swarms all around him; that Colonel Caswell, at the head of the minute-men of Newbern, nearly eight hundred strong, was marching through Duplin County, to effect a junction with General Moore, and that his communications with the warships had been cut off. Realising the extremity of his danger, he resolved to avoid an engagement, and leave the army at Rockfish in his rear, and by celerity of movement, and crossing rivers at unsuspected places, to disengage himself from the larger bodies and fall upon the command of Colonel Caswell. Before marching he exhorted his men to fidelity, expressed bitter scorn for the "base cravens who had deserted the night before," and continued by saying—"If any amongst you are so faint-hearted as not to serve with the resolution of conquering or dying, this is the time to declare themselves." The speech was answered by a general huzza for the King, but from Cotton's corps about twenty laid down their arms. The army decamped at midnight, crossed the Cape Fear, sunk their boats, and sent a party fifteen miles in advance to secure the bridge over South River, from Bladen into Hanover, pushing with rapid pace over swollen streams, rough hills, and deep morasses, hotly pursued by General Moore. Perceiving the purpose of the enemy, General Moore detached Colonels Lillington and Ashe to reinforce Caswell, or if that could not be effected, then they were to occupy Widow Moore's Creek Bridge.

Caswell, designing the purpose of the enemy, changed his own course in order to intercept his march. On the 23rd, General Macdonald thought to overtake him, and arrayed the Highlanders in order of battle, with eighty able-bodied men, armed with broad-swords, forming the centre of the army; but Caswell, being posted at Corbett's Ferry, could not be reached for want of boats. The Royalists again were in extreme danger, but at a point six miles higher up the Black River they succeeded in crossing in a broad shallow boat, while Maclean and Fraser, left with a few men, and a drum and a fife, amused Caswell.

Lillington, on the 25th, took post on the east side of Widow Moore's Creek Bridge; and on the next day Caswell reached the west side, threw up a slight embankment, and destroyed a part of the bridge. A Royalist who had been sent into his camp, under the pretext of summoning him to return to his allegiance, brought back the information that he had halted on the same side of the river as themselves, and could be assaulted to advantage. Caswell was not only a good woodsman, but also a man of superior ability, and believing that he had misled the enemy, marched his column to the east side of the stream, removed the planks from the bridge, and placed his men behind trees and such embankments as could be thrown up during the night. His force now amounted to a thousand men, consisting of the Newbern minute-men, the Militia of Craven, Dobbs, Johnston, and Wahe Counties, besides the detachment under Lillington. The men of the Neuse region, their officers wearing silver crescents upon their hats, inscribed with the words, "Liberty or Death," were in front. The situation of the Highlanders was again perilous, for while facing this army, Moore, with his regulars, was close upon their rear.

The Highlanders, anticipating an early victory, decided upon an immediate attack. Macdonald was confined to his tent by sickness, and the command devolved upon Donald Macleod, who began the march at one o'clock on the morning of the 27th, but owing to the time lost in passing an intervening morass, it was within an hour of daylight when they reached the west bank of the creek. Without resistance they entered the ground, but seeing Caswell's forces on the opposite bank, they reduced their columns and formed their line of battle in the woods. Their rallying cry was "King George and broad-swords," and the signal of attack was three cheers, the drum to beat, and the pipes to play. While it was still dark, Macleod, with a party of about forty, advanced, and at the bridge was challenged by the sentinel asking—"Who goes there?" He answered—"A friend." "A friend of whom?" "To the King." Upon this the sentinels bent their faces down to the ground. Macleod, thinking they might be some of his own command who had crossed the bridge, challenged them in Gaelic, but receiving no reply, fired his own piece, and ordered his party to fire also. All that remained of the bridge were the two logs which had served for sleepers, permitting only two persons to cross at a time. Macleod and Captain John Campbell rushed forward, and succeeded in getting over. The Highlanders that followed were shot down on the logs, and fell into the muddy stream below. Macleod was mortally wounded, but was seen to rise repeatedly from the ground, waving his sword, and encouraging his men to come on, till twenty-six balls penetrated his body. Campbell was shot dead, and at the same moment a party of militia, under Lieut. Glocum, who had forded the creek and penetrated a swamp on its western bank, fell suddenly upon the rear of the Royalists. The loss of their leader, and the unexpected attack upon the rear, threw them into confusion, when they broke and fled.

The battle lasted but ten minutes. The Highlanders lost seventy killed and wounded, while the patriots had but two wounded, one of whom recovered. The victory was complete and lasting. The power of the Highlanders was thoroughly broken. There fell into the hands of the Americans, besides 850 prisoners, 1,500 rifles, all of them excellent pieces, 350 guns and short bags, 150 swords and dirks, two medicine chests recently from England (one valued at £300 sterling), 13 waggons, with horses, a box of Johannes and English guineas, amounting to about 75,000 dollars.

Some of the Highlanders escaped from the field of carnage by breaking down their waggons and riding away, three upon a horse. Many who were taken confessed that they were forced and persuaded contrary to their inclinations into the service. The soldiers taken were disarmed and then dismissed to their homes.

On the following day, General Macdonald and nearly all the chief men were taken prisoners, amongst whom was Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh and his son, Alexander.

According to a letter dated April 22, 1776, General Donald Macdonald, Colonel Allan Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, his son Alexander, Major Alexander Macdonald, besides fifteen captains, one lieutenant, and five minor officers, including the chaplain, Rev. John Bethuine, all of the Highland army, were sent prisoners to Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, at its session in Philadelphia, held May 25, 1776, ordered the Highland prisoners, naming each one separately, to be "safely kept in close con-

finement until discharged by the honourable Congress or this committee." Washington exerted his power to have General Macdonald exchanged, but as General Sir William Howe refused to recognise his rank in the army, the unfortunate General was long a prisoner. On September 23, Washington, in a letter to General Howe, said—"I had no doubt but Mr. Macdonald's title would have been acknowledged, having understood that he received his commission from the hands of Governor Martin; nor can I consent to rank him as a major till I have proper authority from Congress, to whom I shall state the matter upon your representation." That body, on September 30, declared "That Mr. Macdonald, having a commission of Brigadier-General from Governor Martin, be not exchanged for any officer under the rank of Brigadier-General in the service of the United States or any of them."

On the way from North Carolina to Philadelphia, while resting at Petersburg, May 2, 1776, Kingsburgh wrote the following letter:—

SIR,—Your kind favor I had by Mr. Ugin, (?) with the Virginian money enclosed, which shall be paid if ever I retourn, with thanks, if not, I shall take to order payment. Colonel Eliot, who came here to receive the prisoners, confined the General and me, under a guard and sentries, to a roome; this he imputes to the Congress of North Carolina not getting Brigadier Lewes (who commands at Williamsburg) know of our being on parole by your permission when at Halifax. If any opportunity afford, it would add to our happiness to write something to the above purpose to some of the Congress here, with directions (if such can be done) to forward said orders after us. I have also been depossessed of the horse I held, and hath little chance of getting another. To walk on foot is what I never can do the length of Philadelphia. What you can do in the above different affairs will be adding to your former favours. Hoping you will pardon freedom, wrote in a hurry, I am, with real esteem and respect, honble. Sir, your very obedient servant, ALLEN MACDONALD.

On 28th June, 1776, Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh was permitted, after signing a parole and word of honour, to go to Reading, in Berks County. At the same time the Committee of Safety resolved "That such prisoners from North Carolina as choose, may be permitted to write to their friends there, such letters to be inspected by this committee; and the jailer is to take care that all the paper delivered in to the prisoners be used in such letters, or returned him." This action was approved by the Continental Congress on July 9th, which further ordered that Kingsburgh be released on parole. On the 15th his son Alexander was released on parole, and allowed to reside with him. Every attempt was made, on the part of the Americans, to exchange the prisoners, but the latter were unfortunate in not having some one intercede in their behalf among the British officials. At last Kingsburgh was permitted to go to New York and intercede in his own behalf, and during the month of November, 1777, effected his own exchange, and then proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

As already noted, the rebellion of the Highlanders in Nova Scotia ended in a *fiasco*. Flora Macdonald was soon aroused to the fact that the battle was against them, and her husband and son had been thrown into the jail at Halifax. It appears that even she was brought before the Committee of Safety, when she exhibited a "spirited behaviour." Sorrows, indeed, rapidly accumulated upon her. A severe typhus fever attacked the younger members of the family, and two of her children died, a boy and a girl, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, and her daughter, Fanny, was still in precarious health from the dregs of a recent fever. By the advice of her imprisoned husband, she resolved to return to her native country. Fortunately for her, she secured the favour and good offices of Captain Ingram, an American officer, who promised to assist her He furnished her with a passport to Wilmington, and from thence she found her way to Charleston, from which port she sailed to her native land in 1779. In this step she was partly governed by the state of health of her daughter Fanny. Crossing the Atlantic, with none of her family but Fanny—her five sons and son-in-law actively engaged in the war—the Scottish heroine met with the last of her misfortunes. The vessel in which she sailed engaged a French privateer, and during the conflict her left arm was broken owing to her being thrown violently on the deck. She refused to go below, but remained with the men, cheering them on, and exhorting them to be faithful. In a few years, she truthfully said, she had served both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover, but had been worsted in the cause of each. For some time she resided at Milton, where her brother built her a cottage, but on the return of her husband they again settled at Kingsburgh, where she died March 5, 1790.

(*Concluded.*)

A GRAND GAELIC AND SCOTTISH CONCERT is to be held in the Waterloo Rooms on Friday, 6th April—Lord-Provost Chisholm presiding. The programme is the most attractive ever submitted to a Highland audience. Tickets (2s and 1s) can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 1 Blythswood Drive.

THE most suitable and picturesque dress for boys is the kilt; it has twice the wearing qualities of any other costume. This season it promises to be more popular than ever. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, makes a specialty of the Highland costume, and can supply an artistic dress in any tartan.

JOHN MACCOLL, Champion Piper.

SHADE of Patrick Mòr MacCrimmon! what would you say to meeting John MacColl, the champiom piper and winner of two thousand prizes? What a cordial greeting there would be between these representatives of the ancient and modern schools. The former, sedate and serious, with broadsword and dirk hanging on either side, and shield slung on to his back, ready for any emergency, breathing forth warlike notes and deeds of great battles; the latter, cheerful and gay, and ready to tackle the strongest and the bravest on the "Piob-Mhòr," or to dance "Gille Callum." It may be that "distance lends enchantment to the view," when the mind is carried back to the professors of the College at Borroraig, in the Isle of Skye, and the grand old pipers it turned out, but here the analogy ends. Times have changed, and our pipers have changed also. There were no gramophones in the time of the MacCrimmons, so we can form no idea of how they played, but contemporary history corroborates the fact that they were famous beyond all others. It is doubtful if they played much better than our best modern pipers. That they played slower and more majestically, is very probable, and that they confined themselves mainly to pibrochs is more than likely. But as to being all-round first class players they probably were not. War and pibrochs absorbed all their skill and talent.

The subject of our present sketch, John MacColl, Oban, was born at Kintallen, Appin, in January, 1861. He commenced to play the pipes by ear at an early age under the tuition of his father, who was himself an excellent player. At the age of seventeen he repaired to Glasgow, where he studied pipe-music under the late Donald Macphee, who gave him a good grounding in marches, strathspeys, and reels. In 1880, he went as piper to the late Mr. Neil Macdonald, of Dunach, who sent him to take lessons in pibroch playing from Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, then at Fort-George. Shortly after Mr. Macdonald's death, he went regularly to piping and dancing competitions, and since 1882, he has won upwards of two thousand prizes, which include over fifty medals, two sets of bagpipes, several cups, etc. He has also won a number of prizes for leaping, running, and golf-playing. On two occasions he won first prize for the best unpublished piobaireachd of his own composition. His most important gold medal is the centenary champion gold medal given at Inverness in 1888.

As a composer of pipe music Mr. MacColl has done remarkably well. His most successful pibrochs are "N. M. Macdonald's Lament," and "Donald Macphee's Lament," copies of each of which had to be given in at the competition for future publication. His marches are "Argyllshire Gathering," "Archie Campbell of Kilberry," "Braes of Kintallen," "Bignold of

Lochrosque," "H. L. Macdonald, of Dunach," "The Piper's Farewell to Paris," "The Clan Macmillan Society," "Macalpine Downie of Appin's March;" and one of his best strathspeys is "Mrs. Macdonald, Dunach," which has been published in Henderson's Collection.

Mr. MacColl is also an excellent performer of Highland music on the violin, and as a master of the bagpipes his services are much sought after at public functions. Being still in his prime there is every promise of a brilliant career as a piper before him, and as a composer much will be expected from such a competent performer and teacher of Highland music. We wish him all success in his future undertakings, as he is undoubtedly one of the best pipers in Scotland, and being surrounded by a wife and family he should be as happy as a king.

K. N. MACDONALD.

LOCH-AN-EILAN.

ENCIRCL'D by the wild and gloomy hills
And corries where the eaglet still is found,
Where scream of bird the echoing forest fills,
And deer o'er crag and heather lightly bound,
A tiny islet almost hid from view,
Upon the bosom of a mountain lake,
Whose waters mirror every changeful hue
That o'er the sky above may swiftly break.
A ruin crowns the island's rocky brow,
A stronghold grim in ages long since fled;
'Tis but the haunt of crow and osprey now,
The outlaw and his train are with the dead.
How changed the scene since those forgotten times,
When the proud "Wolf" for wine and jest would call,
And hearken to the minstrel chant his rhymes,
And feast and revel in the castle hall!
Or when, perchance, o'ercome by evil mood,
His wrath on those around him he would vent,
Then cross the loch and plunge into the wood,
On plunder and revengeful deeds intent.
What wretchedness in many homes he wrought,
And recked not tho' his hand shed guiltless blood;
But burned and pillaged, lives to him were naught,
And none could stay that fearful deathly flood!

. . . . . .

But now, 'tis well we live in better days,
Tho' scarcer be romance throughout the land;
Thank Heaven that sweet peace has shed her rays,
And keeps from ill the tyrant's ruthless hand!

E. GRANT DICKSON.

LOCH-AN-EILAN.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

(Continued from page 115.)

A FEW years after the Reay Country passed out of the Mackay into the Sutherland family, there was an order passed to have all the dogs in Durness destroyed. Proprietors in those days were all-powerful, and however distasteful to the people this order, there was nothing for it but to obey. Barbara thereupon composed a song, bewailing the fate of the dogs, and ascribing the tyrannical order to the malignity of the *Cat*—the *Cat* being the crest of the Sutherland family.

4. *Chorus*—Air fàilirinn, illirinn, ullairinn, ù
Cha 'n fhaic thu 'n diu duine le gunna no cù.
'S mi mo shuidh' air an tulaich
'S mi coimhead mu 'n cuairt
Chithinn dà chuilean
Tigh 'n a m' ionnsuidh gu luath
'G iarraidh, gach aonan diubh,
Cairtealan uam,
'S an Achd aig an darus
Bha labhairt riu cruaidh.
Air failirinn, etc.,
Cha 'n fhaic, etc.

" Ach co bheireadh cairtealan duit-sa, a choin duinn,
'S nach bitheadh tu 'n a d' thosd, gus an itheadh tu mìr
Na 'n tigeadh fear eile, mo rathad, 's e sgìth
Bhiodh tusa aig an daras, le sgal ann do chraos."

Cha teid mise gus an darus 's cha'n abair mi dùrd,
Ma gheibh mi biadh-siubhail ach an ruig mi an Diùc ;
Is dh' fheumainn rud eile—deagh theisteannas ùr'
A nochdamh do 'n uachdran, mar a dhéilig iad riùm.

Nach eil cinneadh mo sheanair an diu na 'n cuis-bhùirt
G' an cur leis na creagan 's an claigeannan brùite
Cha chuala tu leithid do dh-achd anns an duthaich
O'n uair sin bha Hàman ag àiteach na cùirte."

" Ach cionnus theid thusa gu Lunnainn nan cleòc
Gun dad air do chasan, gun bhoinnid, gun bhròg
Dh' fheumadh tu stob do mhaide 'n a' dhòrn
'S glice dhuit fuireach 's an tulaich an ròig."

Ars' an cu luideagach ris an chù lòm,
" Nach deanadh tu suidh air an tulaich ud thall
'N tràth chitheadh tu an cat, tigh 'n a mach le chuid lann
'Bhi aige gu h-apar, is car chur na cheann."

Och ! 's e 'n *cat* a bhi 'n uachdair dh' fhàg gruaim air mo linn,
'S thug oirr bhi co cruaidh air an tuath, tha 'n Duth'ich-Caoidh
Cha 'n fhaicear na giullain le 'n gunna 's a bheinn
No sealgair, le chuilean a' siubhal na frithe.

'S e chi thu 'n diugh *stiataidh*, a' meaghail an cùil
Na h-iseanan iargalt, bha riamh n'a cuis-bhùirt
Cha bheag a' chuis mhi-thlachd, luchd-riaghlaidh na cùirt'
Nach fhuiling iad duine le gunna no cù.
Air fàilirin, illirin, uilirin, ù
'S e 'n cat, le chuid spuirean
Chur uileann 's a chù.

Barbara and her minister did not see eye to eye on all subjects. On one occasion he instituted a Temperance Crusade in the parish, and from the roll of members still preserved, the movement, to begin with, was a great success. On New Year's night a Temperance Soiree was held as a counter-attraction to the 'Change-House. Our bardess held aloof from the movement and made a song on the event, chaffing the members on their sad declension from the customs of their fathers. Her sentiments may be gathered from the following stanzas :—

(5) Tha 'n sluagh an diu ar cruinneachadh
Gu Fuaran mor' na Sean-airidh
Na h-uaislean is am ministear
Theid thus' is mise d' an éisdeachd.

Tha bliadhn' ùra air tighinn orra
Chuir iad cùl ri cridhealas
Cha d' thoir iad deur de *spiriodan*
Do dhuine aig am beil déidh oirre.

Ged nach toir iad spioradan
Do 'n fhear a bhios g'am frithealadh
Olaidh iad gu cridheal leis
Dheth duilleaga nan geuga. (tea)

B' àite Gaidheal aon uair so
'Sgheibhit' uath' gun chunntadh e
Ged tha e 'n diu cho Gallda
Ri cabhsairean Dhun-Eidin.

The ecclesiastical struggle known as the "ten years' conflict" penetrated as far North as Cape Wrath, and one of the poems I have before me is entitled

"Cumha air staid na h-Eaglais le Barbara Nin-Rob," in which she bewails the encroachments of the state into the sphere of religious liberty :—

" 'S e so aimsir is cianail
Chunncas riamh ri mo linn
'Nuair tha neart an lagh shiobhalta
'Cur aobhar Dhia bun os cinn."

She prays for the success of those who fight for truth and freedom in the church, but feeling herself unable to enter fully into the merits of the dispute, she contents herself by handing over the matter to her minister in the words

" Feumaidh mise bhi g'a fhàgail
Aig mo nàbuidh tha dlùth
Ach bithidh mi 'g earbsa san Ard-Righ
Gu 'm faic e an sgeàl so duinnte."

The deaths of chiefs never failed to be followed by an outburst of elegies from the local bards, and there are one or two specimens of this sort of poetry in the collection, the authors of which are not given.

ELEGY TO THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD REAY, WHO DIED 8TH JULY, 1847.

Air fonn—Miad m' mhulad ga 'm thaghal.

Dh' fhàs mo chridhe cho trom
'S gu bheil gach cuisle mo chom dol cll
'S gur ann o Shasunn nan Gall
Thainig naigheachd, 's bu chall leam i ;
Fhir nach togadh mo gheall
Ged thaghalainn bonn na frìth'
'S cian fada leam uam
T' uaigh, 's an dachaigh tha thall air tìr.

'S mòr 'naigheachd ri inns'
Deagh Mhoirear Mac Aoidh gu 'n d' éug
Ged a dh' fhàg thu do thìr
Tha mi duilich o bhrigh mo sgeul ;
Fhuair thu gean o'd shluagh
Nach fhaigh duine ta nis fo 'n ghrein

'S ged a gheibheamaid Righ
B'e ar raghainn Mac Aoidh so fein.

'S cruaidh an teachdair am bàs
Cha 'n eil duine gun chàs d'a thaobh
Air son caraid no paisde
No cuspair graidh is mò
'S ged dh' fhuiling mi sàs
Air son iomadaidh pairtidh bu dluithe
Gu 'n d' rinn a bhuille so beàrn
Nach càirear gu brath 'mo chridhe.

Ach gu bhi 'g aithris do bhuaidh
Cha bu duilich' no cruaidh do chliù
Dh' innseadh ruiteag do ghruaidh
Gu 'm bu cheannard 's gu 'm b' uasal thu
'S gann is urra' mi luaidh
Dheasbhuidh gul, is sgur o'n chiùil,
Do chridhe farsuing is fial
'S làmh bheireadh ri sia do 'n Diùc.

'N uair chithear do ghnùise
Rachadh mart-fheoil air cùl gu leir
Sar cheannard na cùirte
'S math mo bharail de thùs nam Féinn
Cha robh duine fo 'n chrùn
B' àillt' cumadh, is sùil, is céum,
'S mi gu bràth 'sileadh air t-ùir
Nach eil mac-oighre le duthaich a d' dhéigh.

The following lament is after the model of Macrimmon's and is entitled "Roinn air cluinntinn sgeàl-bais Moirear Mac-Aoidh."

Mo thruaighe do thir
Mhic-Aoidh, 's nach d' thig thu
Cha tiodhlaic iad thu
'S an ùir tha dligheach.
Cha till, cha till, cha till thu tuilleadh
Cha till Mac Aoidh a chaoidh ri chinneadh.

Cha 'n eil gruaim air gnùis
'S cha 'n eil sùil a' sileadh
Cor nach pill Mac Aoidh
A chaoidh ri chinneadh.—Cha till, etc.

Bu naigheachd ri inns'
Do 'n linn tha tighinn
Nach tilleadh Mac Aoidh
A chaoidh ri chinneadh.—Cha till, etc.
Bu naigheachd 's bu bheùd
Mar dh' eirich dhuinne
Gun do ghairm an t' eug
Le aon bheum ar cinneadh.—Cha till, etc.

SPRING AWAKENS IN ROSS-SHIRE.

SPRING is waking. Under the brown leaves that autumn strewed on the earth's breast, she has stirred. Once before this year she half awoke, but winter said, "Go to sleep, little sister," and so saying spread over the brown blanket of leaves a pure white coverlet, and spring, with a murmur like a sleepy child, nestled back to the arms of mother earth, and obeyed winter for a few weeks. But now she is waking, and only the soft, drowsy breath of June will avail to hush her to sleep again.

The wood pigeon told me all this yesterday as I stood in the churchyard, or perhaps it was told to his mate only; at anyrate I—eavesdropper if you will—overheard it and now tell it to you. I looked over the churchyard wall, on the other side of which lies the sea, forever telling secrets to the dead, eternally singing their lullabys. Nay, not for ever, not eternally, for does not one of its most mournful songs tell of the time when "there shall be no more sea?" It is the self-sung dirge of the ocean. Yesterday the waves could only repeat what I had already learnt from the wood pigeon. But they had been telling it all day to the shore and the sea-birds, and were glad to find so ready and sympathetic a listener as myself. So they told me that they are tired of winter's storms, and that when the south wind comes they will rise to welcome her, and wear white cockades in honour of her advent, and the sun will shine in the morning, making them translucent, opalescent green; and in the evening he will pour the last rays of his strength and glory on them, and once more they will be, as the writer of the Apocalypse saw them, "a sea of molten fire."

The sea had forgotten its listener now, so I turned to the sea-birds, sitting in hundreds on a little patch of sandbank as yet uncovered by the waves. They were very busy with their own concerns—nesting prospects, discussions as to the advantages of our little Ross-shire lochs *versus* the great rocks of the Caithness and Orkney coasts. I have an idea that all the young couples begin life in a small way on the lochs. This impression is heightened by the extreme fussiness of my moorland acquaintance, whilst up by the North Sea the birds seem to have cultivated a more serene demeanour. But it may be merely the effect of the surroundings on their temperaments, and that the loch dwellers have caught some of the manner of the plover, than which a fussier bird never flew. Just then they all seemed equally fussy, and so extremly egotistical that I left them, and retracing my steps amongst the graves, took the road that follows the sea shore.

Once I pass the little farmyard, the road is mine. It might have been made by General Wade expressly for me. And the snow-clad mountains rising beyond the sea, and the grey line of horizon, and the blackbirds' music, are a

panorama and an orchestra for me, and me alone. I grew as egotistical as the sea-gulls. But why not? The chance wayfarer, passing with a brief nod, and his gaze fixed on the drab-coloured road, also has ears and eyes, but since he cannot discern the awakening of spring, am I not within my rights in claiming my surroundings as mine, mine by divine right of perception? Once when I was younger and less (or is it more?) egotistical, I used to yearn for a kindred spirit to share this keen delight in spring's awakening, but as one gets older, one yearns less. Or is it that one realises, after painful and heart-tearing experience, that at the most there is but one who can be truly said to share one's particular delight in nature, or the particular way one has of delighting in her? Accident or circumstances—for what does it matter by which name one calls the relentless fate that shapes our outward lives?—has ordained that my kindred nature lover should live many hundreds of miles from me and the country she loves best. And if she were to suddenly appear by my side, we should probably not exchange a thought, at least not in words. So, after all, I don't yearn with any of these passionate longings which my youthful heart once deemed right and poetical! I merely

A VISION OF SPRING.

think—"I wish she were here, she would love it all as I do, and have the same thoughts about it." So here is egotism rampant again. I wonder by what process of mental analysis we could define this rare unspoken sympathy existing between two utterly dissimilar natures.

The road here leaves the sea for a little belt of wood. The dark pines were so silent that I thought they could not have heard the great news of spring's awakening; accordingly, I told them, but they still preserved the same majestic silence. A wee chaffinch took up my tale, and from a bramble thicket repeated "The spring, the spring, the spring." I am sure the pines must have heard, and only waited for me to leave them ere they too began to tell each other of sunshine so bright and warm that it is pure joy for human beings to lie on the soft, feathery moss, and inhale the fresh piney odour. I left them, feeling a little hurt that they would not tell me their secrets too. However, the great secret that spring is waking, I heard first from the wood pigeon, and I think that he had only intended to tell his mate.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

Ryefield.

LIEUT. J. T. MACDOUGALL,

42nd Battery Royal Field Artillery. Killed in action at Lombard's Kop, October 30th, 1899.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. T. MACDOUGALL, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

SCOTLAND has given her best for Africa. Alike from castle as from croft, her sons have gone forth for the honour of Queen and country, to carry the light of justice and civilization to her races, to teach her people "the way of peace," to give their life-blood for her welfare.

Not the least among these brave men was James Taylor MacDougall, who fell at Lombard's Kop, on October 30th, 1899, "loved by his brother officers, worshipped by his men." Born of a race of soldiers, he early chose the army as his profession. Educated first in Edinburgh, he went to Clifton College, and in 1888, passed into Woolwich. Like his father, the late Col. James W. MacDougall, he inclined to the Royal Artillery as his field of service, and justly proud he ever was of his corps. Gazetted in 1891 to the Garrison Artillery, he was ordered to Malta. The next move was to Singapore in 1895. While there, he qualified for promotion. "The successful candidates at the recent examination of officers for promotion at stations abroad, include the following:—Lieut. J. T. MacDougall, Royal Artillery, who received a special certificate, and was distinguished in military law, in fortifications, in tactics, in military topography, and in artillery." India followed next in 1897. In the autumn of 1899 the Battery was under orders for England, when the counter-order reached—"Africa." "Is it not delightful," he wrote, "I really don't think I ever was so pleased and excited in my life. I have longed for a chance of seeing service, and at last it has come. We will be off at once, delightful beyond measure!" Naturally of a bright, buoyant disposition, his genial manners attracted many. "One of the most popular men of the term," his fellow cadets said at Woolwich. A keen officer he took great interest in his men, arranging games and recreations for them.

Early in October the Battery reached Durban, and proceeded at once to Ladysmith. Elandslaagte and Reitfontein were fought with success, and described by him as "great fun and most exciting. We all enjoyed it, and are looking forward to a big fight soon. I hope it comes." The reverses of that "big fight" are still fresh to memory, preceding as they did, the siege of Ladysmith. "The Battery marched out about midnight on the 29th," writes a brother officer, "and having got to our position, he and I slept on the ground till the first streak of dawn. We had been in action at 4000 yards against three Maxim Nordenfelts, and had practically silenced them, when two guns appeared on our right flank, and enfiladed us, and did a lot of damage before we silenced them." It was then he fell. Seeing one of his drivers wounded, he went to his assistance, and returning to his guns, the Messenger of Death met him. "He died like a true British officer and gentleman, and one bearing his name. He had the reputation of being a most promising and able officer, and was always considered the best subaltern in a very good Battery. All who knew him, loved and respected him; none more so than his brother officers. He was worshipped by his men." "He was a great loss to us, a more reliable, thoroughly good officer I never met, or one more liked by his men."

By a strange chain of sequences, the past and present are bound together. In 1792 his great-grandfather was at the taking of the Cape. Alan MacDougall of Hayfield and younger of Gallanach raised a company for his son, of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, of which Campbell of Lochnell was Colonel, and serving under him Captain MacDougall went to the Cape of Good Hope. More than a century has passed, and the martial spirit of the forefathers still burns in the hearts of the children. With the enthusiasm of a true soldier, Lieutenant MacDougall went to the defence of his country, and there—under the scorching South African sun, a simple wooden cross marks the resting place of "as gallant a soldier as ever lived"—till that great Easter Dawn—when the "Day" shall break, and the "Shadows" shall have fled away.

LOCH LAGGAN, BADENOCH.

KINGUSSIE DAYS.

"In the land of the Macphersons
Where the Spey's wide waters flow,
In the land where royal Charlie
Knew his best friend in his woe."

AN aggravated attack of Scottish unrest was precipitated by "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times," and the thoughtful offices of the author's clansman, W. J. Macpherson, of Rochester, New York. It was foreordained that I was to put on my pilgrim shoon, move among an ancestral people, and enter into the glow of the '45 in treading the native heath of my maternal grandfather.

Inherited bias guided my footsteps to the capital of the land of the Macphersons, where choice memories are linked with the courtesies of the family of the author of "The Glimpses." Kingussie's ancient churchyard sent thoughts winging across thirteen centuries, as I reverently endorsed the creed of the great Irish apostle, St. Columba, "My Druid is Christ, the Son of God."

One sunny morning a winsome Die Vernon handled the reins, and away we bowled over the park-like roads of Scotland's hills. Later a light shallop pulsed along the waters of Loch Laggan, that glorious expanse framed by the depths of Scotland's most ancient forest, and mountain solitudes towering heavenward. Two islands sleep on their shadows, dreaming of the chase in the days of Fergus, the first Caledonian King. The ruins of an ancient kennel warrant such day-dreams. Prince Charlie, the Cluny of the '45, Alan Breck, David Balfour, Landseer among his "Children of the Mist," all find a place in this fascinating mosaic of memories. New faces, on hospitable thoughts intent, await us at the landing. The drive to a shooting lodge was but a variation of delights. Kinloch Laggan Lodge, with the charm of its home circle and abounding hospitality, truly graces its Highland setting.

"Loch Laggan, admiring,
I gaze on thy charms,
Which thy hills, bold aspiring,
Enfold in their arms,
With their cloud-turbaned brows,
And their birch-mantled breast;
While the clear Pattach flows
To the beam of the west.

New charms as I gaze
Still unfold on my sight,
While the white wavy haze
Wraps Ardverikie's height;

And thy calm bosom shows,
Clear-reflected, each steep,
While the dark purple glows
In thy waters so deep.

Yon old, mouldering fort,
On thy green island's side,
Where Fergus held court,
May extinguish our pride;
For the bright flow'ret's bloom
From each crevice fresh springs,
While defaced in the tomb
Lies the grandeur of Kings.

May our heart, like thy blossom,
Reflect Heaven's face;
And our life, like thy blossom,
Prove fragrant of grace;
And murmur, sweet Pattach,
In mem'ry's fond ear,
'May your days, like my water,
Flow useful and clear.'"

The drive to and from Glentruim House, the seat of Colonel Lachlan Macpherson, was a chapter from Walter Scott. It was my introduction to the Macpherson hunting plaid, to bonnets, gartered stockings, bare knees, and skean dhus, as well as to the amenities attaching to this ancestral estate of twenty-two thousand acres, with its bens, dens, glens, mountain forests, and broad acres, all watered by the turbulent Truim, as it hastens down to join the Spey in a race to the sea. The perfume of rudely-tossed roses, plucked by the gentle lady of Glentruim, hovers around the memory of a breezy run-away along Speyside. All's well that ends well.

But Kingussie's shrine awaits us. The approach to the castle gives greeting with the unmistakable air of "to the manner born." The graciousness of opening glades and grassy stretches; the happy blending of wide-spread branches and a' and a' of Scotland's leafy treasures, gave us welcome; but aboon them a' the atmosphere of home enfolds one as in a garment. Thy granite Castle, Cluny, was a shrine for a loyal Macpherson from ayont the sea. Crossing the sun-lit vestibule, the *Bratach Uaine* bade us welcome. That venerable battle-stained green banner of the Macphersons, with never a stain of dishonour, set the blood astir in my veins, as I strolled along halls and corridors alive with historic fascination. I recall peering into the glass case of the famous *Feadan Dubh*, vainly striving for a closer view of the Black Chanter of the Macphersons.

A word touching race influence. While sitting under the spell of Ian Maclaren in Philadelphia—a suspicion of the mountain accent caressing my ear—laughing and crying alternated Celticly—that is to say, with astonishing facility. Whilst I was mopping my eyes, my lips were ganging agley. I never enjoyed myself more. In the grounds of Cluny Castle is a peaceful God's Acre, where rests the grand old Celtic man, the revered Ewen Macpherson, of Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, C.B. The coronach chanted by his clansmen when they left him to his last sleep, voiced tender words of comfort for all who have tasted grief.

Kingussie in its cairngorm setting; the headlong Spey dashing on to the sea; the Strath of Badenoch with its fertile meadows and peaceful homes; solemn Craig Dhu watching over the land of the Macphersons; the gowans rare, the bonnie blue-bells, the purpling heather; the

FALLS OF PATTACH, NEAR LOCH LAGGAN.

sunshine and the rain; the superb clouds flecking the mountain slopes with shadows; pleasant courtesies bestowed; these and many more cherished memories I owe to the kind offices of two fraternal members of Clan Chattan.

(Mrs.) S. P. Fish.

Philadelphia, U.S.A.

CLUNY CASTLE.

THROUGH THE GLEN.

IT is always a delight to me—a walk through the glen. And is there need to add anything in support of this, when I say that the glen in question lies in the midst of some of the finest of West Highland scenery, and that it bears a name which signifies "The Beautiful Glen?" A lovely spot, worthy of its appellation it undoubtedly is.

It is a January day, and standing here at the entrance to the valley, one cannot but be struck with the freshness and the beauty which everywhere meet the eye. Here is no dreary, desolate waste, flanked on either side by great snow-covered heights, such as the mind is apt to picture to itself at the thought of a Highland glen in winter. Instead, the sunlight is falling on rich green verdure; the air which blows against the cheek is soft as that of a mellow October day; while the sky, flecked here and there with tiny white clouds—not even in midsummer could it wear a fairer look. In truth, but for the bare firs which stretch for a short distance along the side of the steep, precipitous slope which rises on my right, there is nothing to remind one that King Winter is reigning. Elsewhere he may be holding his court in right royal style, but here in this quiet spot there is but scant evidence of his presence and power. I linger for a few minutes and gaze around me, then proceed on my way.

The road which leads through the glen, and which I now follow, runs along the foot of the steep, precipitous slope already mentioned. On my left lies the bed of the glen—a broad, grassy, undulating tract; while beyond it, rise innumerable heights.

The road, which, for a short distance, at first follows a comparatively straight course along the base of the hill, then takes a bend and a sudden downward slope. In the hollow, at the foot of this, stands a crofter's house—a low little white building, with a single chimney above its left gable. A patch of bright colour on the road in front of the doorstep arrests the attention, and proves on a nearer approach to be a large brown-and-white collie asleep. This is the only sign of life about the little dwelling which, despite its lonely situation, has a pleasant and even cheerful look with the sunlight glinting on its window panes.

Then the road takes another curve and begins to rise somewhat steeply. At the top of the

long ascent I pause and look round. Certainly, the scene is a striking one—the glen presenting here an appearance both wild and grand. It has narrowed considerably, and wherever the eye may turn nothing is to be seen but knolls and heights covered with grass and heather, and great grey boulders lying about in the hollows between. And everywhere falls the clear sunlight, showing the freshness here and the ruggedness there, and bringing out the rich deep tints of the heather. There is no sign of life to break the intense solitude—not even the flutter of a wing across the wide expanse of blue overhead. The little cottage which I passed a few minutes ago in the hollow is hidden from sight, and the only sign of human habitation is a solitary white house, standing away in the distance, far up among the hills. Below, in the bed of the glen, a streak of white marks the course of a small burn, and the only sound which breaks the deep silence is the rushing of a tiny stream of water down the side of the steep declivity on my right.

A little further on, the ruins of two small houses standing close upon the road, but a yard or two apart from each other, are passed. I have never been able to learn the history of these ruined dwellings, but I never pass them without wondering what that history is. Who were their last occupants? and where are they now? Did some cruel fate force them to leave their native glen and seek a home among

A SCENE IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

strangers, or mayhap in some land across the sea?—the tale, alas! of many a ruined cot in many a Highland glen. It is impossible to say, but at least there the two houses stand, roofless and desolate.

And now the head of the glen is reached, and before turning along the narrow path which leads out of it, I pause for a last look round. Just across from me lies a small loch, like a sapphire with a setting of green, and everywhere around are the everlasting hills. There is not a sound to be heard, nor any living thing to be seen. A wild, and, in some respects, a weird scene, yet withal, full of charm and beauty.

In the west there are signs that the hour of sunset is approaching. In all likelihood the spectacle then to be seen will be a brilliant one. There is no time to wait for it, however, but one knows just what will be—a sky of the purest and clearest green, the great red sun going down behind the hills, and these stretches of luminous cloud above the horizon glowing with the deepest shades of orange and crimson and purple—the whole western heavens a blaze of light and colour. And the waters of the loch will catch the radiance and gleam as if touched with molten gold, and the heights all around will glow in the magical light with a hundred tints and hues.

Yes, beautiful, transcendently beautiful—what power of the brush could place on canvas the glowing colours?—are the sunsets in this region of lochs and glens and hills.

AGNES WALKER.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

By Alexander Dingwall, M.A., M.B., C.M., Glasgow.

(Continued from page 125.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF CLUNY MACPHERSON, CHIEF OF THE CLAN.

A FULL coat-of-arms is made up of the shield, supporters, crest and motto, other accessories are accidental except the wreath, which may be said to form part of the crest.

The Scottish seals of the 13th century afford many interesting examples of heraldic practice, but the elements of the science of armoury are exhibited in the seals of the preceding century, when stars, flowers and other simple devices are used unaccompanied by shields. The introduction of both arms, in a heraldic sense, and surnames, is usually assigned to about the end of the 12th century, when William the Lion adopted the lion rampant as the national ensign, from which circumstance he is commonly supposed to have donned his distinctive appellation. The shield, now the most important part of the coat-of-arms, has varied considerably in shape at different periods. There may be only one emblem on the shield or there may be many. The shield may be quartered and carry on it the devices of more than one family,—*e.g.*, the shield of Mackenzie of Coul charges the first and fourth quarters with the Caberfeigh, which forms the bearing of the clan, the second and third quarters being occupied by a boar's head for Chisholm of Comar, the heiress of which family married the first of the Coul branch. The Marquis of Breadalbane carries three coats quarterly, first and fourth, the paternal arms of Argyll—a gyronny of eight; second, a fess checquy for Stuart; third, a galley for Lorn. Thus the shield may be a record of family history, and is often a more certain indication of relationship than surnames, because two families may bear the same surname who have no blood relationship. Thus the common origin of the Stuarts and Boyds is denoted by the fess checquy which both carry, and on the other hand the different extraction of Ross of Balnagown and the Lords Ross is indicated by totally different bearings. Various opinions are entertained by heralds regarding the origin of supporters, which in Scotland were formerly called bearers. The most likely thing seems to be that originally they were merely a device of the engraver to fill up the void spaces between the triangular shield and the circular border of the seal. These supporters according to the best authorities are not hereditary, but may be altered at pleasure.

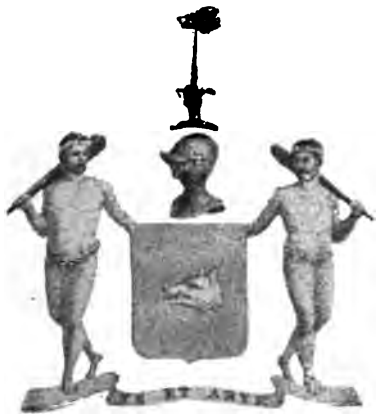
The royal arms of England have frequently been changed, and till the reign of James I., when the lion and the unicorn were permanently adopted, the supporters do not appear to have been regarded as hereditary. On some of the most ancient seals only one supporter is represented, and perhaps one of the earliest is that of the first Earl of Douglas, where the shield is supported from behind by a lion with his head in the helmet. The same figures as supporters are carried by several families without any ground of offence, and without any intention of claiming common descent or kin, and this is specially the practice in the case of figures of savages which appear to be very popular in Scottish heraldry.

> "As two wild men supporters of a shield
> Painted, who stare at open space nor glance
> The one at other, parted by a shield."

These savages are invariably wreathed with laurel, and frequently carry clubs, arrows, or branches in their hands.

Probably one of the most touchy and delicate points in Scottish heraldry is involved in the question relative to the right to bear supporters. It would appear that the only persons entitled to their use, are, first, peers; second, private gentlemen and their male heirs who can prove immemorial usage, or at any rate usage prior to the act of 1672, it being presumed that they received them as marks of royal favour; third, barons; fourth, chiefs of clans; fifth, those who receive them by Royal Commission. The right to supporters on the part of chiefs of clans is however a qualified one, as clanship in Scotch law is incapable of definition, and the clan as an institution is at an end if not by statute, at anyrate by disuse, in which case the legal definition of a chief would be a puzzle.

The crest was originally a projection on the



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CHISHOLMS.

top of the helmet and was so called from its resemblance to the crista or cock's comb. It is now, properly speaking, that part of the adornment which is placed upon and surmounts the coronet and wreath, which in its turn is above the mantling which is supposed to attach to the helmet. In the first instance, crests were purely personal, and were in common use long before the hereditary bearing of arms. They were originally confined to a select few and given by Royal grant. With the exception of sovereign princesses, no lady is entitled to bear or use in her own right either crest or motto. There are, however, on record a few instances of ladies wearing crests and occasionally two supporters, and these include a Miss Boyd Robertson, of Lawers; Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld; and Hon. Jane Mary Fredrica Elizabeth Hood Mackenzie, of Seaforth. It is questionable whether the crest is essentially hereditary or not, but the majority of Scottish clans appear to have carried the same crest unchanged for centuries. As an exception to this may be mentioned the well-known crest of the Hamiltons, an oak tree and frame saw, instead of which is found a boar's head on the seal of Sir John Hamilton, the chief of the family in 1388. The oak tree, however, was carried by James Hamilton, Earl of Arran and Regent of Scotland, in 1549.

The badge is a mark of distinction somewhat similar to the crest with which it is frequently confounded. The badge was never placed on a wreath nor worn on the helmet, but was often and is occasionally still embroidered on the sleeves of servants and retainers. Sir George Mackenzie, however, asserts that the old and proper term used in Scotland for a crest was a badge. Nesbit seems to adopt the same view, and Shakespeare himself says—

"Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant lion chained to the ragged staff."

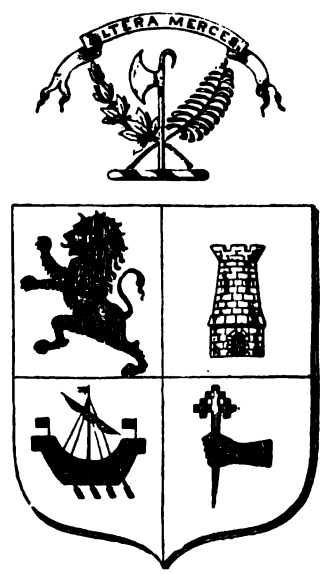
The truth seems to be, that while in England the crest and badge were usually different figures, in Scotland they were often the same. Among the Highlanders, however, the badge is quite distinct from the crest. It constitutes a mark of clanship, and is very often a leaf or sprig of a particular tree or shrub, usually an evergreen, which is carried as a rule in the bonnet. Thus the badge of the Gordons, ivy; of the Campbells, myrtle; Buchanans, birch; Camerons, oak; Grahams, laurel; Murrays, juniper; Robertsons, fern; Macdonalds, bell heather; Macgregors and Grants, pine. The chief of the clan, in addition to the badge worn in his bonnet, had two eagle's feathers, and this adornment too is often referred to by the bards:—

"Bu tres an stiuradair buailleach
Riaghladar na dubh luinge beumach,
'Nuair dh' eirich tonna beucach ard,
Gu luaineach, luaisgeach, cobharach thall;
A measg comhstri dubh nan neul
Sheas thu mar thaibhse nan sian.
Ged reubadh ite iolair o d' cheann
'Us bhuail clamhuim do leine cheirte
Mar bhuine shruth bruchdach an eas."

or again:—

"Leo dh' aithriseas ginealach an treith
Clinnte fuaim sgiath iolaire mu cheann
Mar chuilcean fo osaig fhuar an loch."

(To be continued.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF COLL.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART V.

DUNCAN CAMERON, crofter, at Blar-macfoldach, on the Duke of Gordon's Estate, aged seventy five, (born 1750), lived at Conaglen of Ardgour, where he was born, until his tenth year, thereafter lived for twenty years at Gortan, at the head of Loch Nevis, and in other places in the immediate neighbourhood. Asked who were at the time the tenants of Gortan and Achaglyne, says they were of the tribe of MacGillivride, the estates of Lochiel and Barisdale being then both under forfeiture to the Crown. That he knew Archibald of that tribe who was ground officer on Barisdale. That before Factor Butter's time, Monaquoich was let generally to those named Macphee, who were scattered all over Glendessary, and on the north shores of Loch Arkaig, as far as Muik, and the cattle of all those Macphees used to summer in Corrynagaul, Corryrea, and Corrybuie. That he knew Donald Mor Macmillan kept a boat on Loch Quoich, and used to ferry passengers from either side, but made no charge on passengers. That after Butter left Monaquoich, Glencoe succeeded him, and was in turn succeeded by Alexander Roy Cameron, tenant of Inverguseran, whose servants also kept a

LOCH OICH AND BEN TEIGH.

boat. That he has seen horses with back-loads of herring coming from Loch Hournhead, and taking the road from Bunchaoli, and round by the head of Loch Quoich, across the Gearuinn, through the Mainger, on their way to Strathlochy, and he had seen droves of cattle passing by the same road, and these droves had come across the ferry of Kylerea from Skye, also from Kintail, Lochalsh, and other places on the mainland, but that they ceased doing so, when the new line of road from Loch Hournhead to Invergarry was made not long ago.

That the witness and his brother, Dugald Cameron, had a steel bow tack of Coanich, on Loch Arkaig side, from Captain Charles Cameron, but they held no written lease, nor were they asked to sign a bill for the stock so held in steel bow, or for cash advanced to them. Interrogated for Glengarry, whether or not he knows that there are old march stones defining the limits of Glendessary and Knoydart at Mam Clach Ard, from the wind and weather sheer below towards Scur-na-garbh-Kiach, on the west side thereof. Answers in the negative. Asked to name any person or persons who pointed out to him the marches betwixt Glengarry and Lochiel. Answers—That the marches at Monaquoich and Mam Clach Ard were first pointed out to him by John Breachd Macphee, servant to Mr. Butter, afterwards by Duncan Cameron, tenant, in Muik, both now dead. That Macphee showed the march burn of Ault-derry-na-Starach, while standing half way up the burn, declaring the burn had been the march for ever. Alexander Ban Macphee, now dead, pointed out the march while actually standing upon the cairn at Mam Clach Ard, and another, Alexander Buie Macphee, showed him the march standing at Feddan-na-Kiach. Ewen Cameron,

tenant of Muik, and Donald Cameron, son of Clunes, tenant of Achnasaul, pointed out the marches lower down.

Dugald Cameron, aged seventy six, (born 1749), residing at Banavie, was born at Moy, in Strathlochy, and had been in his youth a shepherd to Mr. Butter, at Monaquoich. That Duncan Mor Macmillan was head shepherd, and kept a boat on Loch Quoich, and he recollected on one occasion crossing in Macmillan's boat with a horse loaded with meal, to meet certain drovers at the Kirktown of Glenelg. That he was landed at the foot of Loch Quoich, on Glengarry's estate, and made the best of his way by the track leading to Kylerea. That he knows the island in Loch Quoich, under the name of Corryrea, and Duncan Ban Kennedy kept goats there. That he was acquainted with Archibald Macdonell of the the tribe of MacGillivride, ground officer on Barisdale, also his son, Ewen Macdonell, who succeeded him in the croft.

In the Lochiel proof, no name was more frequently mentioned than that of Ewen Cameron, tenant of Muik, on Loch Arkaig side. He appears to have been an active, well doing, and successful man. But there was a "fly in the ointment." Poor Ewen writhed under his designation, and, fortunately, particulars of his grievance have been preserved, and may be of some interest to his descendants in Canada, if there any be. Muik, or Muck, has ever weighed heavily on the owners or possessors of the objectionable name. Even with the prefix of "Glen," it was not palatable to the wealthy Aberdonian, who returned from India a nabob. Again, the name was recorded by Boswell when he visited the isle, as having been too much for the Maclean laird, who tried "Monk." This did not go down, and whether Muck will survive the latest attack in form of "Muke" remains to be seen. Upon that historic bench at the end of the Schoolhouse of Kinloch Arkaig, all the news and gossip of Glen Pean, Glen Dessaray, and smaller glens, were in use to be discussed, as well as over a social glass, Captain John Cumming, Achdalieu, whose evidence is in part after given, deponed that poor Ewen wanted to have a prettier name, Muik being so objectionable, and he was seriously proposing to take the title of "Derrylochan." This was not to be, however. Muik remains, though it has long ceased to be a habitation, and if Derrylochan as a title exists, it must be searched for in the great Dominion. In 1825, no tidings had arrived of Ewen Cameron's death, and he was considered to be still living.

John Cumming, tacksman of Achdalieu, and other farms:—

This place I recollect fifty six years ago, an insignificant place called by the country people Achterloo. Visiting it after a long interval, it was not easily recognised, being now one of the finest places in Strathlochy and Letter-Lochiel. Mr. Cumming was Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Argyle, lived at Achdalieu, where he was born in the year 1753, except a short period when at school, and a year in Glenmaillie. His father, Alexander, was tenant of Kinloch Arkaig and died at Corpach, and the witness, besides Achdalieu, had Kinloch Arkaig, Lagganfearn, Glencamagerry, and Stronlia, also from Fassfern, the subjects of Uachan, Glendially, the two Clachaigs, and Colan; together with Cregaig farm, Ardgour; and Ochkill and Elegadale, in Ardnamurchan, paying in all a rent of £920. What this extent of holding early of this century meant may be imagined. Mr. Cumming was proud of saying he was of the Comyns, old Lords of Lochaber, but this exploiting of the poor people came to nothing in the sequel, for not only had the Cummings to quit Lochaber, but an attempt to establish themselves in Skye failed. Of the name of Cumming, once so great in Lochaber, there appears to be at present only one paying rent, and he, sticking to trade, seems to be doing well and extending his bounds. Mr. Cumming was interrogated as to the meaning of "sheilings," and being an intelligent, educated man, living through the changing epochs of cattle and sheep farming, his evidence, though not perhaps new, is perfect. He said that he meant by shielings, detached places in higher grounds, where tenants, in former times, before the introduction of sheep stocks in the Highlands, went with their whole cattle to graze in the summer season, built small houses commonly called bothies, and lived there with their families for a considerable portion of the year, particularly the summer months. That the shielings are generally detached a considerable way from the low grounds of the farm, but not always. Being desired to specify instances, if he can, of the distances between the shielings and the rest of the farms, deponed, after the Commissioner repelled Glengarry's objections, that in some instances the distances were very considerable, as for instance, in Mamore, where some are at the distance of twelve miles from the Strath of the farm, others less, others perhaps more. That the sheiling is sometimes cut off from the main farm, by farms belonging to other tenants, sometimes intersected by farms belonging to other proprietors. That since the introduction of sheep stocks, the practice of going to sheilings with black cattle as of old, is in a great measure done away with, and farms made more compact and connected. That all the farms north side of Loch Arkaig had their sheilings in Glenkingie, a considerable distance off. He then enumerates the Loch Arkaig farms, beginning with Muirlagan, followed by Callich, Coanich, Kenmore, Muik, Sallachan, Crieff, Achnasaul, Clunes, all having sheilings in Glenkingie. In 1779, he got a forty-one years' lease of Achdalieu from the forfeited estate Commissioners. At this time Callich and other farms were tenanted in numbers by Macmillans, but had no leases from the Commissioners. That he knew Henry Butter to be factor on the forfeited estates of Lochiel, Barisdale, Cluny, Ardsheil, Callart, and Kinloch Moidart, having succeeded Mungo Campbell about 1758, and continued in office until the restoration of the various forfeited estates in 1785.

(To be continued.)

HIGHLANDERS AND LOWLANDERS alike in the Colonies wear the Highland costume to denote their nationality. When properly made the kilt is probably the most picturesque dress in the world; when ill-fitting it is not a thing of beauty. Mr. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, Glasgow, employs only the most skilful workmen, and guarantees a perfect fit in all the goods he supplies.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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MAY, 1900.

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THE MACCOMBICHS AND STEWARTS.

April 12th, 1900.

SIR,—"Frank Adam" in your issue of April, asks whether the MacCombies were a sept of the Stewarts of Appin. In referring to an old and original extract copy in my possession from the Register of Appin, showing the list of killed and wounded of the Appin regiment at the battle of Culloden in 1746, I find that five MacCombies were killed and three wounded. Of other names who constituted the body of the clan, there were similarly killed and wounded thirty three MacColls and seventeen Maclarens, besides numerous Livingstones (Macleas), Carmichaels, Macintyres, Macinnishes, Blacks (Macildeus), Mackenzies, MacCorquodales, MacUchaders, Hendersons, MacRankens, MacCormachs (Buchanans), Camerons, Macdonalds, Maclachlans, and Macarthurs. The gentlemen who officered and led the clan were Stewarts; and of these forty seven were killed and wounded out of between fifty and sixty. It must be borne in mind that apparently in every clan there was, in latter times, a great admixture of names; but this was especially the case in regard to Appin or upper Lorn and lower Lorn, for the reason that at the "Iveich Mor" or "great flitting," as it was called in Lorn, Appin was peopled from lower Lorn. This flitting appears to have occurred about the year 1466, Sir John Stewart having been murdered at Dunstaffnage in 1463 by Alane Macdougall at the Macdougall insurrection. Thus, those that did not return to their old allegiance with the Macdougalls, who three generations before had been Lords of Lorn, remained true to Sir John's son, Dugald; and, sacrificing everything in lower Lorn, joined their lawful chief in Appin, absolutely refusing to acknowledge Sir John's brother, Walter, who had laid claim as heir and chief in Edinburgh. Thus we find the same names practically in upper Lorn from that date on, though the close and friendly relationship Appin subsequently had with the clans to the north no doubt accounted for some of the names we find in the list in question. The Maclarens came in with Dugald himself, whose mother was a Maclaren, and they thenceforward always followed the Appin banner as a clan. From the foregoing it may be surmised that the MacCombies, though pretty strong in Appin, were not necessarily an Appin sept.—I am, etc.,

Achnacone, Appin. ALEX. K. STEWART.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

(Translation of Neil Macleod's song, "Mo ghradh do m' dhuthaich fhein." *Clarsach an Doire*, 2nd edition, page 105.)

THOUGH distant from her rugged shores,
Still memory fondly turns,
To Scotia's bonnie heathery hills,
Her corries, lochs, and burns;
For ne'er shall I forget, though far
'Neath foreign skies I roam,
Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,
My native Highland home.

Aye, ne'er till death shall I forget
My comrades kind and leal,
Those martial forms that feared no foe,
With hearts as true as steel;
And never shall this heart forsake,
While life my bosom thrills,
For verdant plains 'neath tropic skies,
The grand auld heathery hills.

The land of corries, bens and glens,
The land of scrag and scaur,
Whose sons unstained her banner bore
On every field of war;
The stern and rugged mountain land
Against whose frowning shore
The ocean billows ceaseless break
With deep and sullen roar.

Though to my lot kind fortune's smile
Her rarest favours bring,
Yet still unto thy heathery hills
This bosom aye will cling;
For ne'er shall I find hearts as warm,
Though distant far I roam,
As gathered round thy old hearthstone,
My own loved Highland home.

O once wi' lilt on dewy morn
The craigs and corries rang,
While through the glens when gloamin' fell
Sweet rose the milkmaid's sang;
And blythe on ilka brae was seen
In martial garb of eld,
The race whose steel against ilk foe
Their rugged mountains held.

Now all are exiled from the land,
And cold in ruins lie
The hearths that glowed for kith and kin
In kindly days gone by;
Yet ne'er shall I forget, though far
'Neath foreign skies I roam,
Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,
My native Highland home.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, New York.

UP among the hills forming a spur of the Green Mountains, in what is now known as Washington County, in the State of New York, and near the Vermont boundary, there settled, some one hundred and fifty years ago, a colony of Scotch Highlanders from the Island of Islay—similar to, but not so large, as the Cape Fear colony in North Carolina—and to this day their descendants form a majority of the inhabitants of this locality.

In riding through this country, one would be forcibly reminded of the Highlands of Scotland, with its succession of hills and valleys, interspersed here and there with an occasional small lake, so that to-day, if the Gaelic were still spoken by the people there, one could easily imagine that part of the auld hills of Scotia had been transplanted to these shores. Such names as Macdougall, Macmurray, Macneil, Reid, Shaw, Barkley, Alexander, Stewart, Campbell, and many others almost purely Celtic, still abound.

The dividing line between the French and British possessions in America was left in dispute by the Peace of Utrecht, and a movement having been made by the French in Canada, in 1731, to secure part of this disputed territory, a proclamation was issued in 1735, inviting loyal Protestant Highlanders to settle this border territory, it being undoubtedly considered advisable to form at this danger point a barrier of this sturdy race of people, accustomed to arms, and who would therefore be well able to act as a buffer for the older colonies to the southward.

It is said that, in 1737, Captain Laughlin Campbell of the Island of Islay, a distinguished Highland officer, came to this country and looked the ground over with a view of settling it with tenants of his own estate. He accordingly secured, it is claimed, from the Acting Governor, the promise of one hundred thousand acres of this land for himself, besides land for his colonists, free of all expense save survey fees and quit rent, if he would bring out one hundred families. He returned to Scotland, sold his estate there in Islay, and in 1738, brought over a colony consisting of thirty three families and forty nine single persons, making one hundred and seventy seven colonists in all, and in 1739, he again brought over one hundred and ninety three people, and in 1740, another hundred, making a total of four hundred and seventy persons. After the colonists were landed in this country, Campbell was unable to secure from the Provincial Governor the promised grant of lands, and the colonists were left to shift for themselves as best they could. As can well be imagined they suffered great hardships, having come over with but small means at their hand. The greater part of them went to Rockland County and Orange County, N.Y., and sojourned there for some twenty years, settling among the Dutch and Hugenots who had originally peopled that locality. At the present day there is scarcely a trace of their residence in that neighborhood, and the inhabitants there seem to have no traditional

STREET SCENE, ARGYLE VILLAGE.

remembrance of the Highland settlers. There is, however, near Spring Valley, a locality called Scotland Hill, and near it a descendant* of one of the original colony, who recently visited the spot, discovered a deserted graveyard in an unenclosed piece of wood on the farm of a Mr. Lovatt, where there are many graves marked only by rough stones without inscription, which possibly may or may not have been orginally marked. He, however, discovered two, upon which there were legible inscriptions, bearing the names Alexander McDougall, and Alexander McDougall, Jr., buried between 1750 and 1760, which would correspond with the years the the colonists remained in that locality. Upon one of the graves was seen growing a lily, which to those of a romantic turn of mind might suggest that the tender care of some relative originally placed it there, and it still bloomed as a mark of respect and affection.

It is traditionary that Laughlin Campbell, who brought the colony over, died in comparative poverty, a sad and disappointed man. By a strange coincidence a descendant of one of the original colonists in looking through Lenox Library, New York City, by the merest chance, happened to notice in an old copy of the New York Evening Post of Monday, February 22nd, 1751, on exhibition there, the following advertisement:—

"TO BE SOLD. The Mills and Plantation of Laughlin Campbell, deceased, lying in Ulster County, five miles from Goshen,† and five miles from the Walkill Meeting House, upon the Minisink Road. The Plantation contains two hundred Acres, about eighty Acres of good Plow

ARGYLE VILLAGE, NEW YORK STATE.

Land and fifteen Acres of Meadow Ground already clear'd and under good fence; there is a good fram'd Dwelling House, a Log House, a large fram'd Barn (40 foot by 30), a large Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Fulling Mill, all in good order, and a young Orchard. Whoever inclines to purchase the same may apply to Mrs. Martha Campbell, living on the Premises, and Edward Graham, Merchant in New York, and be by them inform'd of the Title and Condition of Sale, etc."

From the above it is evident that Laughlin Campbell, after the defeat of his scheme, settled in what was then part of Ulster County, N.Y., and must have died some time between 1740, the date at which he brought over his last contingent, and 1751, the date of the above advertisement.

In January, 1763, Donald, George, and James Campbell, sons of Laughlin Campbell, presented a petition to the Legislature of New York, asking for a grant of a hundred thousand acres between the Batten Kill and Wood Creek, in Washington County, being part of the territory which it was claimed had been originally promised to their father. It is not known why they asked for such a large grant, but it is supposed that they intended to provide for the settlers brought over by their father. In any event the petition was rejected by the Provincial authorities; but, nevertheless, in order to compensate the Campbells for the ill treatment which had been accorded to their father, a grant of ten thousand acres of land

*Alexander J. Reid, of New York.

†Evidently at what is now called "Campbell Hall," Orange County.

was made to the Campbell brothers, their three sisters, Rose Graham, Margaret Eustace, and Lilly Murray, and four others, by the Governor and Council of New York. The success of Campbell's children in their application inspired a large number, consisting of many of the original immigrants, and in other cases their descendants, to petition the authorities for a grant of land to recompense them for the disappointments and hardships which they had undergone. This petition was presented on March 2nd, 1764, by Alexander McNaughton and one hundred and six of the original immigrants and their descendants, requesting that a thousand acres be granted to each of them.

The following is a list of the names signed to this petition, copied by Mr. A. J. Reid from the original document on file in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, New York :—

Alexander McNachten and wife with six children, four alive, one son married and he has four sons and two daughters, two daughters married and has two children and one daughter unmarried.

Donald McDougall, one son and daughter, six grandchildren, all alive.

Duncan Read, eight children, all dead.

John McEuen and wife with five sons, two married, and has three grandchildren, all alive.

Alexander McDuffie and wife, two daughters and four grandchildren, all alive except himself, dead.

Robert Frasers and wife, two sons and four daughters, with five grandchildren, himself, wife, and two sons, dead, a grandchild, Wm., of age.

Duncan McDuffie* and two children, alive.

John Shaw and wife, two sons and one daughter, all married, himself and wife, dead, and three grandchildren, living.

Daniel Shaw and wife, one son and daughter, both of age, himself, dead.

Duncan Campbell and wife with four children, three of them sons, all of age, and one grandchild, himself, dead.

Malcolm McDuffie and wife, has four daughters and three sons, all alive, four of age.

Duncan Campbell,* two sons and one daughter, alive.

James Carmichell,* two sons and one daughter, alive.

John Campbell,* Junior.

Neil McPhaden and wife, one daughter, alive, two grandchildren.

Duncan McKinven and wife, one boy and three daughters of age, his wife, dead.

John Campbell,* Senr.

Alexander McCarter and wife, one son of age, himself, dead.

Dudley McDuffie and wife, two sons and three daughters, all of age, himself, dead.

Dudley McDuffie and wife, one son and one daughter of age, himself, dead.

Robert McAlpine,* five sons and two daughters, alive.

Hugh Montgomery,* two sons, alive.

Charles McCaller and wife, two sons and four daughters, himself, dead, four of the children of age.

Alexander Campbell,* one daughter, himself, dead.

Daniel McLeod and wife, one son, himself and wife, dead.

Daniel Livingston and wife, one daughter, himself, dead.

John Smith and wife.

Angus Graham,* two sons and three daughters.

Alexander Campbell and wife, two daughters, himself and wife, dead.

Alexander Campbell,* two sons and one daughter.

Murdoch McKinney and wife, five grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

Neil McKinney and wife, one son and three grandchildren.

Hugh McCarter.*

Archibald Colman and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

John Christie and wife, one son and three daughters, himself, dead.

Alexander McCarter and wife, two sons and four daughters and six grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

James Campbell and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

John Shaw and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Dougall McAlpine and wife, one son and one daughter of age.

John Niven and wife, one son and four daughters, himself and wife, dead.

Duncan McPhaden and wife, one son and four grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

James Nutt and wife, one son and one daughter, his wife, dead.

James Torrey and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself and wife, dead.

James Torrey.*

Carmich McKay and wife, one son and one daughter, himself, dead.

Angus McCallister.*

Archd. McEuen and wife, one son and one daughter, himself and wife, dead.

Neal McEachron and wife, one grandchild, himself, dead.

Those marked thus * were married since coming to this country.

John McFale and wife, one son and daughter, himself, dead.

Daniel McNeal.*

Duncan Brown and wife, three sons and one daughter, all of age.

Duncan Campbell and wife, three sons and two daughters, all of age.

Neil Gillespie and wife, two sons and one daughter, all of age.

Dougald McMichael and wife, one son.

Robert Ferguson,* three daughters.

Archibald McNeal, four daughters and two sons.

Donald Lindsay and wife, one son and one daughter, his wife, dead.

Donald McMullin and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Peter McGoune and wife, two sons, himself, dead.

Roger Read,* two daughters, himself, dead.

George McKinney and wife, four sons of age.

Duncan Gilchrist, two sons and four daughters, himself, dead.

John Gilchrist,* three daughters.

Senr. Duncan McCarter and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Duncan McCarter.*

Neil McDonald and wife, four sons and two daughters, four of age.

Peter McCarter and wife, two sons and one daughter, two of age.

Dougald Thompson and wife, five sons and four daughters, four of age.

Neil McCarter and wife, one son and two daughters, two of age.

Neil McCarter and wife, three sons and two daughters, three of age, himself, dead.

Nicholas McIntire and wife, two sons and two daughters, four of age, himself, dead.

Alexander Gillis and wife, one son and daughter, one of age.

Duncan McDougald and wife, three sons and two daughters, two sons married and have five children, one daughter married and has four children.

Donald McEachron and wife, three sons and three daughters, all of age, himself, dead.

John Read and wife, two sons and three daughters, two of age.

James Gilles and wife, three sons and three daughters, two of age.

Allan McDougall and wife, one son and four daughters, five of age, five grandchildren, himself, dead.

Duncan Taylor and wife, two sons and two daughters, all of age, three married, two grandchildren.

William Clark and wife, one son and daughter, both of age.

Alexander Graham and wife, two sons, one of age, his wife, dead.

Archd. Johnson and wife, two sons and three daughters, three of age, himself, dead.

Archibald McCaller and wife, two sons and six daughters, four of age, himself, dead.

John McNeil and wife, one son and four daughters, all married, himself, dead.

Archibald McGoune and wife, four sons and one daughter, all dead, two sons and one grandchild.

Duncan McCallister and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

Archibald McCollum and wife, one son and one daughter of age, the son married and has two grandchildren, and his wife, dead.

Archibald McCollum and wife, two sons and one daughter, all of age, his wife, dead.

Daniel Ferguson and wife, one daughter, three grandchildren alive, himself, dead.

Angus Clark and wife, two sons and one daughter and two grandchildren, himself, dead.

Pattrick McEachron and wife, himself, dead.

Duncan McDonald* and one daughter.

Lauchlin McLean,* one daughter, himself dead.

Allen McLean.*

"The Committee of the Council for the Colony of New York, to whom this petition was referred, reported May 21st, 1764, recommending that 47,700 acres should be granted to them.

. . . . . .

The grant was made out in conformity with the recommendation of the Council, and specifies the amount of land that each individual of the petitioners is to receive, two hundred acres being the least and six hundred acres being the most that any individual obtains; also appoints five men as Trustees to divide and distribute the lands as directed. By the same instrument the tract was incorporated as a town, to be named 'Argyle'." ‡

(To be continued).

THE CLAN MACKAY CONVERSAZIONE in Glasgow was a great success. There was a large gathering of the clan and friends. Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh, president, delivered an interesting address, and songs were rendered by several ladies and gentlemen. An Excursion of members and friends is to take place on an early date and clansfolk desirous of being present should communicate with the secretary (John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow), at once.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, THE CELEBRATED HIGHLAND COSTUMIER, is exhibiting just now a most attractive assortment of Highland costume accessories. Some of the most recent designs in shoulder brooches, dirks and sporran-tops are very handsome and artistic, the reproduction of old Celtic traceries being particularly fine. Visitors to town should not forget to call.

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‡ From the History of Washington County.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

By Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness.

(Continued from page 139.)

IN 1841 occurred what is known locally as the Durness riots. These were occasioned by an attempt to remove part of the people from their holdings to make room for sheep. The tacksman of Rispond, Mr. Jas. Anderson, had accomplished the removal of some twenty-six families between the years 1838 and 1841, converting their crofts into a sheep farm. A list of the people removed then, as well as their destination, some of them to North America, has been preserved. Room was found for many of them in the townships of Saingo-beg and Lerin. But no sooner had they built houses there at their own expense than a second removal had to take place in 1841, in pursuance of the policy to clear the land of crofters, and substitute animals that paid better. This second eviction embraced no less than thirty-three families, the majority of whom had but recently settled down in their new holdings. It was more than flesh and blood could bear, and when Finlay, the Sheriff-officer from Dornoch, came to serve the summons of eviction, the females of the parish took himself and assistant in hand, and burnt the summons. Thereupon a strong force of policemen was despatched, with the Sheriff and Fiscal at their head, to arrest the ringleaders, and to vindicate the majesty of the law. Twelve policemen, with batons dangling from their waists, arrived late on Saturday evening at the public-house for the purpose, it was supposed, of capturing the guilty Amazons during the peaceful hours of the Sabbath morning. But this was not to be accomplished so easily as had been imagined. A crowd of people soon surrounded the public-house, and a deputation—consisting of Mrs. Findlater, the lady of the manse—was despatched to the Sheriff to demand of him an assurance that no steps should be taken to break the stillness and the sanctity of the Sabbath day. No such assurance was given, and the lady was gruffly ordered to mind her own business. This was enough; the doors of the public-house were forced open, and the rioters, brandishing such weapons as they could lay hands on—flails and reaping-hooks and tongs—ordered the policemen, Sheriff, Fiscal, and officers to clear out, and leave the parish as speedily as their legs could carry them. The Sheriff pleaded that in the present delicate state of his health such a night march of twenty miles or more would cost him his life. In consideration of this they generously allowed him the use of his conveyance, which was speedily in readiness for him; but the policemen, mostly East Coast men, were glad to escape on foot, and some of them managed to hide in the corn-stooks for the greater part of the night. The rest were followed by the crowd a distance of seven miles to the confines of the parish. The worthy minister of the parish dreaded the consequences of this Saturday night's work, and knew that the next move on the part of the authorities would be the sending of soldiers to enforce their orders. He accordingly wrote immediately to the then proprietor of Durness, the Duke of Sutherland, detailing the hardship of the people, who had no prospective means of livelihood if removed, as no provisions whatever were made for them, and enlisting his Grace's sympathy in their behalf regarding the deplorable riot. The letter is as follows:—

Durness, 2nd September, 1841.

My Lord Duke,—I use the liberty of forwarding the enclosed documents* for your consideration. Though it may appear foreign to my province, yet I plead the cause of humanity, and have every confidence in your Grace's benevolence that the cases of the poor people, though not under your immediate management, yet residing in that portion of your domains now in the course of providence under your paternal care, your Grace, on mature consideration and enquiry, will be pleased to devise some means, as your humanity and wisdom may deem necessary in the case; otherwise I dread the consequences will be painful and disastrous. . . . It is not for me to suggest what may be expedient to be done in their cases. It is evident, however, if no local sources of industry in the country be provided, that some legislative measures must be employed for the wants of the redundant population. I beg leave also to state that the district of Rispond was originally intended for a fishing station, and the population of it, encouraged with a view to the productive industry of fishing several years ago, but which under its present management has not turned out a source of profit either to Mr. Anderson or the poor people. I must also be candid in stating that two days ago, on the summons of ejection being about to be served by the officers, they were resisted by the females of the district, and a few others who sympathised with them also congregated. I dreaded the consequences might be serious. It was in vain to persuade in the present excited state of feeling, when no prospective opening was provided for so many destitute people; public sympathy cannot possibly be suppressed, and their indomitable love of country is more ardent in proportion to their poverty and seclusion.

In the absence of local magistracy, I have taken it upon me, from a sense of duty, candidly to state the above circumstances, and I would implore your

*List of families under process of eviction and their circumstances.

Grace's intercession in the manner you may deem expedient.

With sentiments of high and, permit me to say, of affectionate regard, I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke, your very obedient and humble servant,

WM. FINDLATER.

P.S.—I have not informed any of the parties of my writing your Grace on this painful subject, nor held out hopes of doing so.—W.F.

The effect of this letter, combined with the determined attitude of the people not to remove without bloodshed, fortunately made the authorities pause in their wholesale clearances, and the people are still in possession of their holdings, such as they are. The following verses commemorating the riot were composed by Mr. Donald Mackay, when considerably over eighty years of age:—

ROINN LE CAILLEACH SMO.

AIR FONN—"*Cha mhor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.*"

Bha mise ann an Smò o linnibh nam Fiann,
Nan laoch sin nach teicheadh gun fhuil thoirt a bian,
Cha chuimhne leam batail a chunna' mi riamh,
Gun duine ann nach seasamh ri clogha no liagh.

'N trath thàinig na Cataich, bu spalpail an céum,
Is duil ac' ri creach thoirtan Craag uainn do leum,
Gun duine nam feachd, chumadh buille no béum,
Ri mnathan Cheannabin, buaidh thapaidh leo fein.

'N trath chunnaic na gaisgich na h-armagan ruisgte
An clogha, 's an corran, an cabar, 's an t-sùist,
Chlisg iad le feagail, is thubhairt cuid dhiù
'S mise so do na Cataich no cath Druim-na-cùb.

'Feadh bha iad 's an Dùrin, bha cùisean orr' teann,
Ged thàir iad da 'n Inn, cha b' fhada dh' fhan iad ann,
Gun ùrachadh bidh' no dibhe, no dràma,
Chuir plob Dhomh'll-ic-Cullaich iad uile do dhanns'.

Aig Tobair-a-chrib ann am priobadh na sùil,
Bha 'n *Countari-dance* a bha annasach ùr',
'S ged cholsinn MacCullach le phiobaireachd cliù
'S olc chumadh na fleasgaich ud, *step* ri chuid ciùil.

'S bhuail an *retreut* aca le cabhaig is caor'
Ruith Siorra' is Fiscal, Polisich is Maoir
Bha cuid ac a' canntuinn "bithidh an gnothuch dhuinn daor
Mar fhàir sinn ar falach air taobh eile a chaoil."

Gun fhuil thoirt air neach aca, ghlan theich iad air falbh
Cuid ris an aonach, is cuid feadh an arbh'
Butchair Dhornoich gun fheòl thoirt do 'n arm
Gu madainn Di-Domhnaich 's an eorna leth-marbh.

Finlay, the sheriff-officer, whose pride was sorely wounded by the treatment accorded to him by the females, who sent him back half-naked, was made the subject of many satirical songs on the occasion. Here is a specimen, the author of which is unknown:—

CHORUS—Fhionnla, na tig ni's fhaisge
Fhionnla, Fhionnla;
Fhionnla, na tig ni's fhaisge
Na tig am feasd mar aon fhear.

'M faca tu gin riamh cho coimheach
Ri Fionnla uaibhreach a Strathnabhair,
Bho 'n chaidh rusgadh leis na mnathan
Tha e caitheamh diombaidh.—Fhionnla, &c.

Carson a bhitheadh tu cho tòrail
Ged a bha thu greis an Dornach,
Chi am fear bhitheas fada beò
Thusa gun ordugh punndaidh.—Fhionnla, &c.

Thug thu earraid leat is Fiscal
Siorra' oir gur e bu mheasail,
Nuair a chaidh na fir 'n an drip,
Bha thus' am measg nan deanntag.
Fhionnla, &c.

Thug thu butchair leat a Dornach
Ann an dùil 's gum bitheadh feòl ann,
'S ann chaidh fhaotainn measg an eorna
'Caoineadh leabhair-cunntaidh.—Fhionnla, &c.

'S e 'n aon sealbh bha air a' tighinn,
Gun do thàir e as a rithist,
Bhris no mnathan bochd an cridhe
'Ruith an deaghaidh Fhionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

'N staid na neo-chiont 'san robh Adhamh
Thug an aon bhean gu staid naduir,
Nach tugadh leth-ceud agus dhà dhiubh
Car do dh' àrdan Fionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

Ma theid thusa nall do Chataibh,
Thoir fios uam gu Ruari Brocair,
Ach an cuir e fonn gu ceart
Do Mhuinntir Far air Fionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

Besides the Findlater collection, from which I selected most of the above, Mr. Hugh Mackay, mason, Durine—whose father was one of the best historians and seannachies of the Reay Country—furnished me with some unpublished songs of more or less interest. The first is by Colin Macdiarmid—a brother of the famous Peggy Macdiarmid, known as "Bean a' chreidimh mhòir." Colin was a bard, and rather unhappily married. He was like most bards, fond of a "droppie," and it would appear that on that account he was subjected to frequent curtain lectures. On one occasion he took it much amiss, and speaks freely to his wife in song:—

Ged a dh òlainn lan an taomain,
Thiginn dhachaidh crideil faoilidh,
S cha b' aobhar sud gu tigh a sgaoileadh
Ged a ghlaodhainn *botul*.

Teann a nunn 's na teanndaidh riùm
Oir 's e do dhiùmbadh choisinn mi,
Laigh gu sàmhach air mo chùl-thaobh,
Sùgradh cha bhi nochd againn.

Fhuair mi thu gun chòt', gun leine
'S iad air tolladh mu do shléisdean,
Cionnus 's urrainn dhomhsa a t-éideadh
'S e *leidigeas* gu bochdainn mi.—Teann, &c.

Phós mi thu a dheòin no dh'aindeoin,
'S bha thu deonach air mo mhealladh,
'Nuair bha mi òg is mi mo leanabh
Rinn mi gealladh amaideach.—Teann, &c.

'N am bitheadh tusa mar bu chòir duit
Dh' easbhuidh riamh thigh'nn null a Cnòideart,
Gheibhinns' bean gun dhol deth m' eòlas
Cheart cho boidheach colsach riut.—Teann, &c.

This same Colin was drowned near Loch Stack while hunting the deer. He had wounded a stag, which managed to make his escape on the ice of the lake. Colin followed on his track, when the ice gave way, and he was drowned. There is a reference made to his funeral in the cash account kirk-session records of Durness, under date 1799:—

"To cash for mort-cloth on the occasion of Mr. Colin Macdermot's funeral, 7s 6d."

The following lament was composed by the woman with whom he lodged on the night preceding his death, and must conclude my paper on this occasion:—

Ged a gheibhinns' 'n Rhi-Ruadh
Righ bu chruaidh leam tàmh ann,
'N deaghaidh smior an duine-uasail
O'n latha chualas do bhàthadh.

Gu'n do luigh smal air an dùthaich-sa
An deigh do 'n bhùrn bhi toirt sàr dhuit,
'S gur h-ann tha maisean nan daoine
'N a luidhe an diugh anns a' bhàghan.

A Ghlinne-dubh 's tu tha daochail
'S ann ort thainig an caochladh 'm bliadhna,
Tha do threabhair 'n an aonaich
Gun aon a chumas rian orra.

Bho dh' fhalbh maisean nan daoine,
Fear foinnidh finealta deas fialadh,
Feuch gu 'n robh triùir air an talamh
Do leithid Cailean Mhic-Diarmaid.

Ach a Chailean Mhic-Diarmaid
Bu tu Ceanna-cliar agus càirdean,
'S aig àm suidhe 's an tigh-òsda dhuit
Ge b'e dh' òladh 's tu phàigheadh.

Tha do pheathraichean gruamach,
'S mòr mo thruas ri do chàirdean,
Tha do mhathair fo chùram
Is mor ciùrradh do bhràithrean.

Tha do bhean is fo chnùsail
'Nan luidhe' bochd ciurrtach 's an àm so,
Cait an d' fhairich no an cualas,
Sgeula cho chruaidh thainig teann-oirr?

(Concluded.)

FARQUHAR BAN'S DOG.

ALL the shepherds in Glencaorin envied Farquhar Ban for his dog. Fraoch was undoubtedly a splendid animal—a black-and-tan, well set on his legs, with fine glossy coat, gracefully carried tail, and a long clean muzzle a lady might kiss. His soft brown eyes beamed with intelligence almost human as he looked round at his master for the orders he never failed to execute. His feats in keeping his flock together amid the bustle and confusion of fair and market, and the manner in which he rounded sheep amid the misty corries and chasms of the glen, were subjects on which the neighbouring shepherds often dwelt. Far beyond the reach of call or whistle he worked on distant braes and heights to a code of signals that only his master and he knew. One might at times see Farquhar standing on some crag or knoll, waving his stick with his broad blue bonnet on the point of it, and Fraoch in the distance, a mere speck, gathering the sheep from hidden hollows and gullies, and ever and anon showing himself on some elevated spot for further signals. He was a Highland dog and understood no language but the Gaelic. I heard Jock Laidlaw, one of the Lowland shepherds in the glen, remark: "mon that's a gran' dog of Farquhar's, I would gie eicht punds for him mysel', if he kent braid Scotch."

Fraoch however was not exempt from the weaknesses of his species. In the sheep smearing and clipping season, when smearers, shepherds and their dogs were congregated at neighbouring folds, he would, when the night fell, quietly disappear from his master's hearth and spend the night with rollicking companions. A sense of duty always brought him back before daybreak, but his guilty look usually told its tale. These were the only occasions when Farquhar applied the rod, used strong language, and made remarks upon the dog's mother, "A ghalla cham"—the one-eyed bitch. But neither the birch, nor insult to the mother who bore him, could altogether check Fraoch's roving propensities.

It was on one of those Autumn nights when the smearers were at work at Lubgorm, three miles to the east of Farquhar's cot, that Ian Roy and his wife got the fright that was talked of for some weeks in the glen. They had been in the Lowlands visiting some relations, and Ian who was of a free-and-easy disposition had been making himself merry amongst them. On their way back, at a spot called Glaic-nam-bodach (said from of old to be haunted) between Lubgorm and Farquhar's cottage, they heard uncanny sounds amongst the fallen rocks and birch trees that covered the slopes of the dark dale into which the road dipped, and the following colloquay took place—

Wife—"Ciod an fhuaim tha 'n sin, Iain" (What noise is that, Iain?)

Iain—"Na féidh am measg nan clach" (The deer amongst the stones!)

Wife—"Cha 'n e, na caoraich; tha uisge beatha Cheann-na-Drochaid 'na do cheann fathast" (No, nor sheep; Bridgend whisky is still in your head?)

Further noise with a distinct clinking of iron.

Wife—"A Dhia bi mu 'n cuairt dhuinn, 'se 'm Fear-a's-miosa féin a tha ann!" (God be about us, it is the Evil One himself.)

Iain—"Tha 'n fhuaim gu dearbh coltach ri gliongaich shlabhraidhean" (The noise is indeed like the clinking of chains).

A weird agonizing cry, in which a scream and howl seemed blended, coming from the same quarter, set Iain and his wife running. The nearest human abode was Farquhar's, and for that place of refuge they ran. Farquhar received them with that sympathy and concern for the distressed which no change or adversity has banished from the Highland cot. Their faces were blanched with fear, and some minutes elapsed before they regained breath to tell their tale. At length their story was told and into no unbelieving ear. It was well-known in the glen that Farquhar himself would rather go miles out of his way than pass through Glaic-nam-bodach at midnight. As Iain's wife became composed enough to go into details, and was giving Farquhar a minute description of the sounds that frightened them, a whining and scratching was heard at the door. When Farquhar rather reluctantly raised the latch, Fraoch burst in and made for his usual place of refuge, when in fear of a thrashing, under the bed. It was clear to all from the glimpse they got of him that there was something wrong, and Farquhar set about coaxing him to leave his hiding place. In this he at length succeeded; and the dog appeared in the cringing attitude of a suppliant for mercy, at the same time trying to wag a pitiable remnant of tail stripped of both hair and skin. Iain's wife came to the immediate conclusion that he had been in the hands of the Evil One. Farquhar, however, assumed the air of one who would not take that for granted without proof, and remarked "Mu bha bhrùid bhochd na làmhan-san bidh fàileadh dadhte dheth" (If the poor brute has been in his hands there will be a singed smell about him). On examination there was no smell of fire about Fraoch, but some sooty marks were found about his hind quarters. This was evidence enough to satisfy the trio that the dog had been in the hand of one whose habitation is the nether regions; and Iain's wife, after many exclamations of awe, began moralizing. Iain knowing from past experience that this would end in personal application, hazarded the query "Ach ciod an t-olc 'rinn an cù bochd gum faigh-eadh e leithid do pheanas?" (But what evil has the poor dog done that he should be punished so). "O Iain, Iain," answered his wife, "nach 'eil thu faicinn gur rabhadh dhuit fein a th' ann; mur dean thu aithreachas tachairidh dhuitse mar thachair dhasan" (O Iain, Iain, don't you see it is a warning to yourself; if you do not repent what has happened to the dog shall happen to you).

The following morning Iain and his wife resumed their journey, and Fraoch might be seen trotting after his master with a red cotton handkerchief tied round his tail. He gallantly tried to do his work as in other days, but when he attempted to wheel round sharply he seemed to feel that there was something wrong with his steering gear, and would suddenly sit down and gnaw at the bandage.

It transpired some weeks after that "Fraoch" had been at Lubgorm on the above eventful night, and had a "set to" with one of the dogs there which developed into a general fight that turned the vicinity of the smearing bothy for a time into a canine battlefield. Further, that one of the smearers, whose dog suffered severely in the fray, got hold of Fraoch, tied a sooty tin kettle to his tail with a strong cord, and with a kick and malediction startled him home. That the dog, in that plight, did not venture along the road but kept to the adjoining braes, and on his way over the rough ground not only made the noise which frightened Iain Roy and his wife, but got fixed between two boulders, and in the struggle to release himself left the tin kettle and part of his tail behind. Farquhar vowed he would be avenged upon the man who thus treated his dog, but they never met, for the man shortly after left the district.

Knickerbockered deerstalkers and gillies have taken the place of the shepherds of Glencaorin, and Farquhar is now old and frail. The last time I saw him I reminded him of "Fraoch" and Glaic-nam-bodach, but afterwards regretted doing so as the language in which he spoke of the man who tied the kettle to his dog's tail is too strong for the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*.

A. G. M.

ARE THE M'AREES OR MACINTEES A SEPT OF THE MACGREGORS?

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND,
20th January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of the "Celtic" readers oblige with some information with regard to the surname, spelt indifferently M'Aree, M'Intee, or Macrea. Numbers of the name were settled in Balquhidder during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries. Some of the family migrated to Glasgow about the end of last century, and adopted the surname King.

I have heard, but do not know for a fact, that the Macarees were a sub-clan of the Macgregors. Many entries relating to the family appear in the Balquhidder Parish books of registration.—Thanking you in anticipation, I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours, A QUEENSLAND SCOT.

JAMES MUNRO, The Gaelic Grammarian.

By Fionn.

JAMES MUNRO was the son of Alexander Munro, Joiner, Fort-William, and Catherine Robinson, his wife. He was born in Fort-William, in 1794, and died in the Old Fort there, on 25th December, 1870. He received his education in the old Parochial School, Fort-William. There is no evidence that he ever attended college, although his works would lead one to suppose so. When a youth he thought of following law, but he abandoned that idea and went in for teaching. He taught one of the General Assembly's Schools at Carradale, Kintyre. From thence he removed to Corpach where he taught a school for some years; and, while there, he was advanced to Parochial Teacher of the extensive Parish of Kilmonivaig, at Blarour, where he taught with success for several years. He was, for some time, Inspector of Poor for the Parish. He was also an elder in the Parish Church, Kilmonivaig. Eventually he resigned his offices and retired on a competency. He spent the closing years of his life at Fort-William, and his remains were interred in the Craigs Burying Ground there—under the shadow of Ewen Maclachlan's monument. A plain tombstone is erected to his memory by his sister. The following couplet is inscribed on it:—

"Chuir e riaghailtean air Gàidhlig
Agus snas air cainnt a dhùthcha."

He was, for the most part, a self-taught man, and, for one in his position and circumstances, his general knowledge was remarkable. He had an excellent command of Latin, Greek, and French. As a Gaelic scholar he stood very high, as is testified by the late Dr. Cameron of Brodick, who, in a lecture on "Gaelic Books,"‡ refers to "a valuable Grammer by James Munro. The first edition appeared in 1835, and the second, very much enlarged, in 1843. If I except Dr. Mackintosh-Mackay, I do not know that anyone now living has done so much as Mr. Munro to advance Gaelic literature, and his services deserve acknowledgment from his countrymen, which they have not yet received."

James Munro was a good poet, and wrote many Gaelic songs which are still popular. He was also a good musician, and could play on several instruments.

In the preface to his "Bibliotheca Scoto Celtica," Reid acknowledges his indebtedness to James Munro for various notices of the Gaelic poets, which he supplied him. The late D. C. Macpherson of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—the "Abrach" of the "Gael"—and author of the "Duanaire," was one of his pupils, and he undoubtedly owed much of his enthusiasm for Gaelic literature, as well as his accurate scholarship, to James Munro.

His works are:—"A Grammer of the Gaelic Language," 1835, enlarged edition, 1843; "A Gaelic Primer with Vocabulary"; "An Treòr-aiche, or First Book for Schools," 1843; "An t-Ailleagan, a collection of Gaelic Songs," 1830; "Am Filidh, a collection of Songs with Music," 1840.

AM MUILEANN-DUBH.

Sir,—Like "Fionn" I am much interested in this subject. It recalls many happy memories. Fifty years ago I often witnessed the young men and maidens of my native village, Camghouran, in Rannoch, Perthshire, dance to the strain of the song, used by an old village worthy as *port a bheul*. The version in use was slightly different from the versions given in your columns. Fionn's has most resemblance to it. There was the refrain. The third line of each verse was the first line repeated. The second and fourth lines were, throughout, the same as those of the first verse, except that where the measure required it, "*anns a'*" was used in place of "*'s a'*" at the beginning of the second and fourth lines.

The proper distinction was not always made between "*Bha*" and "*Tha*" the first word of each

‡ Reliquiæ Celticæ, Vol. ii., page 529.

verse, and I cannot vouch for the sequence. The version was as follows, but, *brevitatis causa*, I shall give only the first line of each verse after the first. The reader from the foregoing explanation can supply the rest.

Refrain—Tha 'Muileann-dubh air bhogadan,
Air bhogadan, air bhogadan,
'S tha 'Muileann-dubh air bhogadan,
'S e 'togairt dol a dhannsa.

1. Bha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh, 's a' Mhuileann-dubh,
Bha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh bho 'n t' Samhradh.
'S tha 'Muileann air bhogadan, etc.
2. Bha gobhair agus caorich.
3. Bha crodh a' breith nan laogh.
4. Bha tombac agus snaoisein.
5. Bha rud nach 'eil sibh saoilsinn.

That your readers may have a full version in one number, I add the three verses given by Fionn, and they are even more suggestive and germane to the subject than mine, though they are new to me.

6. Bha cur 'us cathadh 's gaoth.
7. Shaoil leam gun robh min eorna,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh, 's a' Mhuileann-dubh,
Shaoil leam gun robh min eorna,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh 's gun deann ann.
8. Bha Diabhol-dubh-nan-adhaircean (the primary cause of all the mischief!).

I have taken the liberty, for the reason which appears in the sequel, to substitute "*nan*" in the last verse for Fionn's "*air*" and "*Bha*" for "*Tha.*" Probably one or two of my verses may grate on the classic sensibilities of Fionn, but I give them as I got them.

It is a bold thing to question the history of a Highland incident recorded in Gaelic verse and which has received Fionn's *imprimatur*. I am sceptical however. A beautiful theory—the labour of nearly fifty years—which I had intuitively constructed from internal evidence, is shattered by Fionn as completely as the Exciseman, *alias Diabhol-dubh-nan-adhaircean*—to describe him adequately to the then universal sentiment of the district, from the *Tigh-mòr* to the *Bothan-dubh*—shattered the distillery on my native hills of the last smuggler in Rannoch, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "*Am Muillear-dubh.*" I have been in this distillery, have seen the *poit dubh, in situ*, the mill lade to the bigging, and the tail race therefrom, the barley steeping—though not an *eitean* or *deann* of it was intended for *min eorna*, but the whole for "*rud nach 'eil sibh saoilsinn.*" The building itself was not known to me, and was not spoken of in the district—probably for an obvious reason—as "*Am Muileann-dubh,*" and to that ignorance on my part the Black-mill paradox remained a mystery for the long period I have mentioned.

By pure accident, about two years ago, I made my discovery when narrating to Professor Mackinnon the large number of smugglers' *làraichean* that can still be seen by the burns among the hills of my native glen. He interrupted me rather brusquely, by asking what we called the building in my district. I was fairly nonplussed and could not recall any term by which it was known. In turn I questioned him as to the appropriate name. He replied at once "Am Muileann-dubh." My riddle was already read. Everything adjusted itself to its neighbour like a pack of cards. It was as clear to me now as if written by a sunbeam. I rattled off my verses to the kindly professor, and shortly after, he made me repeat them to his good lady on her return to the room. He only remarked that the purest Gaelic was transmitted down by means of verses like these, and instanced "*nead na circe fraoiche,*" adding "If you or I were to speak of this we should probably say '*nead na cearc fhraoich.*'" I assented.

Only an old Highland herd intimately acquainted with the habits and habitats of grouse, goats, sheep and *crodh-laoigh*, and who has for many a long winter forenight sat by the glowing hearth, and heard the smuggling tales then so common, can appreciate the suggestiveness of the song. Every line is pregnant with meaning. "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn" is nothing to it. I venture to submit that the bard witnessed the stone gable, all that remained, of the now deserted Muileann-dubh, the other parts according to my observation being generally constructed of feal and divot, and easily overthrown, tottering to its fall, in other words *air bhogadan*, by a great spate, so common on the Highland hills, and that all the incidents crowded on his imagination, if he was not indeed stating literal facts within his knowledge, all of which are most likely to have happened. "*Togairt dol a dhannsa*" is the bard's pleasantry.

The time and locality of the incident which suggested the song I know nothing of.

I saw in common with all my schoolfellows the *Muillear-dubh* above referred to—having been caught *flagranti delicto*—being led away to Perth Prison by the guager and his minions. That ancient institution was a subject of veneration to us Highland boys. When, years after, I moved to Perth, I was greatly shocked at the flippant familiarity with which it was there regarded, and even spoken of as "doon bye."

The miller was an old man. He had been in trouble previously. I was young and do not remember whether he had served his full term, but about that time he was carried to his long home, without stigma, or loss of respect in the district. *Requiescat in pace.* He lived at Dalno, below Bohespie.

A deep, deep gloom fell over the school as well as the whole population. Had we witnessed "the Deil awa' with the Exciseman" we should have probably remarked in the words applied to *Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain*, "*Cha robh 'n call cho farranach.*"

If you think the subject sufficiently interesting, I may on a future occasion pursue it a little further, and give some incidents of Highland life suggested by it, that I hope will be of some interest to your Celtic readers, if not to the "*Bodaich Ghallda.*"

Edinburgh. I am, etc., GREGOR MACGREGOR.

ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

Chief of the Stewarts of Appin.

COLONEL DUNCAN STEWART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

CHIEF OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

THE Stewarts of Appin are descended from Sir James Stewart of Perston, fourth son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, second son of Alexander, fourth High Steward of Scotland, whose eldest son, James, was ancestor of the royal family of Scotland.

Dugald, first of Appin, fifth in descent from Sir James, was the only son of Sir John Stewart, Lord of Lorn and Innermeath, whose eldest daughter, Isabel, had married Colin, first Earl of Argyll. By this marriage the Lordship of Lorn passed to the Argyll family. Dugald having taken steps to recover the Lordship, by a compromise with his uncle, Walter Stewart, it was agreed that Dugald should retain the Appin Estates in Upper Lorn and forego his claim to the Lordship of Lorn.

Upon the death of Dugald, ninth of Appin, in 1769, without male issue, the Chieftainship of the clan devolved upon the Ardsheal family, who were descended from John, second son of John Stewart, fifth of Appin.

During the troublesome times of the '45, Dugald, ninth of Appin, being a minor, the clan was led by Charles Stewart, fifth of Ardsheal, who was an enthusiastic Jacobite, and together with Lochiel and Glengarry took a leading part in the correspondence with Prince Charles as to his chances of success in Scotland. Ardsheal joined Prince Charles and led his clan at Prestonpans, Falkirk, and at Culloden, where the Stewarts of Appin, perhaps of all the clans, suffered most severely. After Culloden, Ardsheal was attainted of high treason and his estates were confiscated. Before escaping to France he succeeded in reaching Appin, where he lay concealed for some days in a cave in Ardsheal. Ardsheal House was afterwards sacked, and Ardsheal's wife with her family were compelled to flee for refuge. Contributions in the name of rent were regularly remitted to Ardsheal, in France, by his faithful tenants, in addition to the rents paid to the Crown Receiver.

The Ardsheal Estates were subsequently restored to Duncan, sixth of Ardsheal, who succeeded to the chieftainship of the clan on the death of Dugald, ninth of Appin, in 1769, and on the death of his grandson, Charles, eighth of Ardsheal, in 1881, the chieftainship devolved upon the late John Stewart of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister of Law, whose eldest surviving son, Robert Bruce Stewart, is now representative of the Stewarts of Lorn, Appin, and Ardsheal.

The Ardsheal Estates, which were, until recently, believed to have been strictly entailed, were sold by the late proprietor and so have passed from the family.

Born on the 23rd April, 1863, after taking his degree at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1887, Robert Bruce Stewart decided to enter upon new pastures and seek his fortune among the busy turmoil of city life. He entered the legal profession and is now practising as a solicitor in London. He is a Vice-President and a member of the Council of the "Stewart Society." From his earliest years he showed a great fondness for sports and games of all kinds. He has two brothers, who are also devoted to sports, the younger of whom, Haldane Campbell Stewart, is the well-known Kent County cricketer and an accomplished musician.

LIEUT.-COL. DUNCAN STEWART.

LIEUT.-COL. DUNCAN STEWART, formerly of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, whose portrait appears in our issue for this month, is the second son of the late John Duncan Alexander Stewart (fourth in descent from James Stewart, sixth of Fasnacloich, Appin) by his marriage with Harriet Everilda, daughter of Major Anthony Gore, brother of Sir Ralph Gore, Bart, of Manor Gore. Lieut.-Col. Stewart was born on 18th June, 1831, and was educated at Westminster, where he attained the position of Princeps Oppidanus in 1848. He was destined for the bar, but on the outbreak of the war with Russia he entered the army, and joined his regiment in the Crimea before the conclusion of the campaign. He subsequently served in South Africa in 1857, whence he proceeded in that year to the East Indies. He was actively engaged in the suppression of the mutiny, was specially thanked for his services at the battle of Azimghur, and was present at the actions of Shahjehanpore and Mohunpore, and the capture of the fort of Pourie. At the action at Beejapore, where he was in command of six troops of cavalry, he was wounded by a sabre cut. Mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, and brevet of Major.

He married, firstly, Emily Rose, daughter of John Mackenzie Lindsay, Director of H. M's Chancery for Scotland (son of James Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, of Boysack, Fullerton, and Spynie, Hereditary Fowler to the Kings of Scotland, and heir to the Barony of Spynie), by whom he had three sons, the second of whom is now serving with the 4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in South Africa, the youngest, a midshipman in H.M.S. "Canada," having been unfortunately drowned at Halifax, N.S, in his first cruise, in 1887. He married, secondly, Cecil Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Charlton Whitmore, M.P., of Apley Park, Salop, by his marriage with Lady Louisa Anne Douglas, eldest daughter of Charles, fifth Marquis of Queensberry, K.T.

Lieut.-Col. Stewart is the author, jointly with his cousin the late J. H. J. Stewart, F.S.A., Scotland, of "The Stewarts of Appin," a work in which the previous accounts of the family up to 1730 have been considerably amplified, and its history brought down to 1880.

The costume in which Colonel Stewart is shown in the portrait, is a Court Dress of the period of 1745, and was worn by him at a ball, given to H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, in Edinburgh, in 1864.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

THESE arms are of some historical interest. The fesse chequy, "The Stewarts' chequer," as Sir Walter Scott calls it, is the ancient cognisance of the Stewarts, and appears upon the seal of Alan, the second High Steward of Scotland, appended to his charter to Melrose Abbey about A.D. 1190, being, as Laing says in his Scottish Seals, page 127, "perhaps the earliest instance of this well-known bearing of the Stewart family." Sir James Dalrymple in his Historical Collections says "The fesse chequée was assumed by the Stewarts, perhaps, because the fesse represents the military belt, and the fesse chequée represents battalions or squadrons of soldiers, because the Stewart of Scotland had the command of the kings armies. Likewise, the fesse chequée represents the chess-boards, which, of old, accomptants in the king's office of exchequer did make use of in calculating their accompts; whence probably the exchequer had its name, and which office was under the charge of the High Stewart."

The celebrated Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl (second son of Alexander, the High Steward) who fell, A.D. 1298, at the Battle of Falkirk, charged his paternal coat with the "bend and buckles" of Bonkyl, on his marriage with the heiress of Sir Alexander Bonkyl of that ilk. These bearings still appear in the shields of the

Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch in consequence of their descent, in the female line, from Sir John Stewart. But Sir John Stewart of Innermeath and Durrisdeer (fourth in descent from Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl) and afterwards of Lorn, in consequence of his marriage in 1388 with Isabel, daughter of John of Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, dropped the cognisance of Bonkyl, and quartered the galley of Lorn with his paternal coat of the fesse chequée.

Twelve generations later, on the death in 1769 of Dugald Stewart, ninth and last of Appin, the representation of the Stewarts of Lorn and Appin devolved upon Duncan Stewart, sixth of Ardsheal, the lineal descendant of John, first of Ardsheal, who was second son of John Stewart, fifth of Appin. Duncan, sixth of Ardsheal, to whom his paternal estate was restored after its forfeiture in 1746, had established in 1771 in the Scots Herald Office, his position as the representative of the Stewarts of Appin and Lorn, and on the 28th April, 1800, the Earl of Kinnoul, then Lyon King of Arms, issued the following certificate and declaration :—"The ensigns armorial pertaining and belonging to Charles Stewart, Esquire, of Ardsheal, eldest son and heir of Duncan Stewart, Esquire (late collector of the customs at New London, in Connecticut, North America, heir male and representative of the Stewarts of Ardsheal, Appin, and Lorn) and Anne, youngest daughter of the Hon. John

CASTLE STALKER—A STRONGHOLD OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

Irvine, merchant in Boston, New England, and many years one of His Majesty's Council, which Duncan was eldest son of Charles Stewart, fifth of Ardsheal, by Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of John Haldane of Lanrick, which Charles was son and heir of John, who was son and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of John, the first of the family of Ardsheal, who was second son of John, fifth baron of Apine, by . . . daughter . . . Macdonald of Moidart, which John was son and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of Alan, who was brother and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of Dugald, first of the family of Apine, the only son of the last Lord Lorn, and the seventh in descent in a direct male line from Alexander, sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland, by Sir John Stewart of Bonkyll, his second son, who married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Alexander Bonkyll of that ilk, are matriculated in the Publick Registers of the Lyon Office, and are blazoned as on the margin, thus, viz :—quarterly, first and fourth or, a fess checkie azure and argent for Stewart, second and third argent, a galley, her sails trussed up and oars in action sable for Lorn. Above the shield is placed a helmet befitting his degree, with a mantling gules the doubling argent. On a wreath of his liveries is set for crest a unicorn's head issuing out of the wreath, argent, maned, horned, and bearded or, on a

scroll above the crest this motto, "Quhidder will zie," and on a compartment below the shield are, placed for supporters, two roe-bucks proper." The certificate is signed by James Horne, the Deputy of the Earl of Kinnoull, and the following note is added:—"The roe-bucks were adopted as the old supporters of the Stewarts, Lords Lorn, and, proper, for Mrs. Stewart of Ardsheal, as representative of that family." Under the authority of the Lyon Office, dated 13th June, 1879, the flags in the galleys are blazoned gules.

The present representative of the family is Robert Bruce Stewart, Esquire, Bachelor of Arts, University of Oxford; the principal branches being those of Achnacone, Fasnacloich, Invernahyle, Ballachullish, and Strathgarry.

Duncan Stewart, second of Appin, rebuilt, for the accommodation of King James IV., Castle Stalcaire, which had previously been a hunting-seat of the Lords of Lorn, of the families of Macdougall and Stewart. Eilean Stalcaire signifies in Gaelic Falconer's Island, and tradition says that it was often inhabited by King James IV. and King James V. when hunting, hawking, or fishing in Appin and the surrounding districts. A brooch was long in the possession of the Appin family, which had for a pendant a handsome pearl, said to have been taken out of a salmon killed by Duncan when fishing in the river Awe with James IV.

CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VI.

Captain Cumming's evidence.—Monaquoich.—Introduction of south country sheep into Lochaber and Glengarry.—Lochaber glens now desolate.—Rejoicings on restoration of the Lochiel Estates.—Men give place to sheep and deer.

IN the year 1804, there was a general let of the Lochiel Estates, farms were consolidated, rents greatly raised, and Glenco and his like having appeared, the people disappeared.

Captain Cumming further deponed that at the time Mr. Butter got the factorship he lived in Achnacarry, where he resided for three years, and until he got Corpach and Monaquoich with its sheilings. That the witness' father died at Corpach, and was succeeded by Butter. That he has known Monaquoich since the year 1770, fifty five years since, and went through it minutely, being, for several days, in search of a strayed colt. Captain Cumming was very severely cross-examined by Glengarry, and questioned minutely as to the colt search, and otherwise, from which he emerged with credit. Asked—Where do the waters of Loch Quoich discharge themselves. Answers—He does not know, as he never was at the foot of the Loch. Asked—Does not an unbroken mountain range divide or separate Glendessary from Glenkingie. Answers—That he does not know what an unbroken mountain range means. Asked—Do you know what Creachan (a Gaelic word) means. Answers—That he cannot give any description of Creachan farther than this, that where there is an easy walk on the top of a hill or mountain, sheep get fine feeding or pasture there. When searching for the colt, Captain Cumming had slept in the bothy of Butter's, in Corrynagaul. Shepherd Macmillan; he is now asked for the position of the bothy, and to describe its whereabouts, and gives its name, receiving for answer that the place was situated in Corrynagaul, but the deponent cannot describe it by name or situation, having never been there but on the one occasion, and as that was so far back as 1770, he has no recollection of the place.

Mr. Butter, when first appointed factor, lived at Achnacarry, but quitted it in 1762 to live at Corpach, vacant by the death of the deponent's father. Knew that Mr. Butter, besides his great holding on the Lochiel Estate, also had the farms of Kilinan and Glaster from the late Glengarry, and he was the first person who brought the south country sheep to the countries of Lochaber and Glengarry.

Witness' first rent for Achdalieu, in 1763-4, was £6 6s. with public burdens, afterwards increased by the Commissioners to £11 16s., and this continued to be his rent at the present day, but he had to give a grassum of £500 at one time for a renewal of the lease.

The nineteenth century is drawing to a close, and great indeed has been the advance in wealth, comfort and progress, but what can be said of Glenkingie, Glendessary, Glen Pean, Glen Camagerry, Glenmaillie, Glen Lui, and others, swept of their ancient and worthy people. Much might be said, but I leave this subject with a few quotations from the striking work of the late Professor Shairp of St. Andrew's, "Glendessary and other Poems, Lyrical and Elegiac." London, 1888.

Referring to the joy in 1785, on the news of the restoration of the forfeited estates of Lochiel, he says:—

"High up along Lochaber Braes
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped;
The great glen heard with glad amaze
And rolled it on to Loch Arkaig head.
From loch to hill the tidings spread,
And smote with joy each dwelling place
Of Cameron—clachan, farm, and shiel,
And the long glens that interlace
The mountains piled benorth Loch Eil.
Glenmaillie and Glen Camgarie
Resounded to the joyful cry,
Westward with the sunset fleeing,
It raised the homes of green Glen Pean.
Glenkingie tossed it on—unbarred—
It swept o'er rugged Mam Clach Ard,
Start at these sounds, the rugged bounds
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart
Down to the ocean's misty bourn
By dark Loch Nevis, and Loch Hourn.

* * *

The Highlands all one hunting ground,
Where men are few and deer abound,
And desolation broods profound
O'er the homes of the men of Culloden.

LOCH OICH AND INVERGARRY CASTLE.

That, too, will pass—the hunter's deer,
The drover's sheep will disappear;
But when another race will you rear,
Like the men that died at Culloden?

GLENGARRY'S PROOF.

Macmillans in Glengarry.—Affray between Macmillans of Ballachan and Camerons of Loch Arkaig regarding marches.—Custom as to tracing lost or stolen cattle.—Ownership of island in Loch Quoich.

Glengarry's proof will now be taken up. His first witness at Fort-William on 21st February, 1825, was Sarah Macmillan, spouse of Ewen Macmillan in Blaich of Ardgour, and in token that she was over seventy years of age, a certificate was produced from the minister of Kilmallie, that there were no regular registers earlier than 1818, but that the proposed witness would depone that she had been a married woman for over fifty-four years. Lochiel's agent objected to anything short of an official extract, and his objection having been over-ruled by the Commissioner, and the witness interrogated in the Gaelic language by Duncan Stewart, Esquire, collector of customs at Fort-William, answered, that she has been fifty-four years a married woman, and that she was eighteen years

and upwards at the time of her marriage which took place at Badingoig of Glengarry, her father being one of the tenants of Badingoig and Ballachan on that estate.

Witness deponed that she did not know herself whether the island of Loch Quoich belonged to Glengarry or not, or whether he had a house there, but when a young woman her father told her that the island belonged to Glengarry, and that he had a house there, and she heard others say so also; and at this time her father was then the oldest man living thereabout. That Badengoig had the sheiling of Ry-ac-nam-breachd, to which place she and others resorted every year, and they had their regular bothies there. She recollected when her father and several other tenants were dispossessed to make room for a single sheep farmer, one Peter Maclaurin, who is now present as a witness. That the witnesses own name was Macmillan, and all the other tenants of Badengoig and Ballachan, dispossessed by Maclaurin, were named Macmillan. Her father had told her there had been a tuilzie or serious affray, at an early period, between the Macmillans of Badengoig and Ballachan and the Camerons of Loch Arkaig, regarding marches, also that one of the Camerons had his head broken in the affray, and was carried home in a litter across the hills to Loch Arkaig side.

John Kennedy, residing at Bunarkaig, near Achnacarry, seems to have been the oldest of all the old witnesses. He was bed-ridden, and questioned in Gaelic by Captain John Macdonell of Killichonate, sworn interpreter, and said he was a widower and upwards of eighty nine years of age. That his father and his brother, Angus, were tenants of Ballachan, his father having first entered five years after the battle of Culloden, there being also another tenant in Ballachan, named John Kennedy. His elder brother, Angus, having married, the witness took upon him the support of his mother and had a part of the farm. Witness and his brother, Angus, erected bothy sheilings on Ry-ac-nam-breachd, but were challenged by Ewen of Muik, with whom they had words. Interrogated whether witness knew, during his youthful years, and in looser times, that it was customary to follow the trace of cattle lost or stolen, and after having tracked them from the summit ridge or out mosses into a distinct and positive part of a neighbouring farm or property; it was not the bounden duty of the occupants of that other country, to trace them off their own march, or be responsible to the drovers of the cattle to the full amount of their value. Depones, that he recollects that being the practice of the country. Interrogated, does he know that Caochan-an-daimh was the place where Lochiel's people gave up the track of such cattle. Depones, that it was.

Mary Macmillan or MacIsaac, spouse of Alexander MacIsaac or Macdonell, residing at Kinlochunagan, on the farm of Cullachy, examined in Gaelic at Marshall's Inn, Fort-Augustus, on 23rd February, 1825, by Thomas Gillespie, Esquire, residing at Ardochy, as sworn interpreter. Stated she was upwards of seventy years of age, and daughter to one of the numerous Macmillans who occupied Badengoig and Ballachan. She gave details of sheiling life and herding in the Garrioch, and other high grounds, with her cousin, Moal Morri (sic) or Miles Macmillan. That she was born at Badengoig and lived there until she was twenty four, when she was married. Asked concerning the island in Loch Quoich, said her father told her that the island belonged to Glengarry, who had a house there. That her father, when a young man, was in Glengarry's service, and told her that he had repeatedly carried letters to Glengarry when living at the house. Witness, herself, had picked up broken pieces of old crockery upon the Larach or Stance of said house in the island. The next witness was examined at Loch Hournhead, on 25th February, 1825.

(To be continued.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

By Alexander Dingwall, M.A., M.B., C.M., Glasgow.

(Continued from page 147.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS OF DRIMNIN.

III.—*Clan mottoes, slogans, traditions associated with the crests; Mackenzies—Fitzgerald saves the King's life; Macleans—Gillean of the battle-axe; Mackays—Mackay's charter for his lands, the "strong hand," hence crest and motto; Macdonalds—How Coll touched land first, motto of Clan Ranald.*

THE motto, formerly called in Scotland the Ditton, consists of a word or sentence upon a ribbon or scroll, which, in Scottish Heraldry, is usually placed above the crest.

Sir George Mackenzie considers that the position of the motto should vary according to its import, that is, if it relates to the crest it should be placed above that figure, and if to the arms and supporters, under the adornment. It so happens, however, that so many mottoes have no apparent reference to any part of the armorial bearings, that this rule is not capable of universal application. When such relation does exist the suggested arrangement is very appropriate, and especially so when more than one motto is used—*e.g.* The motto has generally proved in old families to be as hereditary as any of the charges on the shield. Mottoes, in a strictly heraldic sense, have not been met with on Scottish seals earlier than the sixteenth century, and even during that period the number is comparatively limited. Probably the oldest Scottish heraldic motto is that of the Lindsays, *endure*. But more ancient still are the slogans or war-cries of the Scottish clans, to which no one under the rank of banneret was at one time considered to be entitled. In fact they were generally confined to chiefs of clans and military leaders with their retainers. Many of the Scottish slogans are taken from the names of military leaders—a Douglas, a Home—others are taken from the places of rendevouz of the clan. Mackenzies shouted "Tullaich àrd," and Grants, "Craigellachie," the gathering place being proclaimed by means of the fiery cross.

It has often occasioned remark that many of the clan mottoes are in Latin, but it is an authenticated fact that Highland gentlemen, two or three hundred years ago, were able to read and speak Latin and Gaelic when they knew little or no English. Rory Mòr, the famous chief of Macleod, is said to have been the last to retain this practice. Latin was also understood by many of the bards, and the blind minstrel, on more than one occasion, introduces Sir William Wallace as conversing with the natives of France in that tongue as the only common means of communication.

The origin of most of the heraldic emblems worn by the clans is unknown, and the majority of the stories, said to account for them, are fabulous legends. I can only give a few.

Tradition says that the Mackenzies are descended from one, Colin Fitzgerald, an Irish adventurer, who attached himself to the court of Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. He married a daughter of Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh, by whom he had a son called Kenneth. All his descendants were, by the Highlanders, called MacChoinnich, taking the patronymic from the Matheson rather than from Colin, whom they deemed a stranger.

It is said that, on one occasion, Alexander was hunting in the forest, near Kincardine, when an infuriated stag, closely pursued by the hounds, made straight in the direction of the king. Colin Fitzgerald, who accompanied the royal party, gallantly interposed his own person between his majesty and the wild animal, and shot it in the forehead with an arrow. The king, in acknowledgment of this royal gratitude, at once issued a diploma in favour of Colin, granting him armorial bearings, which were to be a stag's head puissant, bleeding at the forehead where the arrow pierced it, to be borne on a field azure, supported by two greyhounds. The crest to be a dexter arm bearing a naked sword, surrounded by the motto, *fide parta fide acta*, which continued to be the distinctive bearing of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, until it was deemed expedient, as corroborating their claim on the extensive possessions of Macleod of Lewis, to substitute for the original the crest of that warlike clan, a mountain in flames, with the motto, *Lucea non uro*, the ancient shield supported by two savages, wreathed about the head with laurel, and armed with clubs, issuing from which are the bearings now used by the representative of the chief of Kintail.

The incident of the hunt—Colin Fitzgerald's rescue of the king—was painted by West for the last of the Seaforths, in one of those large paintings with which the old Academician was

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS OF DOCHGARROCH.

wont to employ and gratify his later years. The artist received £800 for the noble painting, which is still preserved in Brahan Castle, and in his old age he expressed his willingness to give the same sum for it to have it exhibited among his pictures.

The Macleans claim descent, through one Gillean na Tuaidh, from Fergus, an ancient Scottish king. Gillean na Tuaidh was so called from his carrying, as his ordinary weapon and constant companion, a battle-axe, and from him the Macleans have derived their name. The following anecdote is said to account for the origin of the crest which is a battle-axe, surrounded by a laurel branch.

He was engaged with other lovers of the chase in a stag hunt on the mountains, and having wandered from the rest of the party in pursuit of game, the mountain suddenly became enveloped in a thick mist, and he lost his way. For three days he wandered about unable to recover his route, and on the fourth, exhausted by fatigue, he entered a laurel bush, where, fixing the handle of his battle-axe in the earth, he laid him down and slept. On the evening of the same day his friends discovered the head of the battle-axe above the bush, and found its owner, with his arm round the handle, asleep on the ground.

The Macleans of Duart, Lochbuie, Dochgarroch, Ardgour, Brolas, Pennycross and Coll, all have for crests the battle-axe between two branches of laurel, holly, or cyprus, but some of the oldest coats-of-arms of the clan have not got this. The shield of each family varies, but each has a helm in one quarter and a cross in the other, although in each family they are differently arranged. The badge of all the Macleans, except Lochbuie, is holly, and the war-cry of all is *Bàs na beatha.*

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACKAYS IN TONGUE HOUSE, SUTHERLAND.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF ADMIRAL ROBERTSON-MACDONALD OF KINLOCH-MOIDART.

In 1566, Mackay of Farr disregarded the summons to appear before Queen Mary, at Inverness, along with the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland. For his non-appearance before the Queen, a commission was granted to the Earl of Sutherland to invade the land of Strathnaver. He besieged Castle Borve which was held by a small force of twenty resolute clansmen under Rory, brother of John Mor Mackay, and after a stout resistance on the part of the garrison he took it and demolished it. Cannon were used for the first time in the north of Scotland in this siege. It is said that when Mackay was asked by the Earl of Sutherland to exhibit his charter for his lands, he put his hand clasping his dirk upon the table and exclaimed, *Lamh laidir (Manu forti*, or with the strong hand). *Manu forti* has been the motto of the Clan Mackay ever since. They were among the last of the clans to accept a sheepskin charter for their lands from government.

There is an Irish legend which is said to account for the "làmh-dhearg" of the Macdonalds. Coll Uan was expelled from Ulster along with his brother, by his cousin, the king Mauritius. They sailed in quest of some settlement in Scotland, and on the way agreed that the first to touch land should be chief of all they obtained. Coll found that on approaching land his boat was being passed by that of his second brother. But not to be done he laid his hand on the gunwale of the boat and with an axe severed it at the wrist. Seizing the bleeding

hand he threw it ashore and shouted, "lamh dhearg buadhach."

In the poem "Cumha lamh-dhearg Chlann Domhnuill" the Irish legend is not mentioned, but the loss of the hand is attributed to a duel between Coll and one of his chiefs, in a quarrel for possession of a white falcon, which in the middle ages was specially valuable for hawking.

At Bannockburn, the Macdonalds under Angus, Lord of the Isles, formed the reserve of the Scottish army, and, in that memorable and decisive battle, did good service to the cause of Scottish independence. The motto of the chief of the Clan Ranald, "My hope is constant in thee," was adopted from the words addressed by Robert the Bruce to Angus, his ancestor, on his making the final charge on the English. It is one of the proudest in Scotland.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMS OF THE MACLEANS OF COLL.

WESTMINSTER, LONDON,
May 9th, 1900.

SIR,—I shall be very much obliged if you can spare me some of your valuable space in your next issue, so that I may correct an error occurring in the May number, in the article "Armorial Bearings of the Clans." Those given therein as belonging to Maclean of Coll are quite incorrect, nor as far as I can tell do they exactly coincide with the arms of any of the chief branches of the Clan Maclean.

On February 24th, 1803, Alexander Maclean of Coll *matriculated* his arms in the Lyon Court, the official extract being now in the Coll charter chest. The arms so matriculated are as follows :—

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF COLL.

"Quarterly, first or, a hill rising from the base; second, argent, a dexter hand and arm issuant from the sinister in fess gules and holding a cross crosslet fitched in pale azure; third, argent, a galley, her oars erect in saltyr sails furled sable and flags displayed gules; fourth, per fess or and azure, in chief two hawk's heads couped and affronteé gules, in base a salmon naiant proper. Above the shield is placed a helmet befitting his degree with a mantling gules, the doubling argent. In a wreath of his liveries is set for crest a battle-axe erect in pale, crossed by a branch of laurel and cypress in saltyr all proper. In an escroll above this a motto "Altera Merces." Supporters, on the dexter a greyhound proper collared and leashed gules, on the sinister an ostrich proper, in its beak a horse shoe azure. Motto below "Virtus Durissima Terit."

I may add that holly is the badge of the Macleans of Coll, and also that the chief of a clan wears *three* eagle's feathers in his bonnet, not two. Trusting the writer of the very interesting articles on clan heraldry will excuse these corrections.

I am, etc., HECTOR A. C. MACLEAN (of Coll).

[NOTE.—We must exonerate Dr. Dingwall from any blame in connection with the error which our friend Mr. Hector Maclean of Coll points out relative to the family arms given in our last issue. We had engravings of three Maclean coats-of-arms prepared for these interesting articles, and by mistake the wrong illustration was given. The arms shown last month were those of the Macleans of Berlin, who are descended from Lachlan, sixth of Coll, so that the title was not so inappropriate after all. They use the same crest and motto as the present Coll family, and two quarters of the shield are similarly charged. We have given above an illustration of the shield and crest of Coll, without the supporters duly belonging to the chief of that family, as described heraldically by Mr. Hector Maclean. It will be also noticed from the picture given in the preceding chapter that the Macleans of Drimnin (of which family Kaid Maclean of Morocco is a distinguished member) use almost the same bearings as the German Macleans, the fourth quarter having an addition for distinction. We make this explanation in justice to the author of these interesting papers on armorial bearings; it is a subject seldom treated of in such a popular style.—EDITOR.]

MESSRS. MCVITIE AND PRICE, ST. ANDREW BISCUIT WORKS, EDINBURGH, whose celebrated Scotch Oatcakes and Biscuits are so well-known in all parts of the kingdom, have just added two attractive specialities to their list of manufactures. We have received samples of their Saltaire Crackers and Trinidad Wafers, which can be had in boxes of various sizes, and having tested them heartily recommend them to our readers. They maintain the high standard of excellence which characterises all the products of this great firm. Messrs. McVitie and Price's goods can be had through any grocer.

"The Gaelic Names of Plants" is now ready and can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, price, 7/6.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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JUNE, 1900.

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LONELY STRATH NAVER.

Inscribed to Mr. James Macdonald, formerly of Tain, Ross-shire.

DEAR is the token, friend, and sweet,
Thou send'st me from Loch Naver's shore,
A spray of heather white as snow,
Which grew where dwelt Mackays of yore.
Lone is the scene that teemed with men,
And maidens who were fair and true,
Whom curst eviction drove afar
From Naver's Strath and Lochan blue.

In broad Ontario oft I've met
Strath Naver's brave and stalwart race,
Who in each worthy walk of life
There ever take an honored place.
No thanks to fiends who drove them forth,
And set their sacred homes aflame;
Let history's finger mark with scorn
Such deeds of infamy and shame.

Dear is the token, as 'tis sweet,
From that lone Strath thou sendest me;
But dearer far the kindly thoughts
Which in this action prompted thee.
My thanks I waft thee o'er the sea
Old friend, for this charmed talisman;
The spray I lovingly will prize
Till life has filled its measured span.

New York. DUNCAN MACGREGOR CREERAR.

CLAN FORBES "SPAIDSEARACHD."

EDINBURGH, *21st May, 1900.*

Where can I find the music and words of our clan "Spaidsearachd," "Cath Ghluin Eurainn"; also any other information as to the locale, time, and cause of the "Cath?" Where is Glen Euran?

ALASDAIR ROB FOIRBEIS (Lonach).

THE DESERTED CROFT.

OLD house, that stands on yon hillside,
Stern monument of byegone days!
Where are the hearts that wept and died,
The race that thrived upon your braes?

This many a year the rain doth drip,
The sun doth shimmer thro' thy roof;
Sheep there afford companionship,
The hearts of old remain aloof.

Old home! why dost thou linger there,
Time's sentinel of joy to pain
Transfixed, were thy bare walls once fair,
That now do mock man's eyes in vain?

Why dost thou stand when life is gone,
Sad witness of our social crimes?
Oh, crumble into dust, thou lone
And deathly shape of former times.

Where are the souls you sheltered once,
The hearts that wept and died in thee?
The fathers dead—mayhap the sons
Wander in lands beyond the sea.

Perhaps for thee, oh land! they died
(Because they died thou standest now);
Sad victims of their country's pride,
Who would not leave their sons the plough.

Joy of the past, gone is your place!
And in a land where freedom rings;
Mis-shapen laws that quench the race
From whom the land's own bulwark springs.

Oh, Scotland! to the patriot heart
The silent hills proclaim their name;
And make the tear unbidden start,
The proud cheek flush and blush for shame.

Already hast thou reaped the curse—
Thy stalwart children die no more—
Give back the land and let them nurse
In homes like these the hearts of yore!

BERNARD GEORGE HOARE.

Mr. Roderick Ross, Chief Constable of Bradford, who has just been appointed to a similar position in Edinburgh, is a native of Helmsdale. He has had a very successful career.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—We have many readers among those who are fighting our country's battles in South Africa, and hardly a week passes but we receive interesting letters from them. A "Gay Gordon" in an interesting communication from Bloemfontein says "to every Scotsman here, a paper like the *Celtic Monthly* keeps him in touch, and makes him feel near, our beloved Scotland." Captain Colin MacRae of the "Black Watch" says that the Highland Society of Cape Town gave his regiment a warm welcome, and made their stay there most pleasant. We fear that patriotic Gael, Mr. J. G. W. Fraser of Bloemfontein, has missed his *Celtic* for several months past, but he will now have a great pleasure in store for him. We are sending the delayed parts!

MACRAE OF INVERINATE.—Highlanders will be pleased to notice that Mr. Colin G. MacRae, W.S., Edinburgh, has been created a Knight in the new list of Queen's Birthday Honours. The clan Historian gives Sir Colin as chief of the whole clan.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, New York.

(Continued from page 154.)

JUDGE GIBSON, of Salem, who made a study of the Argyle settlement and of the various families who located in that vicinity, says in an article on the McNaughton family, that in this grant of the Argyle Patent, as finally made in 1764, a trust was created for the benefit of all the settlers who came to this country in the three companies brought over by Laughlin Campbell in 1738, 1739, and 1740, or the descendants of such of them as had died, or those of their families surviving. The five trustees were Duncan Reid, of New York City, gentleman; Peter Middleton, of New York City, physician; Archibald Campbell, of New York City, merchant; Alexander McNaughton,* farmer, who after his arrival in this country settled, together with several other families of his associated colonists, at New Windsor, Orange County, where they remained until they removed to the Argyle Patent in 1764; and Neil Gillespie, of Ulster County, farmer.

So far as can be ascertained Gillespie and McNaughton were the only ones of the trustees who became actual settlers on the Argyle tract. Great credit is due to McNaughton for the active interest he took in behalf of the Campbell

ROADWAY LEADING INTO MAIN STREET, ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

colonists. During the twenty years intervening between their arrival here and their settlement in Argyle, he kept track of the various families, and was the prime mover in securing the grant from the Colonial Government, and in the actual settlement upon it. In this Argyle Patent, in the trust which was created for the benefit of all the settlers under the terms of the grant, he was named as the presiding or principal trustee, and the affairs and management of the same were principally under his charge. As a matter of fact, many of those entitled to a share in the property never came forward to claim or receive their portion, and their shares were disposed of to others.

It is currently supposed by many living in the Argyle vicinity, that the name was given to the locality because of some grant of it to the Duke of Argyle, but this was not the case; the original settlers all having come from Argyleshire, they naturally named their colony from the home county.

The petitioners evolved a very ambitious

*McNaughton was the first Justice of the Peace for the County of Charlotte.

scheme for the laying out of their property, and planned that a stately street running from the bank of the Hudson eastward through the centre of the tract, should be created, which was to be twenty-four rods wide, facing upon which each settler was to have a town lot where he might enjoy the society and protection of his neighbours, these lots to contain from twenty to sixty acres. In the rear of these town lots were to be located the farm lands, varying in size from two hundred to six hundred acres each. While the project was very alluring upon paper, yet it was found impracticable to carry it out, owing to the fact that the street, as planned, would run over hill and down dale, making it impossible of accomplishment.

Among the first families who settled after the survey had been made were those of Reid, McKallor, Gillis, McNeil, Gilchrist, and Taylor, while certain portions of the lands were left unclaimed or unoccupied and passed into other hands or were occupied by squatters. To this day many of the farms of the original settlers are occupied by descendants in the female line, but I believe there is no case where the same property is occupied by a direct descendant in the male line. The farm taken originally by John Reid was, until a few years ago, occupied by a lineal male descendant, but since the death of the last occupant it has passed out of the hands of the family, and although there are many male descendants living in various parts

ROAD LEADING INTO VILLAGE OF ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

of the country, I believe there are none of this family residing in the town of Argyle.

For the first thirty or forty years this colony did not show much growth from outside, very few new settlers coming in, and affairs were not in a very inviting condition. The principal settlers going there during this time were officers and men from the Highland regiments disbanded after the French and Indian wars, mainly from the 77th or Montgomerie's Highlanders, many of whom located in this section, and their descendants still reside there. Of course these Highland soldiers were naturally attracted to the section by the fact that their own countrymen were located there.

The original Patent included what is now known as the town of Argyle, and parts of the towns of Fort Edward, Greenwich, and Salem. In the History of the town of Greenwich, it is stated that the first man known to have attempted settlement in that town was one named Rogers, a desperate man, who built a hut on the banks of the Batten Kill at the mouth of Cossayuna Creek, as early as 1763 or 1764, and lived there for some time. Alexander McNaughton, Archibald Livingston, Duncan Campbell, and Roger Reid settled near the Batten Kill as the allottees of the Argyle Patent, as early as 1765, and found Rogers there claiming title from Colonel Lydius, to a tract of land running east from Cossayuna Creek to the vicinity of a stream known as

Black Creek. He warned them not to trespass on his claim, making various threats as to what he would do. These men knew, however, that their titles were perfect, and went on industriously with the work of clearing their lands and erecting their houses, regardless of these threats. One day, when Livingston went away, his wife was forcibly carried off and set down outside the limits of his claim by Rogers, who then proceeded to remove the furniture from the premises. For this act he was subsequently arrested by Reid, who was a constable of the old town of Argyle, assisted by Joseph McCracken from Salem. The arrest was made under a warrant from Squire McNaughton, the father of Mrs. Livingston, who had been appointed a Justice of the Peace, and this was the first civil process served in this county. It was to be expected that a man of the reckless character of Roger would resist the officers, and so it proved. Rogers tried to defend himself with his gun, which McCracken seized. In his endeavors to wrest it from the hands of the ruffian, he (as Dr. Fitch relates) burst the buttons from the waistband of his trousers, which, as he did not wear suspenders, slipped down over his feet. The little son of Rogers, observing McCracken's exposed condition, and seeing his father taken at a disadvantage, ran up and hit him posteriorly, but without causing McCracken to loosen his hold on the gun. Rogers was secured and conveyed to Albany, after which we find no trace of him.

One of the interesting characters who settled in the Greenwich section of the Argyle Patent, was Archibald Campbell first, as he was called, son of Duncan Campbell, who, together with Christopher Yates, were the surveyors who ran the division lines in 1764, and who it is said was related to Archibald Campbell, one of the trustees of the Patent, who was a merchant in New York City. Archibald Campbell was a man of wealth, education, and influence. He married Flora McNeil, and, soon after the survey was completed, settled on a tract of six hundred acres which he owned in what was then Cambridge, now the town of Jackson. Whether this land came to him by inheritance or purchase, we are unable to learn. He possessed no little vanity, and was frequently heard to boast of his distinguished family connections. His house and furniture and his manner of living corresponded with his pretensions. The house which he built in the year 1800, and in which he lived at his death on January 1st, 1808, is still inhabitable and occupied.‡

(To be Continued).

‡From the Town History of Greenwich.

CUMHA MNATHA.

AIR FONN :—"*Cha till mo bhean tuillidh.*"

THIS beautiful little lament is taken from *Coinneach 'us Coille*, a volume of Gaelic songs and poems, composed by that gifted son of Glenmoriston, Mr. Alexander Macdonald. Highland mothers were wont, in the past, to sing their babes to sleep with verses of this kind, and the babes sometimes grew up into bards and bardesses. I daresay Mr. Macdonald had his early inspirations in the romantic glen in which he was cradled. At anyrate, he has given the Highland mothers and fathers of the present day a number of Gaelic Songs well worth singing, and handing over to their children and grandchildren. I have endeavoured to translate the lament into English and give the result below.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

Dh' fhag mi 'n diugh anns a' chlachan,
An trom luidhe fo 'n fhòid,
Bean mo shùgraidh 's mo gheallaidh,
Bean leannanach m' òig'.

Cha till mo bhean channach,
Cha d' thig mo bhean mhìn,
Cha till mo bhean bhòidheach,
'Us mise m' ònar leam fhìn.

'S truagh a ghaoil nach e mise
Bha 's a' chiste na d' àit',
Ciamar shiùbhlas mi 'n saoghal
A nis ás aonais do ghràidh?

Cha chluinn mi tuilleadh mar b' àbhaist,
Do ghuth blàth-bhinn na m' chluais,
No do cheum air an ùrlar
A' dol gu sunndach mu 'n cuairt.

Tha do mheal-shùilean dùinte,
'S tha do ghnùis gun a tuar,
'S tha do bhilean neo-dhaite,
Ged bu thlachdmhor do shnuagh.

Cha 'n 'eil m' fhàrdach ach fuar domh
Gun thu 's, a luaidh, ri mo thaobh;
B' fhèarr leam agam a nochd thu
Na meud fortan an t-saoghail.

Tha do leanabh na m' achlais
'S e' toirt dealt air mo ghruaidh,
'S a chridhe beag air leth-sgàineadh
Ag iarraidh 'mhàthair 's i bhuainn.

Chaidh solus mo bheatha-s'
As le osag a' bhàis,
'S tha nis oidhche mu 'n cuairt domh
Ach 's math nach buan i na m' là.

TRANSLATION.

~~I have left in the graveyard,~~
Beneath the cold clay,
My loved wife whom I courted
In youth's happy day.

My wife sweet and bonnie
Has left me to mourn;
My wife with smile sunny
No more shall return.

Would that I were now lying
In thy place, my dear;
For my life shall be cheerless
When thou art not near.

The soft sounds of thy footsteps
I hear never more,
Nor thy voice in my ear
Sweet, sweet, as of yore.

Thy red lips, and cheeks rosy
Are colourless, pale;
And no more in thy bright eyes
Shall I read love's tale.

My lone home is cold, dreary,
Thou flown from my side,
I would rather thee near me
Than empires world-wide.

As I fondle the baby
Tears on my cheeks burn;
He cries sore for his mother
Who ne'er shall return.

My life's noonday—bright, happy,
Is changed into night,
But I see the morn breaking
In shimmers of light.

THE GRIZZLY LAD'S LEAP.
(LEUM A' GHILLE RIABHAICH.)

BY FIONN.

THE following may be accepted as the traditional account of certain incidents which are more or less authenticated by Gregory and other historians.

At one time (about 1450) the Laird of Coll *(Iain Garbh)* and MacNeill of Barra were at deadly feud, or as the *seanachie* graphically describes it—"*an rùn na biodaig d'a chéile.*" It would appear that when Iain Garbh was an infant his mother married MacNeill of Barra, who thought he might attach the island of Coll, seeing the heir was a mere child. Iain Garbh and his nurse fled to Dowart and MacNeill took possession of Coll. In course of time Iain Garbh decided to gain possession of his ancestral estates and having raised a following of some fifty clansmen, he sailed from Mull for Coll, and landed at a creek or bay known as "*An Acarsaid Fhalaich*"—the Hidden Anchorage. Fortunately he met a woman who knew who he was, and she gave him information regarding MacNeill and his movements. She told him that MacNeill was at the time residing at Grisipool House, but as he was living in daily dread of the lawful heir making an attack upon him, he kept up daily communication with Breacachadh Castle—the messenger always riding on a grey horse.

"And there he goes," continued the garrulous dame, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked in the direction indicated—"He rides in haste to acquaint MacNeill of your arrival, and unless you checkmate him you and your men will be taken prisoners."

Among Iain Garbh's followers was a young man from Dervaig, Mull—called "*An Gille Riabhach*"—or the Grizzly Lad. He being

BREACHACHADH CASTLE, ISLAND OF COLL.

swift of foot offered Iain Garbh to stop MacNeill's messenger, and bring back his head, on condition that he received from Iain Garbh the lands of Dervaig, Mull, which, at that time, formed part of the Coll estate. Iain Garbh willingly consented, and the *Gille Riabhach* taking advantage of certain short cuts reached a place called "*Bealach na foille*," or Pass of Deceit, before the messenger. Resting himself by the wayside he carelessly enquired of the messenger what his news was. "Important news," answered the messenger, "Iain Garbh and his followers have landed and are proceeding towards Grisipool, and I must make haste so that MacNeill may not be taken unawares—I see him and his men in the distance." "Is there any sign," enquired the *Gille Riabhach*, "by which MacNeill knows when he sees strangers in your company, whether they are friends or foes?" "Oh yes," responded the messenger, "if foes, I keep apart from them, but if friends I and the grey horse move in their midst." "I have heard enough," said the *Gille Riabhach*, and instantly springing up, pulled the messenger off his horse and cut off his head. Iain Garbh and his men soon came up, and the *Gille Riabhach*, throwing the head of the messenger to his master, mounted the grey horse and rode in the midst of the followers of Iain Garbh, and so deceived MacNeill and his

DERVAIG, ISLAND OF MULL.

men. A conflict ensued, and it is said that MacNeill, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with Iain Garbh, was getting the better of his adversary, when the *Gille Riabhach* came to the assistance of the latter and wounded MacNeill severely. Before the *Gille Riabhach* was aware, he was sorely pressed by MacNeill's foster brother. The *Gille Riabhach* was in an awkward position, being hemmed in by the banks of the stream which passes Grisipool House, and he was obliged, in order to avoid a deadly blow from his adversary's battle-axe, to leap backwards and upwards across the stream, and the place is still known as "*Leum a' Ghille Riabhaich*"—the Grizzly Lad's Leap. Such was the force of the blow aimed at the head of the Grizzly Lad that the axe went into the ground, and before MacNeill's foster-brother could defend himself the *Gille Riabhach* leaped back and cut off his head.

MacNeill was killed and Iain Garbh took possession of the island. He fulfilled his promise to the *Gille Riabhach* by giving him the lands of Dervaig, in Mull.

I may add that interesting variants of the foregoing story will be found in "Clan Traditions and Popular Tales" by the late Rev. John G. Campbell, Tyree.

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CONCERT.—A Grand Concert, under the most distinguished patronage, will take place in the Queen's Hall, London, on 4th July. The proceeds are to augment a fund now being raised for the "widows and fatherless bairns" of the men of the Highland Brigade, and donations should be sent to Mr. Donald C. Fraser, Hon. Treasurer, Scots' Corporation Hall, London.

THE SCOT ABROAD.—We understand Mr. R. W. Forsyth, the well-known Highland Costumier, has of late been successful in securing several important contracts for uniforms and accoutrements in connection with the recently formed Scots kilted regiments in the United States, Australia, etc. The kilt as a military dress is becoming very popular at home and abroad.

DUNCAN JAMES.

A True Story.

THERE was no doubt that she was very plain, this old nurse of ours. She never actually acknowledged the fact herself. Indeed, which of us would? But she often said, "Na, I was never just what you wud ca' bonnie, but I was lichtsome company an' a good singer, an' there wasna a better dancer in a' the Leachin. Aye, I might hae a pit or two wi' the sma' pox, but I'm no' what a body wud ca' marked wi' it. Na."

She was, in truth, more deeply marked than anyone I ever saw. Yet, as I recall her expression when talking to a little child, when greeting some erstwhile nursling after a long separation, I could almost find it in my heart to call old Nurse beautiful.

She had often told me the story of Duncan James, but, somehow, never had the pathos of it impressed itself on me so much as it did that afternoon in May. We were sitting on the west side of the little wood; Nurse busily knitting at a grey sock for 'one of the young gentlemen'; and singing with the voice that once charmed the Leachin:—

"Ho rò, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Hi rì, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Mo chaileag laghach, bhòidheach,
Cha phòsainn ach thu."

Behind the west hills the sun was setting in a clear golden glory; a wood-pigeon sang to his mate tenderly and amorously; and a pee-wit, disturbed by the hunting of the old fox-terrier, complained peevishly and with much whirr of wings.

"Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil no mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait—"

I heard a deep sigh which neither came from the pigeon nor the pee-wit.

"What's the matter, Nurse?" I asked, "Dropped a stitch?"

"No, dearie."

"Why did you sigh, then?"

"Indeed and I don't know." A pause. "It was on a May nicht just like this that I parted wi' dear Mr. Duncan James."

"Tell me about him, Nurse," I said. I knew that she loved to talk of all her nurslings, but most to tell the story of her short nursing of the baby-boy whom she always spoke of as "Mr. Duncan James."

"Surely I've told you many and many a time before, dearie?"

"Never mind, I've forgotten."

Would that I could produce the simple pathos of her telling. When speaking to strangers her language was a curious mixture of what she called 'high English,' picked up from the 'gentry,' and the homely Invernessian accent; but, in familiar converse, she lapsed entirely into the vernacular interspersed with the tender sweetness of her native Gaelic. As nearly as possible I will tell the story as it was told me, but I fear it will be much marred in the telling.

"Dear Mr. Duncan James! Aye, but he was a bonnie boy, bless him! He had only just lost his mother, puir lambie, when I came to be nurse to him. He was three past, and a big boy for his age. Aye, if he's spared to this, he'll be a pretty man! He was left with just his father, and what does a man ken aboot a bairn? He had been fretting sore for his mammie, but he cam' to me at once, an' he pit his wee airms roon' ma neck, an' I told him aboot the place his mamma had gone to, an' where he would go too if he was a good boy, an' then I sang "There is a Happy Land," an' the dear lambie went to sleep with his headie on my shoulder. So him an' me became very chief. I learned him his alphabet an' his shorter catechism, an' hymns. I had the full charge of him, an' I made his little frockies an' everything. He was just like my ain bairn to me. I had been with him for nine months when two of his father's sisters came to stay. Na, they were 'na even flesh 'an bluid to the bairn, but just sisters to his father's first wife. I misliked the look o' the pair o' them at the first—lang, ill-favoured wenches, wi' a hard glint in the eye o' them. They began at once to try an' tak' ma bairn from me, but would he gang to them? Na, na, nae fear! He just couldna bide them. An' then I heard whispers that they were complaining to his father that I was spoiling the child, an' that he was learning a bad accent from me, an' that he was that wicked that he was neither to haud nor bind. The wee pettie, just as good as sugar! The puir baby was just afraid o' his life o' them two hard women. As sure as death he would begin to trem'le whenever he heard their voices. An' then the way they would meddle wi' me in the nursery, saying this, that, an' the other thing wasna fit for the child to wear. What did they ken aboot bairns? A pair o' boney auld maids, an' never likely to be anything else either in this wurld or the next! Many an' many's the time I would hae taken ma leave but for the thocht o' leavin' the mitherless lamb in their clutches. At long last the eldest cam' in to the nursery one day an' says she, "Mr. Smith will not require your services after the term." "When Mr. Smith tells me that himsel'," says I, "it's then I'll be thinking o' greasing ma brogues an' cutting ma' stick." She got as red as a bubbly-jock an' then

as white as ma apron. An' I willna deny that p'raps it might hae been better if I hadna said it, an' maybe I shouldna hae said it, but I felt ma time was up whatever. "I shall send Mr. Smith to speak to you himself, you impudent woman," says she, an' sweepit oot o' the room. An' in a few minutes up cam' the maister, the first time he had darkened the doors o' ma nursery. "Nurse," says he, "I am surprised to hear of your impertinence to my sister; and as I have also learnt that you are not doing the best for my son, I think that it would be as well if you went to-morrow. Here are the wages due to you till the 26th of May, and board wages in full." An' wi' oot as much as giving me time to say a word for mysel' he went awa'. An', oh, but it was me that had a sore hairt that nicht when I happit ma wee laddie up in his cot! I didna let on that I was goin' awa' frae him. An' the next morning he saw me packing ma kist, an' he was aye speirin' at me what I was doing it for, an' at last I told him that I was going awa' but I would be back to him soon. (May the Almichty forgie me the lee!) An' then he said, "Take me with you, nurse; oh, don't go away an' leave me." An', oh me, but ma hairt was like to burst. At last ma kist was packed an' in the cairt, an' ma bonnet an' shawl on, ready to go. Mr. Duncan James was crying fit to break his little hairt, an' the tears rinnin' doon ma ain cheeks like water. I took him in ma airms, ma wee bit laddie, an' he twined his airmies roon' ma neck, an' I thocht that he would never let me go. An' at the last one o' them hard women cam' an' tore him from me, an' the last I heard as I left the house was the cry of my wee bairnie, "Nurse, Nurse, don't leave me! I'll die if you don't take me with you! Don't leave me, Nurse, Nurse!" It's thirty years an' more since that day, but I'll never forget it. I've felt leaving my children, but never any like the way I felt leaving Mr. Duncan James. If I had left him wi' kind folk—but they were hard, hard, an' I like to see justice done to children."

"And you've never seen him since then, Nurse?" I asked.

"Na, na, dearie, never from that day to this. Soon after that I went to a situation in the Island of Rum, an' then I took a place in England. So someway or another I never saw Mr. Duncan James again. Fine would I like to, for I'm sure that he grew to be a guid an' bonnie man as he was a guid an' bonnie boy. I heard that he went oot to foreign parts to make tea. But if ever he wins hame an' you see him, my dear, tell him that his old nursie is thinking long to set eyes on him afore she dies."

. . . . . .

It has slipped my memory how it was that Nurse discovered that Mrs. Smith, tenant of Coulin Cottage, was far-away cousin to Duncan James. However, one fine morning late in May, found Nurse and myself on our way to call at Coulin Cottage, and to enquire of Mrs. Smith news of Duncan James.

Nurse was in her best clothes, including the lace shawl which my mother had presented to her after the birth of my eldest brother. Poor old dear, how excited she grew as we approached the cottage. I think she almost pictured little Duncan James, in his plaid frock and pinafore, running out to meet her.

"Who kens but ma bairn may be staying wi' his cousin, an' maybe he'll remember that this is the shawl I wore when I parted from him."

When we reached the little garden gate I let Nurse go up to the cottage by herself, and, drawing under the shadow of a copper beech, resigned myself to a good half-hour's wait.

It was a lovely morning, with all the promise of Spring fulfilled, yet with all its freshness and young greenness too. A hedge of lilac in full bloom skirted the little garden, and the little garden itself was bright with daffodils and narcissi. Behind the thatched roof of the cottage a row of Scotch firs reared their kingly heads, and beyond all I could see the West Hills, dark blue against the sky line. I could hear, too, the innumerable sounds of the farmyard; the clash of the tin pails as the dairymaid left the byre; the soft lowing of the cattle; the bleating of foolish lambs looking for lost mothers; and the patient plodding of hoofs going round in the horse-mill.

I had been enjoying myself thus but a brief ten minutes, when I became aware of someone approaching from behind; a man by his footstep which was heavy. He walked straight to the little garden-gate, and, as he turned to struggle with the latch, I had a full and all satisfying view of him. He was a stranger to me; well as I knew the neighbourhood I could not remember his face, nor, indeed, his figure. When one is accustomed to regard rough tweeds and moleskins as indigenous to the soil and the people, it is startling to be confronted with broadcloth and gold chains. This was my first impression of the man. My second was, that for a man of his age (his face indicated less than forty years), his figure was corpulent to an aldermanic degree. My third and fourth impressions came so quickly after each other as to be almost simultaneous; they were, 'the successful merchant,' and 'Duncan James.' He shut the gate with a snap and walked up the little approach with the pompous step of prosperity. I was glad when the porch concealed him. A

figure so incongruous to its surroundings had marred the idyll of Spring. And Nurse? Ah, poor old Nurse! Where was her bonnie boy? Her little motherless bairn? The nursling her heart had yearned over?

The house door opened. I heard a voice say, "Well, goodbye, Nurse, I'm only sorry that—," and it died away to an indistinct murmer, as though the speaker were retreating into the house again. Next the answer in Nurse's 'highest' English, "I'm very much obleeged to you, Mrs. Smith, and must ask pardon for the trouble I gave." Then Nurse herself came out, and as she came near me I saw that her poor old face was very white, and in her eyes were the slow difficult tears of old age. I helped her into the phaeton, and, when we were once more jogging along under the shade of the beeches, I put my hand on hers and said, "Well, Nurse?"

"He's gone, dearie," she said, "they got word of his death in foreign parts only a few weeks back."

"His death?" I exclaimed.

"Aye, dearie, yon gentleman that cam' in was his partner in the tea trade and brought the news. Aye, aye," continued Nurse more to herself than to me, "the dear boy, so he went afore his old nurse after all; weel, weel, it canna be long now."

She had not to wait long, our dear old Nurse; she followed Duncan James very soon. I like to think that God has given her "some humble home among his many mansions," where, perchance, He permits her to see that 'justice is done to the children,' for surely thus would she be happiest.

Ryefield, Ross-shire. MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

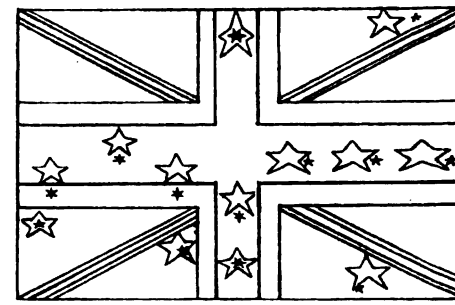
CAPTAIN JOHN MACPHERSON OF BALLACHROAN AND THE GAICK CATASTROPHE OF THE CHRISTMAS OF 1799 (O.S.).—Such is the title of an interesting little work by the genial Provost Macpherson of Kingussie. The weird tale of the "Black Captain" is well-known, but the learned author has corrected many errors, and added many additional facts to the narrative, which give this booklet a special value. It is illustrated with a portrait of the famous captain, and a view of the scene of his death. The work is published at 1/-, and the proceeds are intended to assist in raising a cairn in commemoration of the sad event. Mr. George A. Crerar, Kingussie, is the publisher.

MR. DAVID GLEN, EDINBURGH, has just issued Part 15 of his Collection of Bagpipe Music. The place of honour is given to a spirited march "General Hector A. Macdonald," by Pipe-Corporal Donald Mackenzie, 1st Seaforth Highlanders, which we had the pleasure to receive and hand to Mr. Glen for preservation in his "Collection."

"HIGHLANDERS AT HOME OR GAELIC GATHERINGS," by R. R. McIan. For particulars of this illustrated volume see advertisement facing page 169.

"EMPIRE UNION JACK."

A HIGHLANDER'S GIFT TO COLONIALS.
AN INGENIOUS DESIGN.



COLONEL D. A. CAMPBELL, late of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, forwards us a copy of a printed slip and a letter which he has received from South Africa, and which we have pleasure in publishing. They are as follows:—

"AN EMPIRE UNION JACK."

Brigadier General Brabant recently received a present in the shape of an "Empire Union Jack," accompanied by the following letter and description:—

St. Oswald's, Cheltenham,
29th Jan., 1900.

Dear Sir,—On seeing the notification in the papers of your appointment to command a Colonial Division, as part of the British South African Forces, I planned, and my wife worked, the flag sent herewith, in the hope that you would accept it although coming from so humble people as a retired Army officer and his wife.

The flag is meant to give expression to the sentiment that has been in our minds ever since this war became serious, and that is the sentiment of profound joy and pride and thankfulness at the united feeling of brotherhood that has tied into the one strong bundle all portions of Her Majesty's Dominions. Had this sentiment been merely ours, to have asked your acceptance of an expression of it would have been an impertinence, but it is the daily theme of a Press that gives utterance to the feelings and views of the millions in this, the Mother Country. From that point of view, I trust that the offering we send you may be regarded as a proper and seemly contribution to the feeling of admiration and love that animates all in this country towards their brother "Sons of the Empire."

I enclose a description of the flag, and I shall sincerely hope you will accept it, and even carry it to Bloemfontein and Pretoria.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) D. A. CAMPBELL,
Lieut.-Colonel, late Royal Dublin Fusiliers and Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

To Major-General Brabant, etc., etc.

THE EMPIRE UNION JACK.

1.—The blue (or purple) star at the top denotes (*a*) the Mother Country, (*b*) devotion to the Empire.

2.—The white (silver) stars represent (in the form of the Northern Constellation of the "Great Bear") the possessions of the British Crown and its Colonies in the Northern Hemisphere.

The "pointers" pointing true to Mother Country and devotion to the Empire.

3.—The yellow (golden) stars represent (in the form of a cross, the Southern Constellation of the "Southern Cross") the British possessions and Colonies in the Southern Hemisphere; and by their incorporation with the field and stripes of the Union Jack, show the devotion of these also to the Mother Country and the cause of the Empire.

4.—The stars are five-pointed as indicating the feeling of kinship running through five continents.

Headquarters, Colonial Division, Dordrecht (forward), March 6, 1900.

To Lieut.-Colonel D. A. Campbell. etc., etc.

Dear Sir,—Brigadier General Brabant desires me to ask you to excuse a reply to your kind letter and handsome present direct.

The General directs me to assure you of his very deep appreciation of your extremely kind thought, and to congratulate you upon having formulated so happy an idea as that which finds expression in the Empire Union Jack, which it has afforded the General so great pleasure to receive.

Will you kindly convey to Mrs Campbell the General's assurance that he greatly admires her skilful handiwork?

The flag will be greatly prized by this Division, and General Brabant will be only too delighted to realize your happy anticipation that it may be borne in triumph to Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The association of your name, in this way, with the Division is an honour, particularly since the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are serving in the present war.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. T. TAMPLIN,
Major, A.D.C., Colonial Division.

Lines on "The Empire Union Jack."

From out the ancient crosses
Of radiant red and white,
From out the field of azure
Shine forth, and throw your light
Ye brilliant constellations—
"Great Bear" and "Southern Cross"
And purple star of "Mother-land"—
Wave forth, for wild winds toss
The folds on which you shelter,
The flag to which you cling,
And let the wondering nations
Think well what words you bring:—

Of strength, of loyal rallying,
All corners of the earth
Pouring devoted vassalage
To aid their land of birth;
Children of that great mother
From whom they take, with pride,
Not only breath, but liberty,—
Freed, but not flung aside;
Hating the thrall of tyranny,
Knowing that Britain's call—
"To arms!" is ever for the right,
They rally one and all;
That gave all rights that freemen crave—
Now stung that fostering hand.
Treated as heirs, though strangers,
Each cherished as a child,
Their gratitude was treachery,
Our own land they defiled
With the blood of those who hailed them;
These, free—those, all but free.
They sought to break the Old Land;
Now they reap the traitor's fee;
Taking the sword of rapine
They fall before the just,
Great sword of an uproused Empire,
Unnumbered as the dust,
Called into wondrous being
By the one grand touch of kin:
What forty millions could have held,
Four hundred millions win!

This, this is why for gladness,
For pride, for thanks and praise
Of such an Empire's union
This banner we would raise;
This, this is why the crosses
Of radiant red and white,
Surrounded by the azure field,
Show here another sight.

To tell, that under Heaven
Who made her love the "Right,"
The righteous nation at her need
Was given an Empire's "Might."
These stars proclaim a story
That has gone from pole to pole,
A tale of grandest concord,
A tale to stir the soul;
They tell of wounds and death, of limbs
Shattered and torn away,
Of all the horrors war unfolds,
Of tumult and affray;
Of love that tosses to the veldt,
As a worthless thing to hold,
Dear life itself; of love that lays
Down life for friend, we're told;
Of giant strength that tottering goes
Like aspen leaves in spring,
The famine wolf driven from the mouth
By the lion's heart within;
Of the patient women letting their babes
"Go home," one after one,
Dry-eyed;—they know them sacrificed
On the altar of duty done.
And, as they forth to battle,
They meet the ingrate bands—
First in our own just borders
Then in their lawless lands—
Who—these at bed and board were bred
And fed as her own sons,
Who—she started those on their own feet,
As a child that creeps soon runs,
Who—knowing the fostering hand that spread
Content through all her lands,
Shine on in gold and silver
And purple then, ye stars,
From out the ancient crosses,
From forth the field and bars,

Enlightening, but not quenching,
The oriflamme we hold
As dearest emblem handed down
From the brave days of old.
Shine on and tell your story
Of marvellous, perfect love,
Till we, "at home," give heartfelt thanks
For such love to our God above.

D. A. CAMPBELL (Lt.-Col.).

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS:

OR, A CAMERON HIGHLANDER IN A DIFFICULTY.

THE period of British occupation of France following the Battle of Waterloo, apart from its historical significance, has always been replete with minor incidents which even time has not entirely robbed of interest. Perhaps none contributed more largely towards the store of material than the Highland soldiers, who, discovering that the Gaelic possessed a key to the French tongue, were quick to avail themselves of an advantage which opened a direct entrance to French hearts. Whatever may have been the facilities thus afforded, it was undeniable that the Highlanders and the French people quickly fraternized. It was no uncommon sight during that period, as the former lay quartered in a provincial village, to see some grizzly Highlander, grim and battle-scarred from his many campaigns, sitting quietly by the fireside, a child on each knee, while the good madame was preparing the savoury ragout. That a spirit of true fraternity seemed to exist between the Highlanders and all classes of the French people, is borne out by an incident related to me by one of the soldiers concerned, long after his return from the wars, and which visibly impressed me at the time of recital.

It happened to two young lads belonging to the Cameron Highlanders, then quartered in such a village as that described. The lads possessed a liberal education for these days, and had some ambitions outside of their military duties, one being to perfect themselves in French. Two dark-eyed maids living in a neighbouring chateau, whose acquaintance they had made, served but to quicken their ambition in that direction. The boys had simply stumbled on a method which has never yet been excelled in mastering the beauties of a foreign tongue. It is feared, though, that the acquaintance thus begun, turned out to be, as we may well imagine, but an echo of an old story—old as the Garden of Eden and yet ever young as the flowers each spring. On one occasion the fascinations of the fair teachers must have proved unusually attractive, because when the lads finally started to take leave, they found the chateau gate, a huge ponderous affair, surmounted with barbed spikes, closed for the night. Youth, however, laughs at obstructions, and while one lad braced himself against the gate, the other, mounting his shoulders, was in the act of swinging clear over the top, when, unfortunately, his kilt got caught on the spikes. At the same unlucky moment the master of the chateau appeared at an open window, but seeing the situation, quietly withdrew, and re-appearing in the courtyard below, came promptly forward with a ladder to the rescue of his prisoner. Strange to say, the gallant Frenchman demanded no explanations; on the contrary, observing their youth and evident embarrassment, and perhaps recollecting that he was once young himself, invited them into his library. The lads followed, not without some misgivings, which proved groundless. The nobleman was a gentleman of France, and whether it was that the sight of their Highland garb reminded him of an older time when the Gaul and the Caledonian clashed swords together, or whether he was overcome by some feeling of sadness that the descendants of the same two races were now no longer allies, it is needless to inquire; only he treated the lads most kindly, gave each a goblet of wine, and inquired from what part of Scotland they came. The elder answered that he came from Strathnaver and his cousin from Caithness. "Strathnaver" mused the Frenchman to himself, then asked "is Strathnaver a big place?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "it is a big place, regiment after regiment has been raised amongst my people at times without the Strath hardly missing them." Astonished that there should exist, unknown to him, a spot in Europe which could belch forth warriors with such prodigality, the Frenchman took up a large gazetteer by his side, and turning over the leaves until Strathnaver" was found, he read—"A district in the north of Scotland, inhabited by an ancient Celtic tribe, known as Clan Mackay, who contributed large contingents to the Protestant armies under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War."

This interested the Frenchman more deeply than ever, an animated conversation followed, in which he further showed the gallantry of his race by referring to the many signal military services rendered by the Scots in former days, services which France never forgot.

On parting, the lads received a cordial invitation to call again, but theirs was a soldier's life. Next morning the 79th were ordered to distant cantonments in Pas de Calais, and the romance so delightfully begun was henceforth doomed to be nothing more than a beautiful dream. And perhaps it was as well.

New York. MACDHAI.

HERCULES H. G. MACDONNELL, J.P.

"Four Generations."

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10. Vol. VIII.] *JULY, 1900.* [Price Threepence.

HERCULES HENRY GRAVES MACDONNELL, J.P.

IN the *Celtic* for October, 1897, we gave a portrait of Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell, K.C.M.G., C.B., the ninth in descent from Colla MacDonnell, of Tynekill (or Tennekill).

Colla himself was the direct descendant of the great Angus Mòr; whose son, Alexander Og, was defeated by the Bruce, on the Dee, in 1308, and then imprisoned at Kintyre, where he died. His younger brother, the famous Angus Og, then succeeded to the Lordship of the Isles, but his sons escaped to Ireland. There his son, Somerled, became a soldier of fortune, serving with the O'Connors of Leinster. Somerled had four sons, who fell in succession in battle, fighting for the O'Connors. The last of these four, Marcus, was slain in 1397, not far from Sligo, and is recorded in the Irish Annals, as "Constable of Gallowglasses" for the O'Connors.

From this Marcus the family race was continued, and it was his grandson, Caragh, who built Tynekill Castle about 1435; and it was Caragh's grandson, Colla, who, in 1562, received grants of thirty townlands from Queen Elizabeth. These were confirmed in 1637 by Charles I., to Colla's great-grandson, James. They were not long held by that young man, for they were all forfeited in 1641, as (before he was twenty-four) he had joined in the Rebellion as a Colonel in the "Catholic Confederates," bringing with him about twelve hundred men.

As James refused to accept terms of pardon (that were accepted by others), these lands never came back to the family. They had been of considerable extent; for seventeen out of the thirty townlands can be distinctly traced, and these included quite ten thousand valuable acres.

Succeeding generations were not owners, but were substantial holders of land; successively at Coolavin, County Wicklow; at Baytown and Peacockstown, County Meath; and at High Park, County Cork. After that, the Rev. Richard MacDonnell had a distinguished career in Trinity College, Dublin, both as Scholar and Fellow, in 1808, and as Provost T.C.D., from 1852 to 1867.

His son, Sir Richard, died in 1881, without issue, and the next brother, Hercules H. G. MacDonnell, thus became the representative of this branch of the MacDonnells.

Hercules was born in Dublin, on 3rd January, 1819. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1835, where his career was very distinguished, obtaining first place at entrance; scholarship at an unusually early period; eight first honours in classics and mathematics; and in 1839, first gold medal in ethics and logics. In 1842 he was called to the Irish Bar, and also in 1846 to the English Bar, at Lincoln's Inn. From 1854 to 1885 he held the post of Secretary to the Board of Charities for Ireland.

In 1836 he was one of the principal founders of the University Choral Society; and in 1856 joined in re-organizing the Royal Irish Academy of Music, of which he continued an Honorary Secretary for twenty years. In 1864 he joined in founding the "Strollers Club," and from 1885 to 1895 arranged and edited their famous collection of ninety-nine male four-part songs. In 1897 he was elected their President, and in 1898 printed the "Story of the Strollers." He also printed from time to time several pamphlets; in 1876, the "Bayreuth Festival"; in 1878, "Dates Musical and Dramatic"; in 1884, "Musical Acoustics"; in 1878, "From Naples to the Bosphorus"; in 1889, "Eternal Rest or Motion," which gave rise to considerable scientific discussion; also "Histories of the Graves and MacDonnell Families," in 1889 and 1897.

In 1842 he married Emily Anne, daughter of Judge Moylan; she died on 16th February, 1883. He had 8 children, 24 grandchildren, and 17 great grandchildren.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, New York.

(Continued from page 173.)

THE first church organization in the Argyle colony took place in the summer of 1785, under the shade of a tree on the farm of John and David McKnight, and the church building was erected upon a part of the glebe lot of five hundred acres originally set aside for this purpose. It was known as the Associated Presbyterian (or Anti-Burgher) Church, its first pastor being the Rev. Thomas Beveridge, and to this day, upon the same spot, stands its successor, which is locally known as the South Argyle Church.

A little to the east of the Argyle settlement, on a tract of land lying between it and the present boundary of the State of Vermont, and comprising the principal part of the present town of Salem, was early established a colony of Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland, the pastor (Rev. Thomas Clark) and the congregation of his church in Ireland coming over and settling here without break of the church organization or celebration of its ordinances. This church was of the Associated Reformed branch of the Presbyterian denomination, and to it went many of the neighbouring settlers of the Argyle Patent. This transfer of a church

VIEW OF HILL BEHIND ARGYLE VILLAGE, NEW YORK STATE.

organization bodily is unique in the history of the American colonies. Dr. Clark's colony during the year 1766 erected the first church in the present County of Washington, and probably the first one north of Albany. About the same time, or a little prior, there came to the Salem neighbourhood a number of settlers from Pelham, Massachusetts, who were principally of Scotch-Irish descent, and also in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, there arrived directly from Scotland quite a number of settlers, some of them from Perthshire, among whom may be mentioned the Shaw, Maxwell, McFarland, Christie, Gow, and Proudfit families, in which latter family there were two clergymen of distinguished ability, father and son, Rev. Dr. James Proudfit, and Rev. Dr. Alexander Proudfit, who, for a great many years, were respectively pastors of the Salem church. Dr. Alexander Proudfit, in addition to being very influential and prominent in the councils of his church in this vicinity and the State, was a public spirited citizen, interested in all manner of good works for his neighbours and neighbourhood, and was largely instrumental in establishing the Academy at Salem, which

was, for many years, the most noted educational institution north of Albany. Andrew Proudfit, son of Rev. Dr. James Proudfit, and Ebenezer Clark, son of Dr. Clark above mentioned, early located in what is now known as Argyle village, and are said to have been prime movers in establishing the church there in 1792, also of the Associate Reformed branch.

There are, I believe, at the present time in Argyle and the surrounding districts, some ten United Presbyterian Churches, which are attended by the descendants of those Highland and north of Ireland settlers. Both the Burgher and Anti-Burgher sentiments were represented in the various churches, but, at about the time of the union in Scotland of these two branches, they were also united in this country into what is now known as the United Presbyterian Church.

During the War of the American Revolution the sentiment of the Argyle colony, like that of nearly all the Highland settlements in this country, was divided. I find by referring to a list of the soldiers in the Continental Army from Charlotte County (this being the name at that time of what is now Washington County) several Highland names, but I believe that most of them came from the Salem colony and were not a part of the Argyle colony. The Argyle region was over-run during the Revolution by the opposing forces, and the course of Burgoyne's march from Canada was within four

SCENE IN VICINITY OF ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

or five miles from the boundary of the Argyle Patent, and his final surrender took place within a distance of ten miles from it, so that the settlers of that locality were more or less annoyed by the scouts and Indians in the train of the British army. Some of the young men in the colony were known to have entered the British service, and they and their families afterwards removed to Canada. One whole family in the town of Argyle, the Allans, were massacred by the Indians attached to Burgoyne's force, and the tragic death of Jean McCrea, which is now a matter of history, occurred at Fort Edward, in the immediate neighbourhood, and the tree under which she was killed was standing until within a few years. It is said that she was being conducted by Indian scouts who had been sent by her lover, an officer in the army of Burgoyne, to the camp where he was stationed, but, that for some reason which never seems to have been adequately explained, these scouts were false to their trust, and committed the deed which sent a chill of horror through the surrounding country, and to this day is fresh in the minds of residents of that locality. Neil Gillespie, who was one of the original settlers and also a trustee, was a very resolute Tory, and acted as a scout for the British troops. After the ending of the war he removed to Nova Scotia, and his descendants, I presume, are still residing there.

After the cessation of hostilities the American Government did not confiscate any of the property of the loyalists in the Argyle colony, it

evidently being deemed best to leave things as they were and not to stir up further ill-feeling.

It is fair to presume that the original settlers in Argyle, having come here under the leadership of Campbell, were Whiggish in their sentiments, and if residing in Scotland at the time of the Rebellion in 1745 would undoubtedly have been arrayed against Prince Charlie. However, some of the later settlers were from Jacobite families in Scotland, and I remember having seen in the household of a member of the McAuley family, an enormous claymore which was said to have been wielded by their ancestor at the battle of Culloden, where he was fighting for the cause of Prince Charlie.

While the writer is not an admirer of the so-called "kailyard literature," which undoubtedly gives to a person unfamiliar with Scottish life and character a wrong impression as to what Scotchmen in general really are, yet many of the character sketches in the works of Dr. Watson (Iain Maclaren) and others are very true to life, and their counterparts can be found to-day among the residents of this Scottish colony of Argyle I have personally known in the neighbourhood of which I am writing, characters who might have sat for the portraits of the good bodies sketched in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." I recall one person in particular, Dr. Archibald Gow, who was a second "Dr. Weelum MacClure." He had a wide practice, covering a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles, and was the friend as well as the physician of the whole neighbourhood, one who never spared himself day or night upon his errands of mercy. Another fine specimen of the old Highlander was a neighbour of whom I have heard in my youth, Alexander Robertson, from Glen Girnaig in the district of Athol, Perthshire, who, although a stern Presbyterian, was yet wont in his leisure hours to divert himself by playing the violin, an instrument of which he was very fond, and which reminds me that the inhabitants of the district of Athol always seemed to be of a peculiarly musical turn of mind, where, I believe, the last two harp players in the Highlands lived, Robertson of Lude, and Stewart of Clunie, several members of the former family having had a very fine taste for music.

The present village of Argyle, which is located in about the centre of the original tract, is a pretty village with shaded streets, and an unusually handsome church for a country town, where has also been established for many years an Academy which has always borne an excellent reputation, and from which have gone many young men who have become prominent in various walks in life in other parts of the country.

From time to time there have been considerable migrations from this colony to the Western States, so that at the present time, the descendants of the original settlers undoubtedly number many thousands of people.

With the lapse of years of course, the use of the Gaelic has entirely died out, so that none of the descendants of this Celtic colony are now familiar with the mother tongue of their ancestors. However, Gaelic Bibles can accasionally be found in the households, and I have seen one in the possession of a descendant of Allan Stewart, one of the Highland soldiers who settled in the Argyle colony.

(Concluded).

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

I.—THE BOOK OF DEER.

BY FIONN.

THIS book derives its name from the Monastery of Deer in Buchan, Aberdeenshire, to which the MS. once belonged. It consists of eighty-six parchment leaves, which are six inches long and four and-a-half broad. It is now in the library of the University of Cambridge where it was discovered in 1860. Its contents are the Gospel of St. John complete, preceeded by portions of the other three evangelists—all in the Latin text of St. Jerome—also part of an office for the visitation of the sick, and the Apostles' Creed. What makes the Book of Deer of importance to the Gaelic student formed no part of its original contents. It is the Gaelic entries on the margin and in the vacant spaces of the volume, referring to grants of lands made to the Monastery of Deer in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that make the book of supreme value to the Gael of Scotland. "These entries," as Mr. Macbain remarks,* "are important, not merely linguistically but also historically. They throw an important side-light on the political, social, and ecclesiastical machinery of the time, as well as being the only specimen of old Scotch Gaelic extant; for the next Scotch Gaelic work, uninspired from Irish sources to any very large extent, is the Dean of Lismore's book (1512), fully four hundred years later." . . . "Before the sixteenth century, we look in vain for a trace of literature or record in Scotch Gaelic, save in this Book of Deer."

There are many contractions in the MS., such as those for *m* or *n* and *r*, and the contraction

* "The Book of Deer" by Alex. Macbean, M.A., Inverness; see Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. xi. 1884-85.

mc for *mac*, also the sign 7 for "agus." These contractions are filled out in our extracts from the text, but they are put in italics. The first Gaelic entry is known as "The Legend of Deer," and while of no historical value, it will remind the reader of many other legends he may have heard accounting for the origin of certain place-names.

THE LEGEND OF DEER.

"Columcille acus drostán *mac* cósgreg adálta tangator áhí marroalseg día dóib goníc abbordobóir acus béde cruthnec robomormáer buchan aragínn acus essé rothídnaig dóib ingathráig sáin *in*saere gobraíth ómormaer acus óthóséc. tangator asááthle sen *in*cathraig ele acus doráten ricolu*m*cille sí *ia*rfallán dórath dé acus dorodloeg ari*n*mormáer .i. bédé gondas tabrád dó acus níthárat acus rogab *mac* dó galár iarnéré na gleréc acus robomaréb act mádbec iarsén dochuíd *in*mormáer dattác na glerec góndendaes ernacde les *in*mac gondisád slánte dó acus dórat *in*edbaírt dóib uácloic intiprat goníce chlóic pette mic

FAC-SIMILE OF FOLIO 4 "BOOK OF DEER."

garnáit doronsat innernacde acus tanic slante dó ; Iarsén dorat collumcille dódrostán inchadráig sén acus rosbenact acus foracaib imbrether gebe tisad ris nabad blienec buadacc tangator déara drostán arscartháin fri collumcille rolaboir collumcille bedeár ánim óhúnn ímácc.

TRANSLATION.

Collumcille and Drostán son of Cosgrach his pupil came from Hi as God had shown to them unto Abbordoboir and Bede the Pict was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and Tosech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Calumcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer to wit Bede that he should give it to him ; and he did not give it ; and a son of his took an illness after [or in consequence of] refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead [lit. he was dead but if it were a little]. After this the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should pray for the son that health should come to him, and he gave in offering to them from the Stone of the Well to the Stone of the Farm. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Calumcille gave to Drostán that town and blessed it and left as (his) word, "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many-yeared [or] victorious." Drostán's tears (deara) came on parting with Calumcille. Said Calumcille, "Let Dear be its name henceforward."

The second, third, and fourth entries relate chiefly to the founding of the Abbey of Deer sometime in the tenth century, with the names and rank of those who made grants of land. It is interesting to note that some of these names are still found in the Highlands, such as MacFingune or MacKinnon, MacLulach or MacCulloch, and MacMhaoilein or MacMillan.

The fifth entry is that to be found on the specimen page produced herewith, which reads as follows :—

7 BENNACT *IN*CHO*M*DED ARCECMORMAR 7 ARCECTOSECH CHOMALLFAS 7 DANSIL DANEIS.

Donchad *mac* mec bead mec hídid dorat acchad madchór docri*st* a*cus* dodrostan 7 docholuim cille insóre gobrád malechí 7 cómgell 7 gille cri*st* *mac* fingúni innaíenasi intest*us*. 7 malcoluim *mac* molíní. Cormac *mac* cennedig dorat goníge scáli merlec. Comgell *mac* cáennaig táesec clande canen dórat docri*st* 7 dodrostán 7 dócholuim cille gonige ingort lie mór iggi*n* infíus isnesu daldín alenn ódubucí gólurchárí etarsliab 7 achad. issaeri othesseach cubráth 7 abennacht arcachhén chomallfas araes cubrath 7 amallact arcachén tiefa ris.

TRANSLATION.

AND THE BLESSING OF LORD ON EACH MORMAER, AND ON EACH TOISEACH WHO WILL FULFIL (IT), AND TO THEIR SEED AFTER THEM.

Donchad, son of MacBead, son of Hidid, gave Achad Madchor to Christ, and to Drostan and to Columcille in freedom for ever ; Malechi, and Congell, and Gillichrist, son of Fingune, in witness thereof, in testimony, and Malcolm, son of Moline, Cormac, son of Connedig, gave as far as Scale-Merlec. Congell, son of Caennig, Toisech of Clan Canan gave to Christ, and to Drostan, and to Calumcille, as far as Gort-lie-Mor, at the head of the Pius (?) which is nearest Aldin Alenn from Dubuci to Lurchari between mountain and field, in freedom from Toiseach for ever, and his blessing on each one that will fulfil (it) after him for ever, and his curse on each who will come against it.

The sixth entry is somewhat similar to the foregoing.

There are two editions of the Gaelic of the "Book of Deer," one was published, Latin and Gaelic complete with facsimile pages, in 1869, by the Spalding Club, under the editorship of Dr. John Stuart. Another edition of the Gaelic with translations, notes, and vocabulary, is given by Mr. Whitley Stokes, in his *Goidelica*.

Such of our readers as wish to study this very interesting specimen of ancient Scottish Gaelic minutely, should read the excellent paper on the "Book of Deer" by Mr. Alexander Macbean, M.A., Inverness, to whom we gladly express our indebtedness on this occasion.

LAMENT.

BY THE HON. S. RUADRI ERSKINE.

I SEE the dark green pines of the hill ;
The fair blue Islands of the Clouds ;
I see the white edge of the sea,
And the high bosom of the green wave ;
But I cannot find Raonaild in Breadalbane.

I see the white surf of the sky,
The rolling green waves of the hills ;
I see the bright skirts of the clouds,
And the soft golden spray of the sun ;
But I cannot find Raonaild in Breadalbane.

I see the rich white fleeces of the sea,
Spread out for the wind to walk upon ;
I see the sparkling jewels of the wood,
And the snow shining like armour in the sun ;
But I cannot find Raonaild in Breadalbane.

I hear the ouzel piping at the ford,
The sweet music of water rushing over stones ;
I hear the glad mavis of spring-tide,
And the soft voices of winds among trees ;
But never more shall I hear Raonaild in Breadalbane.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VII.

Travelling tailors as retailers of local traditions and gossip.—Sheiling of Corrynagaul.—Kinloch Morar and the "Ford of the Cows."—Definition of a merk-land and what stock it carries.—The kindly Macdonells of Greenfield.—Tenants removed to make room for sheep.

DONALD MACDONELL, tailor in Doune, aged eighty years and upwards, examined in Gaelic by Mr. John MacEachan, residing at Sandaig of Knoydart, said he knew Archibald Macdonell, commonly known by the name of Archibald MacGillivride, who was king's ground officer on the estate of Barisdale when under forfeiture, and had made clothes for him. Witness, it may be noted, as was then the custom in country places, travelled about at stated times to places, where he was lodged until his work was completed. These tailors were thus not only the circulators of all the current news and gossip, but picked up and retailed old stories and traditions, embellishing them according to their abilities and fancy. Witness cut the cloth for Archibald MacGillivride at his house of Achaglyne of Kinlochnevis, while Archibald's wife and family were at their sheilings with their cattle. Witness consequently could not get lining or thread for making the clothes, and therefore proceeded with the cloth to the sheilings in Corrynagaul, where Mrs. Macdonell and the family were. That he made up and finished the clothes there, and observed her milch cows, sheep, and goats, grazing close to the house. That if any part of the house still remains he could point out where it was. That he was there two nights, and the place was called Luib-mor-Corry-na-gaul.

Catherine Macdonell, spouse of Archibald Macdonell, residing at Kyles, Knoydart, aged seventy-eight years and upwards, deponed that she was daughter to the deceased Ewan Macdonell, who was son to Archibald MacGillivride, the Barisdale ground officer. That her grandfather used to go to shiel at Luibmore, Corrynagaul, and thinks she was herself there with him one season, when very young, and "it is like a dream upon her mind, that she could yet point out the stance or larach of the house of that sheiling, where her grandfather resided," in sheiling time.

Ewen Ban Cameron, residing at Doune of Knoydart, aged seyenty-eight, recollected Captain Archibald Macdonell, father of the present Coll Macdonell, Esquire, of Barisdale, when he lived at Carnoch of Kinloch Nevis. Knew another Archibald Macdonell, called Gillivride, who lived at Achaglyne, and he knew that this Archibald went to sheiling with his cattle to Corrynagaul, and witness was in that sheiling bothy at Luib-Corrynagaul, and drank milk there. Knows that Archibald was baron officer on the forfeited estate of Barisdale.

Upon 2nd November, 1825, appeared Catherine Gillies, a widow, aged seventy years and upwards, residing at a small place called Ardnamurach in North Morar, examined in Gaelic by the Reverend Donald MacColl, residing at Auchdarroch of Appin, and stated that she was of the fifth generation from Finlay MacWilliam Mor Gillies, who was tacksman of Kinlochmorar, a two merk land. That he further rented the lands of Camusnabraan, and Little Oban, and Romisaig, the whole of these lands then belonging to Glengarry. That Finlay had an out herd with his yeld cattle, who lived at

[*From Photo by* *W. Drummond Norie.*]

LOCH GARRY, LOOKING WEST.

Ceannabreachd in Glenkingie, the witness adding of her own accord, that she did not live in those days, but had heard that he lived there, and this from her father and others, now dead. That the suiming of Kinloch Morar now, and so far back as she remembers, is forty-eight cows and all their followers, and four mares with their followers. This witness, who could not speak English, was, however, able to specify the extent and values of the farms, in the form of merks, to the astonishment and confusion, as will be seen immediately, by her hasty silencing of Lochiel's cross-examining counsel of that day, no less than Duncan Macneill, afterwards the distinguished judge, Lord Colonsay. Witness went on to depone that Kinloch Morar is what is called a double merk land, and had two glens annexed to it. That Camusnabraan and Little Oban kept eighteen cows without followers, and similarly Romisaig, twenty-four cows, but witness could not positively say whether these three places were considered a single or double merk land. That the glen above the house of Kinloch Morar, is called Glen Lochan-an-eich, and that from a loch in this glen, there is a run of water which falls into Loch Morar. That upon this water there is a bad ford, called the ford of the cows, and she knows from hearsay that it got this name, because Ewen Gillies, her grandfather's brother's son, at the time, lost three cows at said ford, about thirty years ago, when the ford was shut up and discontinued, and the witness had seen the fence erected to prevent access. Upon cross-examination, Mrs. Gillies was sharply questioned, but my readers will be glad to see that by the clearness of her replies, she emerged speedily and triumphantly, resulting in the acute Lowland agent and the clever Highland counsel's speedy collapse. Answering Lochiel's counsel, she said she could not say when her ancestor, Finlay MacWilliam Mor, died, but she understood it was before her own father was born. Asked—How she knows that the lands she has mentioned as possessed by Finlay, belonged to Glengarry. Answered—That being long before her own time, she only knew it by hearsay. That the farms she has been referring to, lie not in Knoydart, but in North Morar. Interrogated—What she means by a merk land (in Gaelic, marg). Answers—That she can give no furthur definition of it, but that it is a certain extent of land, that keeps a certain number of cows, and pays a certain rent. Interrogated—Says the number of cattle a merk land will keep, depends upon its being considered a double or a single merk. A double merk land will keep forty-eight cows with their followers, and if a glen or hill is attached to it, it will keep a few horses in addition to these cattle, while a single merk land will keep half that number of cows, without followers, and no horses; and finally, her cross-examination suddenly closing, deponed she could not write.

Three intended witnesses for Glengarry at Fort-William, on 3rd November, 1825, viz.—Mary Gillies, Culnamuck of North Morar, aged eighty years and upwards, and bed-ridden; Ewen Macinnes, in Clachaig of Glenco, aged eighty-two years or thereby; and Allan Macdonald, at Inverco, aged eighty years and upwards, could not be examined from the state of the weather, at their homes. Archibald Macdonald, at Mandally of Glengarry, was examined, a married man, aged seventy-eight years, born 1747; stated he was born at Ardochy of Sliesgarve; his evidence on the question of marches was of little value, but I give his description of the Macdonells of Greenfield, and their kindly disposition, the predecessors of those eminent members of that historic family, so long and at present distinguished in Canada.

That these horses were troublesome in the way of trespassing on the farm of Greenfield, when it was possessed by Angus Macdonald, father of Angus Macdonald, late tenant there, and Mr. Macdonald pointed these horses, and when the deponent went to relieve them, Greenfield scolded the witness, who replying, that as he could not prevent them straying he must needs sell them. Greenfield replied that he would not allow witness to sell them, as he was a young man at the head of a fatherless family, and that he might send the horses to Glenkingie. That this occurred sixty-two years ago (1763).

Peter Maclaren, residing at Lundy of Glengarry, aged seventy-five, born 1750, said that his first

[*From Photo by* *W. Drummond Norie.*]

FALLS OF GARRY, NEAR GLENGARRY.

farms were Wester Garrygoulach, Badenjoig, and Ballachan, that he was then worth £1500, and there were removed from his farms to make room for him, Angus, the son of Donald Macmillan; Ewen Macmillan, commonly called Badenjoig; Widow Kennedy, daughter of John Brogach Kennedy, who had married Duncan Ban Macmillan; Miles Macmillan, brother of said Ewen; and Duncan Mackinnon, originally from Strathlochy. Witness had previously tenanted Poullarie, in Sliesmein of Glengarry. That the rent he paid for his three farms was £150, and he could have had more lands did his means enable him to stock them with sheep. Having stated that one half of Corrynagaul (formerly forest) belonged to Glengarry, he answered on cross-examination, that thirty years ago (1795) the march was pointed by Angus Rankin, tacksman of Dalness; the late Angus Macdonald, tacksman of Greenfield; Duncan Macdonald, son of the late Glengarry piper; and three other persons, whose names he does not now remember. That Glengarry was himself present at the time on his attaining majority, and making his first perambulation of the marches on his estate. Witness minutely described the different places, composing Sliesmein-Gearrich, and Sliesgarve-Gearrich. That he knows the hill of Gearrich, and was often on the top of it, and that it is situated about the middle of Glenkingie. In answer to testing questions of his knowledge, he said in answer to the query—What are the Braes of Glengarry, and desired to describe them. Answers—That the Braes of Glengarry are wide, and send their waters into the river Garry. Asked—To name these waters. Replies—Quoich, Corrybuie, Kingie, and so on to the Braes of Knoydart.

The next chapter will deal with the patronage of the parish of Kilmonivaig, disputed between Glengarry and the Duke of Gordon.

(To be continued.)

"THE GAELIC NAMES OF PLANTS."*

SIR,—I am not a botanist or an herbalist, yet I cannot refrain from writing to express the genuine pleasure which I received from a perusal of this most interesting volume. A hasty glance at the book would lead one to suppose that it could only interest or instruct such as made botany a special study, or were interested in the medicinal qualities of herbs and flowers. A more careful perusal, however, will show that to any one who has spent his boyhood in the Highlands—roaming barefooted and bareheaded o'er hill and dale—the work will awaken some of the most pleasurable recollections and reminiscences of youthful days "amang the bloomin' heather," and enable him, in a measure, to live them over again. I read the book through and never met with a dull page, for ever and anon I came across the Gaelic name of a plant which I had all but forgotten. I almost felt the cooling draught of that favourite well or *fuaran*, which in the hottest day in summer was so refreshing, when I read of the *bioluir* or watercress, and the *seileisdeir* or water flag—which grew so plentiful there. I also recollected that the root of the Iris or *seileisdeir* dyes black, and poor Johnnie Macdonald, whose mother was a widow, used to bring this dark fluid to school as a substitute for ink. This set me a thinking of "native dyes," and I tried to recollect a few. I used to be sent to gather *fearna* bark (alder-wood) when a dark dye was wanted, and *crotal* when a redish brown was required. When I came across the *sealbhag* (sorel) I almost smelt the odour of the *poit ghuirmein* which occupied the fire-end during the winter. Sorel was required to fix the blue dye, and I used to gather it for that purpose. Then there was the *luachair* or common rush, the pith of which was commonly used to make rush-lights—or wicks for the *crùisgein*, to whose flickering light Highland boys used to learn their lessons long before the days of paraffin. How eagerly I turned to the index to see if Mr. Cameron knew all the delights of digging the *braonan* and *brisgein*, the sweet joys of chewing a *bunag* or *puineag*, or the supreme happiness of eating a whole mouthful of *dearcan monaidh* or blaeberries. Yes, he knew it all, and my mouth watered as I read the familiar Gaelic name of these tit-bits. I thought the author might not be familiar with the old-fashioned cures of our remote Highland glen, but there they were—*Ràcadal* (horse radish), a cure for toothache, *trì-bhileach* (bogbean), an excellent tonic, while the very look of the Gaelic name for dandelion made me feel the terrible taste of that decoction of the *Beàrnan-Brìde*, which we had to be coaxed or bribed to swallow.

To one who like myself was "half-tutored by the Atlantic," the section devoted to sea plants such as *duileasg*, *feumainn* and *slata-mara*, is as refreshing as a breeze from *Sgeir-nan-crùban*. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed Mr. Cameron's book, and I consider it but right to inform your readers that the work is not one to interest and instruct the botanist only, but that it yields delight to all who have spent their youthful days in our Scottish Highlands.—I am, etc.,

An t-Eilean Iosal,
An t-òg mhios 1900.

BODACH A' GHLINNE.

* THE GAELIC NAMES OF PLANTS (Scottish, Irish, and Manx), collected and arranged in scientific order, with notes on the etymology, uses, plant superstitions, etc., among the Celts, with copious Gaelic, English, and Scientific indices, by John Cameron, Sunderland, new and revised edition. Glasgow: John Mackay, 1900.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE CONCERT, in aid of the widows and fatherless bairns of the Highland Brigade killed in South Africa, will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, on 4th July. A most attractive programme has been arranged, and a large attendance is expected.

STEWARTS OF APPIN.—In our sketch of Mr. Robert Bruce Stewart, Chief of Appin, in last issue, two facts were perhaps not made sufficiently clear in our desire to condense as much as possible. The paragraph relating to the Lordship of Lorn would read more correctly as follows—"By this marriage *it was claimed that* the Lordship of Lorn passed to the Argyll family. Dugald having taken steps to recover the Lordship, by an *enforced* compromise," etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1900.

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THE MACCLURE FAMILIES.

I HAVE been making many enquiries and researches regarding the family of McClure, and now proceed to give the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* the result of my labours.

The Rev. J. Campbell McClure, minister of Marykirk, Kincardineshire, has very kindly supplied the tradition of his family, handed down through a long line of long-lived successors. In early times, a sept of the Macleods left the Isle of Skye for Ulster, where the northern Irish pronounced the "d" as "r," and so the name passed from Maclude to Maclure. Later on, many of these passed on to Galloway, and thence to Wigtown and Ayr, from the north-east of Ireland. Mr. McClure always understood the name McClure to be the same as Macleod.

The tradition of the Skye McClures is that they were teachers, as the MacCrimmons were pipers, to the Macleods, hence the derivation "Mac Giolla Labhair," son of the servant of the book. This tradition the Skye McClures retain to the present day.

Many Gaelic authorities derive the Galloway McClures from "Mac Giolla Uidhir," son of the pale youth or servant; and in ancient charters, the McClures are mentioned as owners of property in conjunction with the Kennedys, Earls of Cassilis, and the Montgomeries, afterwards Earls of Eglinton, in Ayrshire, 1485 and 1488; and from the similarity of christian names, it is assumed that these McClures were relatives of the Kennedys and Montgomeries.

As regards the Irish McClures, the first immigration was comprised, the late Mr. Waugh McClure, J.P., of Lurgan, told me once, of three brothers who came over at the Plantation of Ulster, 1608. The first settled at Saintfield, County Down, and was Mr. McClure's ancestor as well as mine. The second, on the shores of Loch Neagh, at Crumlin, from whom the late Sir Thomas McClure descended, and the third, in Derry, from whom the Derry McClures descended.

After this, it is evident that many McClures came over during the sad persecutions of the Covenanters, 1660 to 1688; and also it is said by Boswell, in his "Tour through the Hebrides," that he met there (October, 1777) at Ulva, a Captain McClure from Londonderry, who was properly a Macleod, being descended of some refugee Macleods who fled to Ireland after the disastrous battle of Worcester, and, to conceal their identity, changed their name to McClure, and were thus intermingled with other McClures already there at the time. Some of the Down McClures are maternally of French descent through intermarriage with the family of De la Cherois, refugees of noble ancestry, who came to Ireland *temp* William III., with many followers.

I shall be very glad to hear from any McClures, who may have any further family traditions, if they write to me direct. It is a subject I am much interested in, and am not alone in my interest, as there are many others also very anxious to trace particulars.

JOHN WILFRED MCCLURE.

Munster and Leinster Bank,
Tralee, Ireland.

MACLEAN CRESTS AND BADGES.

68 MITCHELL STREET,
GLASGOW, *2nd June, 1900.*

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will grant me space to make the following corrections in regard to the badges and crests of the Macleans, as given in Dr. Dingwall's able and instructive lecture on "Armorial Bearings of the Clans," and reported in this month's *Celtic*. Dr. Dingwall states that holly is the badge of all the Macleans except Lochbuie. Now this is not the case, the badges being as follows:—Duart, Brolas, Drimnin, and Pennycross, crowberry; Ardgour, Coll, Dochgarroch, and North Macleans, holly; Lochbuie, blaeberry.

He is also incorrect as to the crests. Lochbuie, Dochgarroch, Ardgour, Pennycross, Coll, Drimnin, etc., have for crests, a battle-axe encircled with laurel and cypress (in no case is holly used). Lochbuie and Dochgarroch have for motto, "Vincere Vel Mori"; all the others have "Altera Merces." Duart has for crest, a castle; motto, "Virtue mine Honour," same as in the coat-of-arms of Duart. Brolas use both crests adjoined, and over the battle-axe the motto, "Altera Merces." The chief of the clan, Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., represents in his person the families of Duart and Brolas.

The war-cries or slogans are—"Bas na beatha" (Death or Life), and "Fear eile air son Eachuinn" (Another for Hector), used alternately. The latter dates from the battle of Inverkeithing.

I am, etc., JOHN MACLEAN.

[NOTE.—I am indebted to my friend Mr. John Maclean, and Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean, for their corrections. My statement regarding the Clan Maclean badges was made on the authority of Mr. J. P. Maclean, the Clan Historian.—A. D.]

Prince Charles Edward in Rome.

By J. A. LOVAT-FRASER, M.A.

"IN a Highland cottage," said Fiona Macleod on a recent occasion, "I heard, some time ago, a man singing a lament for 'Tearlach Og Aluinn,' Bonnie Prince Charles; and when he ceased, tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat, a sob. I asked him later was his heart really so full of the 'Prionnsa Bàn,' but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that could not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the Prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and gray, because of his own weariness and his own grief."

The tragedy of Prince Charles Stuart is sadder than any in Shakespeare, because it is true. It is one which will always bring tears to the eyes, because it is typical of so many lives. The story of the Prince's life is the story of failure. There is a "high failure" that "overtops the bounds of low successes." The chivalrous career of Montrose ended in failure and the scaffold. But the name of Montrose shines in the page of history. The brilliant beginning of Prince Charles ended in drunkenness and broken-down debauchery. The story of his life, with its bright beginning and its dark ending, is repeated in many lives. The moral that it teaches, is the importance of the virtues of self-control and strength of will, to prince and peasant alike.

After the Highlands of Scotland, there is no place so closely associated with Prince Charles as the Eternal City. In Rome Charles was born. He lived there for many years, and there he died. To those who have studied the details of his life, Rome is full of memories of the Prince. His father, "James the Third," lived in the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli. The Palace is now known as the Palazzo Muti-Papazurri, and stands near the Corso, the principal street of Rome. It is a house of the ordinary Roman type, built round a court-yard, and over the large doors the passer-by may see the orange trees with their yellow fruit growing within. Near it is the Church of the Holy Apostles, where James and his sons habitually worshipped. There James' wife, Clementine Sobieski, was buried for a time, until her remains were removed and interred in St. Peter's. Prince Charles was reared amidst the refined and high-bred society of Rome. Among the cardinals

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

MONUMENT TO THE STUARTS IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

and the princes of the old historic families he early acquired that charm of manner and courtly air which commended him so strongly to those with whom he came in contact. He was a welcome guest in the palaces of the nobility, and a frequent attendant at dinners and dances. The first hint of his intention to try his fortune in Scotland was given by his appearance at a ball, in the Palazzo Pamphili, in the Highland dress. The Prince was fond of music, and he and his brother, Henry, were in the habit of giving a concert once a week to the *elite* of the Roman world. One of his favourite recreations was golf. He played the ancient game in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, which is now the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park of modern Rome. It is said that the prince and his father, James, used to wander among the ruined places of Rome, talking over their plans for the recovery of their ancestral kingdoms.

James and his two sons, Charles and Henry, were naturally personages of much importance in Rome. "The King of England," says President de Brosses, in 1740, "is treated here with as much respect as though he were a real reigning sovereign. He lives in the Piazzo di Sant' Apostoli, in a large palace, not remarkable for beauty. The Pope's soldiers mount guard there, as at Monte Cavallo, and accompany him whenever he goes out, which does not often happen. It is easy to know him for a Stuart." The President adds, that his dignity of manners was remarkable, and his devotion excessive. The poet Gray, writing in the same year, states, "The Pretender I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball, given by Count Patrizzii to the Prince and Princess Craon, at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long."

In January, 1744, at the age of twenty three, Charles left Rome to put his fortunes to the touch. He did not again take up residence in his birth-place till more than twenty years after. On New Year's Day, 1766, his father died, and Charles returned to the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli, where he had spent his youth. "James the Third" had been recognized as King of Great Britain and Ireland by the Courts of France, and Spain, and the Pope. When he died, his son, Charles, requested that the recognition accorded to his father should be continued to himself. France and Spain, influenced by fear of Great Britain, refused, and the Pope followed suit. Charles displayed intense indignation and annoyance. He refused to mingle in Roman society, and shut himself up in his palace, giving out that he wished only to be recognized as plain John Douglas. Cardinal Henry Stuart, Duke of York, vainly endeavoured to persuade the Pope to acknowledge his brother as a sovereign. He ostentatiously drove through the streets of Rome in his state carriage, having Charles seated on his right hand, a distinction which no cardinal should grant to any but a king or queen. But the Pope persisted in his refusal to recognize Charles as a king. The Rectors of the English, Scottish, and Irish Colleges, were banished from Rome, for treating the Prince as their sovereign. The Prince was left to hold his little mimic court, surrounded by a few faithful Jacobites who refused to desert him. Wretched and miserable, Charles yielded more and more to his besetting sin. He became a slave to "the nasty bottle," as Cardinal York calls it. So degraded did the once brilliant Prince become, that when his visitors came to know him, "they treated him without any ceremony." In his miserable seclusion he remained for a year and a half.

In the middle of 1767, Charles, "being tired," as the English ambassador said, "of living in the midst of the town like a hermit, or rather like one infected with the plague," decided to resume friendly relations with the Pope. He was accordingly formally introduced to Clement "as a private nobleman," and again took up his position as a member of Roman society, where he was known as the Comte d'Albanie. He became a frequent guest at the Vatican, and appeared at the balls and concerts with which he had been once familiar. But his existence was embittered by the refusal of the title of king. "He has a melancholy, mortified appearance," wrote a lady who saw him at this time. His life in society was unfortunately broken by those periodical disappearances, when he sought solace for his grief in Cyprus wine.

In the summer of 1770, Charles left Rome, and did not return till two years after. In March, 1772, he married the young and beautiful Princess Louise de Stolberg, and the newly wedded pair took up residence in the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli. Charles again attempted to have his title as King of England acknowledged by the Pope. As soon as he had taken up his abode in Rome, he informed the Papal Secretary of State of the arrival of the "King and Queen of England." No notice was taken of his formal announcement, and the Princess soon made herself unpopular, by requiring from the Roman ladies a deference and precedence which they were not disposed to give. Charles was proud of his young wife, and under her influence, overcame, for a time, his besetting weakness. "She seemed made to

turn everybody's head," said Bonsetten. The Prince appears to have been fairly happy at this period. "He delighted," says Bonsetten, "to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures." "His young wife," he adds, "laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature." But the happiness was not of long duration. The Prince and his wife were utterly unsuited to one another. In less than two years they left Rome, and after a stormy period of married life, they were amicably divorced.

Having parted from his wife, the Prince invited to his lonely home his illegitimate daughter, Charlotte, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and who had been living in a convent with her mother, Clementine Walkinshaw, daughter of Walkinshaw, laird of Camlachie. Charlotte, who was attractive and affectionate, soon captured her father's heart, and he legitimized her, and created her Duchess of Albany. But he did not enjoy her society very long. In January, 1788, he was attacked by paralysis, and on the 31st, he died in the arms of his daughter. He was attended in his last moments by the Franciscan brothers, James and Michael MacCormick, two Irishmen from Leitrim. He was buried in St. Peter's, beside his father and mother, and there, in the Imperial City of the Caesars, he now rests. Seventeen hundred years before his death, the spot where he lies was a Roman Circus, in which Christians were torn to pieces by savage beasts. In the ground, which was stained by the blood of the martyrs, the Bonnie Prince Charlie sleeps. *Beati mortui qui in domino moriuntur;* so runs the inscription on the marble monument.

The contrast between the beginning and the end of the Prince's life is sad in the extreme. The fatal habit which he first learnt when lying among the damp heather of the Highlands, made his later years a disgrace to himself, and a sorrow to his friends. The hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick, embittered his later life. It is said that he used to burst into tears when he heard the tune of "Lochaber no more." On one occasion, he was induced by an Englishman named Greathead, after some unwillingness, to speak on his enterprise in Scotland. He recounted his adventures with animation and eagerness, but when he came to describe the terrible penalties visited on his followers, he was choked with emotion, and fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany. "Sir," she cried, "what is this? You have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence."

Not long ago it was the fortune of the present writer to be present at a great ecclesiastical function in St. Peter's. An excited mass of Italian pilgrims waited to receive the benediction of the Holy Father. The sound of their voices was like the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks of Mull. Leo the Thirteenth was borne in on his chair high above the heads of the people, and the pilgrims shouted and cheered, and again and again the famous cry was raised "Il Papa Re, Il Papa Re, the Pope King, the Pope King." The Noble Guards, and the Pope's Chamberlains, and the scarlet-robed Cardinals passed down the nave like a piece of mediæval pageantry. And as the writer listened to the sonorous Latin Litany sounding in the incense-laden air, he looked across to the monument of the Stuarts, with the marble effigies of James the Third, and Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, and there mingled in his ear, with the murmer of the Catholic prayer, the beautiful words of Andrew Lang:—

Ah, my prince, it were well—
  Had'st thou to the Gods been dear—
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
  With the war-pipe loud in thine ear.

* * *

More than thy marble pile,
  With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
  To the endless dirge of the sea!

But the Fates deemed otherwise,
  Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the northern skies,
  In the secular dust of Rome.

DEATH OF A HIGHLAND CLAN HISTORIAN.—We regret to intimate the death at Inverness of Mr. R. S. T. MacEwen, Barrister at Law, Lincoln's Inn, and late Additional Recorder, Rangoon, Burma. Mr. MacEwen after a very successful career in India and Burma, returned to the old country to spend the evening of his life. He was greatly interested in Highland literature, and as a result of a conversation which the writer had with him, Mr. MacEwen decided to write a history of his own clan, the materials for which he had been collecting for many years. The MS. of "Clan Ewen" was completed sometime ago and is now in the printer's hands, and it is to be regretted that the author has not been spared to see the publication of his work. His sudden death will be lamented by a large circle of friends.

CLAN MACLEAN.—This Society will publish shortly a volume containing a complete collection of all the tunes associated with the clan, several of which had to be taken down specially from clansmen for the purpose.—The oil-painting of the chief, Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, C.B., which the clan are to present to him at the social gathering in October, is making good progress, and promises to be a striking likeness.

THE PIOBAIREACHD OF ETERNAL GOOD-BYES.

A TALE OF STRATHNAVER.

THERE was, before now, a swanky lad on Loch Naver side, who was better than the best at three things—the playing of a piobaireachd, the playing of a new-run salmon, and the playing with the heart of a maid. It is but a quiet place now, Loch Naver side, but when Dùghall Donn sent the skirl of his pipes across the water it was a throng place, and no mistake. The Strath was green, and yellow, and white, as the seasons went from Spring to Autumn, and on a summer eve you would see the peat-reek curling up from the farm places, like the holy smoke from an altar, as the folk were sitting at their evening meal indoors, and giving God grace for His mindfulness of their hunger. Faith! but it was a land of milk and honey, long ago. But now! och, och, there is no manner of use to speak about these things, for in Strathnaver now, there is a shameful silence, and only here and there a wheen ruined biggings standing, with never a blue column of peat-reek at all to tell that yonder a man or a woman or a bairn will be thanking God for His mercies.

But it was down by Naver side that Dùghall Donn piped his piobaireachd. You might see his house standing still near the inn at

BEN LOYAL AND THE SANDS, KYLE OF TONGUE, SUTHERLAND.

Altnaharra, on a mound of green grass. He was, as I was afore telling you, a swanky lad—by which we mean in Sutherland, a long strengthy straight man that has the swing of a king about him when he walks, and the fearless look of the rover in his eye. Oh, but it was the bonnie brown eye that Dùghall Donn had, with a soft deep danger about it when he went courting the maids of Mudale in the gloaming, and a red flash of fire about it when he was crossed or angered. Down by the lochside or up the banks of the Mudale river, you might hear his pipes at any hour, for Dùghall was the roving chiel all his days. He would sit at his window and stare out at the loch and Ben Clebrig, as if they were just new come into the world and had a wonder about them to see. And so they had for the swanky lad of Altnaharra. He would go dreaming along the hillside by his lone, and never see anything but the clouds, and the hills, and the loch. Some said he had the second sight and knew more than a man should ever know. But, no matter, he had a coaxing way with the maids, and when a man has that—well, that is the first sight and the best.

It fell on a day, when the corn was waving fine and yellow in the little fields that lie between Altnaharra hostelry and the loch, that Dùghall Donn took the bend of the road and went away to see the world that lies beyond Ben Clebrig and the Crask. It is always the

way with the brown-eyed ones—they cannot rest at home, but will ever be wanting to see, and know, and try things for themselves, as if the glen and the lochside had not been enough for their fathers and their fathers' fathers. So it fell, that when the swanky lad took the way to the south, there was heard that night many a sound of weeping and lament on Loch Naver side, for the danger of the brown eyes had fallen on a woman's heart here and there, across the hills.

And the days grew into weeks, and the weeks slid into months, and the months began to make a tale of years.

Then there was heard a strange and half-forgotten sound of piping up on Clebrig's side. For there is a trick in the good piping which a man, with a fine ear for the piobaireachd, never forgets, when once he has heard it lovingly.

"That is the piping of Dùghall Donn and no mistake!" said Angus Mackay, at the hostel door, one quiet gloaming.

"Och, you are dreaming, Angus," said young Ewan, the herd.

"Dream or no dream, my lad, there was never a piobaireachd like that put on the pipes but the swanky man, with the danger in his eyes, played it."

Then the two men listened. And down from the great scarred sides of Clebrig there came the sound of a smooth played piobaireachd that slid into the soul, and made them that heard it think, with a lump in the throat, of days long gone by, and old songs and courtings, and the tale of a heart-breaking good-bye for ever and a day.

"My God! it is too much. I'm for the hill," and away he went with a sob in his throat, and the restlessness that kills all astir in his soul.

"Aye," mused old Angus, "it is the piping of one who has seen for himself, but my old heart will be too dry and withered to beat faster at the sound of it. But waes me for the young ones. If they hear it, there will be empty hearths in Naver side the morrow."

That night, when all was still and quiet at Altnaharra, and the moonlight was lying like a fairy shroud on the loch, and the air was trembling all alive with the coming of the chilly life that thrills the world when Dawn begins to lift the eyelid of the Day—Dùghall Donn stood in front of the hostelry at Altnaharra, and blew the magic piobaireachd on his pipes. The sound went down the winds of Dawn, and every man and maid who had youth at all turned restlessly on the pillow, and wakened with a catching of the breath. Young Ewan heard the sound first, and came creeping from the barn behind the inn. He saw the swanky lad, that had gone away and seen for himself, standing like a king, and piping before the door, with a look on the face of him like the dawn. And in the dimlight, Ewan saw sitting on the little round seat, beneath the great tree, in the garden opposite—a woman weeping quietly to the music of the man. With a straightening of the back, and a fling of the shoulders, the piper wheeled about, and took the path to the highroad, playing all the while with a heart-breaking sob in every note. The woman rose and followed without a word, and these two, in the fast coming dawn-light, went along the road by the church, the man walking with the knees thrown out at every step, which is the mark of the piping Gael ever since the days of MacCrimmon, and before that.

At Mudale bridge they stopped—and, in the silence that followed, there were only two sounds heard—the far off cry of a whaup, as it sent its first wild gurly cry into the mouth of day, and the gentle sound of the woman weeping, as she stood with her face buried in the piper's shoulder.

He was clad in a ragged coat and ragged trews. On his head of curly brown hair there was set an old bonnet of blue—set with a careless jaunty air about it that matched well the high look on the face below. But he was woe-some to see, standing there in his rags, with that straight strengthy look of a king about him, that rags and ruin can never hide.

And the woman—she was small, and thin, and pale, with a shower of jet black hair falling over the man's shoulder when her face was hid. She had lily white hands, and soft feet that were all scarred and bleeding with the tramping of the roads. And the man and the woman stood still and silent there, on the bridge of Mudale, she weeping quietly, and he looking far away into the light of dawn.

"Will we be going back again, lamb of my heart, to where the knowledge of the sorrow is?"

"Ah, take me back again, my lord, for I canna thole the silence and the mystery of the glens. I am weary for the sounds and the laughter of my ain place. God Himself is looking at us here, where the winds come soughing from His home. Take me back to where you found me, play me over the hills again, and forget this place ye lived in, and the hearts ye loved so well. Come, my piper, come away from this land of silent men, and when we have crossed the hills, you'll forget that ever ye were here."

Then the swanky lad looked northward up the road, where the two tall pillars of stone marked the place that men set out for the salt sea smells—and as he looked there was a hunger in his eye and a heaving in his breast. But the woman saw him looking northward, and with more tears and coaxings, she cried, "Not that

way, never that way, but back to my ain place yonder!"

And she pointed her lily white finger to the south, where Ben Clebrig had caught the pale wan light of day, and was waking up in his mighty silence from his long, sound, stony sleep.

"Well and well—if it is to be, here's for the back o' beyond!" cried the swanky man. And stooping down, he bound her little feet where the rough travelling had cut them, and taking his own shoes from his tired soles, he tied them tightiy, but tenderly, on to the woman's. Then the fire and the danger and the wild light leaped in his eye again as he threw the drones over his shoulders, and, in his rags and shoeless misery, piped a piobaireachd of everlasting farewells to the loch, and stream, and glen. On and on through the trees of Altnaharra they went, back by the road they came, and the winds were full of the pipe music that seemed to tell of everything that had been and would never be again. Ewan, the herd, was watching them as they went by the hostelry, and he said, that when they took the bend of the road, the pipe music was heart-rending to hear, and the tears were running down the cheeks of the great strengthy man as he played, but the woman had stopped her weeping, and was laughing quietly to herself, and dancing strange steps of cheerfulness behind the man, as he played his piobaireachd of eternal good-byes.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

BY ALEXANDER DINGWALL, M.A., M.B., C.M., GLASGOW.

(Continued from page 169.)

Mc Lean of Coll

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS OF COLL, REPRODUCED FROM AN OLD BOOK-PLATE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. H. A. C. MACLEAN, LONDON.

IV.—*Leslie rescues the queen and earns a motto.—Ogilvy and Keith preserve the Scottish Regalia.—Robertson of Struan captures one of king's murderers.—Origin of the name Skene.—The Clan Chattan and the Cat.—Sir Malcolm Drummond and the calthrops at Bannockburn.—"Stand fast, Craigellachie," the Grants' motto.—Arms give precision to history.—Fictitious ancestries.—Who are entitled to use arms?—Heraldry a class distinction.*

THE motto of the Leslies, *Grip fast*, has been unchanged since the time of Queen Margaret of Scotland, by whom it was given to Bartholomew Leslie, founder of the family, under the following circumstances. In crossing a river swollen by floods, the queen was thrown from her horse and in danger of being carried away and drowned, when the knight, plunging into the stream, seized hold of her majesty's girdle, and as he brought her with difficulty towards the bank she frequently exclaimed "Grip fast," and afterwards expressed the desire that her preserver should retain the words as his motto in remembrance of the occurrence.

Sir George Ogilvie was entrusted by William, Earl Marischal, in keeping the castle of Dunottar, in which were lodged the crown, sword and sceptre, the regalia of Scotland, which he carefully preserved from the English who forced him to surrender the castle, but missing the regalia they kept him and his lady in long imprisonment, of which she died. On the restoration of Charles II., Sir George delivered the regalia to the Earl Marischal again entire, for which King Charles honoured him with the title of knight-baronet, and allowed the thistle, the badge of the kingdom, to be carried on his arms. William Keith, son of the Earl Marischal, was also honoured with a coat-of-arms of special concession for his loyalty to Charles II. in assisting to keep the regalia out of the hands of the English. The coat bears a sceptre, crown, and sword, on an orle of eight thistles. And here, as in all cases, when arms of special concession are marshalled next paternal arms, the arms of special concession have precedence.

The arms of the Robertsons of Struan are charged with three wolves' heads; the crest is a dexter hand holding an imperial crown; motto, *virtutes gloria merces*. The first of the family

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

is said to have been a Duncan Macdonald, who got the lands of Struan for killing wolves. Robert, one of the heads of the family, had the honour to assist in capturing one the murderers of James I., and ever since, the family of Struan has borne a wild man lying chained under the escutcheon of their arms.

Among Scottish surnames, to which a fabulous legend has been attached to account for its origin as a name, is Skene. According to one version of the story, Malcolm Canmore, on his return south from the defeat of the Danes at Mortlake, in Moray, in 1010, was pursued by a wolf through the wood of Culblean to the forest of Stocket, near Aberdeen; the other version says he was hunting in that district and was pursued by a wild boar, when a younger son of Donald of the Isles, or as Sir George Mackenzie says, of Robertson of Struan, seeing the king's danger, came to the rescue. Thrusting his left arm, round which he had wrapped his plaid, into the animal's mouth, he stabbed it to the heart with his dirk. The king gave him in return a grant of land. He took the name of Skene, and adopted as his arms, three dirks with as many wolves' heads above them, and a Highlander in costume holding a knife in his right hand.

Among others the Macdonalds, Macbeans, and Macneils, have a galley or ship in one of the quarters of their shield, with sails furled and oars erect. The Macphersons also have the ship as an armorial figure, although they were probably not such a seafaring clan as the others. They carry the Cat as their crest, which is the emblem of the Catti, whom some consider to be the stock of the Clan Chattan. These Catti were probably driven from Germany by Julius Caesar. They embarked for Britain, were driven north by stress of weather, and landed in Caithness (Cattis corner). From thence they spread into Sutherlandshire, and gave it the name Catobh, and then became the progenitors of the Keiths and Sutherlands.

The Macpherson motto is *Touch not the cat bot a glove.* In their arms they carry a dagger, point up, for killing the Cummins.

The motto of Drummond is *Gang warily.* The tradition is, that at the battle of Bannockburn, Sir Malcolm Drummond recommended Bruce to order caltrops (pieces of iron with four sharp spikes) to be thrown over the ground in front of the advancing English cavalry, a strategem which materially assisted in gaining the day for the Scottish king. Sir Malcolm humorously remarked when tendering his advice, that the caltrops would make the English "gang warily." After the battle, Bruce in gratitude for his services, granted him large estates in Perthshire, gave him permission to use the words as a motto, and added a field strewn with caltrops to the Drummond armorial bearings. The Gaelic name for the chief of Clan Drummond is An Drumanach; the clan badge was originally wild Thyme (Lus an righ), but is now Holly (cuileann).

The name Grant is probably derived from an extensive moor in Strathspey, the country of the Grants—Griantach, otherwise Sleabh Grianais, the plain of the sun, the many Druidical remains scattered over it, indicating it to have been a place consecrated to the worship of the sun, the great object of Celtic adoration, and the crest borne by the Grants, burning mount, is referred to as representing the Baal teine or fire, raised in honour of Baal. The badge of the Grants is the pine or the cranberry heath, and their war-cry,

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE SHAWS OF ROTHIEMURCHUS.

"Stand fast, Craigellachie," the bold projecting rock of that name in Stathspey, being their place of rendevous.

Apart altogether from the question of whether the modern practice of arms is to be recommended, it goes without saying that the study of heraldry is not only an interesting but a useful one.

When we can trace in armorial bearings the descent and alliances of many of our noble families; when the arms are in combination with the proud motto or battle-cry of the race, we have to thank sentiment for giving precision to history, and throwing light on the modes of life and thought of our ancestors.

But now-a-days, ancestors as well as arms are readily found by the professional genealogist for the *nouveau riche* who wishes to claim kinship with some noble house; nor is it difficult to give an appearance of reality to the farce by adding a respectable gallery of family portraits and tombstones, which not only do not always speak the truth, but often assist in transmitting to posterity a record of fictitious ancestry.

And there are others, loyal clansmen who ought to know better, and clan associations for whom there is no excuse (I shall not mention names), who have the audacity to flaunt on their note-paper the coat-of-arms of their chief. Assuming that they are entitled to use arms at all, it is illegal for even younger members of his own family to use the arms of the chief without distinctions, and these younger branches of families require to have marks of cadency assigned to them by the Lord Lyon. Sir George Mackenzie asserts that the right to armorial

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACKINNONS.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE FORBES'.

ensign does not extend to the mere possessor of wealth, nor is the privilege extinguished by poverty.

When such abuses are permitted in our own land, need we wonder at the experience of the English Diplomatist in New York. He sent his London-built carriage to the coachbuilders for repairs, and in calling a few days after, found every Yankee gig and trap in the place emblazoned with his arms. On indignantly demanding to know the reason of this, he was cooly informed that the pattern seemed to be much admired.

May we not with reason ask if the practice of heraldry has not outlived its usefulness; and while we cherish the memories of the past, does it not pain us to witness the indignities they suffer in the practice of the present. Does modern heraldry not help to foster an unrighteous class distinction, pamper the vain glorious, and bolster up a tottering oligarchy? These are questions for consideration. But if the practice of heraldry does decay, may its death be the herald of that new day when "man to man the world o'er shall brithers be for a' that."

(Concluded.)

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Excursion of Glasgow and Edinburgh members was held at Polmont, on Saturday, 23rd ult., and was a great success.

The Flag at Pretoria.

Entombed in a coffin by British subjects, 2nd August, 1881; unfurled by them on its new Flag-staff, 5th June, 1900.

'IN other climes none knew thee
but to love thee'
Thus Britons laid the grand old
Flag to rest;
And turned and left that little grave
so lonely,
When they had buried what they
loved the best.

For British blood dies hard; each
son and daughter
Who faced and feared not famine
nor the foe,
Shrank, bowed in shame to know
that battle's slaughter
Had bought such 'Peace with
Honour' wreathed in woe.

They who had striven for their dear
Country's Emblem,
Must lay it down within that
bitter tomb;
But on its headstone they inscribed
'Resurgam,'
And in their hearts, Hope burned
up in the gloom,
For Freedom's Flag—Britannia's
Flag,
Dead at Pretoria.

Nigh twenty years have passed; long
years of Serfdom,
But! 'cross that waste of waiting,
hark! from far
The skirl of pibroch and the roll of
war-drum!
And through the cloud, shines out
the Conquering Star!

'Tis the march of men in khaki o'er the karoo,
It is the pipes of kilted clan on clan;
While the fettered Lion they have bled to rescue
Is leaping now triumphant in their van.

Oh! not in vain is proved the faith of freemen
Who once again have fought to right the wrong,
Who nobly cried 'All well' from out their death-den,
Who, worn with weakness, to the last stood strong.

Once more the 'Red and White and Blue' is lifted
Above that little grave of dark despair,
And we who waiting, watched while long months drifted,
Kneel at our heroes' feet in Heaven-bent prayer.

And high behind the flaming sword,
We see our Star arise;
'This is the doing of the Lord
And wondrous in our eyes.'

For the Flag—the bonnie Union Flag
Floats at Pretoria!

MAVOR ALLAN.

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.—Visitors to Glasgow should not forget to visit Mr. R. W. Forsyth's establishment, where they will find a large and choice assortment of Highland dress ornaments, crest brooches, clan tartans in every variety, suitable for the kilt, or ladies dress wear, and an immense variety of artistic articles suitable for presents from Scotland.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.—Vol. II. of the History of the "Clan Donald" is now ready. It is a large volume of over 700 pages, and includes histories of the branch families of Clanranald, Glengarry, Glencoe, Macallister, Keppoch, etc., with a valuable appendix. The work is well illustrated with *fac-similes*, arms, views, etc. Copies (21/9 post free) can be had at the "Celtic Monthly" Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

MESSRS. M'VITIE & PRICE, ST. ANDREW BISCUIT WORKS, EDINBURGH, have just added to their Summer list of novelties three new varieties of biscuits which are likely to become popular. Boston Meal Wafers, is an American whole-meal biscuit, light and pleasantly flavoured; Oxford Fingers, a rich shortbread biscuit; and Kentucky Crackers, which are light and delicate. We have tested samples of these attractive goods, and find them worthy of the great reputation which Messrs. M'Vitie and Price enjoy as biscuit manufacturers.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART MACDONALD.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 11. VOL. VIII.] *AUGUST, 1900.* [**Price Threepence.**

CHARLES E. S. MACDONALD,

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD STUART MACDONALD was born at Inveraray in 1853. His father was the late D. T. Macdonald of Calumet, U.S.A., formerly magistrate at Inveraray, and was well known in the Western Highlands and Islands. He was related to Lachlan Maclean, author of a "History of the Celtic Language", "History of Iona", and other works on Gaelic subjects; and he took a deep interest in the literature of the Highlands. He claimed to be descended from the Lords of the Isles.

When a young man, the subject of our sketch left Scotland with his father, and lived in Norway and Germany, and also visited Turkey and Egypt. On arriving in the United States he settled in St. Louis, Mo., and embarked in the drug business, in which he has prospered.

We read a great deal in the newspapers about the large pro-Boer meetings held in America, but we may safely infer that few Highlanders are to be found at these gatherings. They are in entire sympathy with the Mother Country in the present struggle in South Africa. Mr. Macdonald, like many of his countrymen in the States, is doing a good work at present in raising money, by means of "chain letters", for the widows and orphans of the brave Highlanders killed in the Boer War, and has succeeded in raising a good sum for this laudable object. He expects to be able to visit the Highlands and his old home this autumn, to see once more the lochs and glens he loved so well in his youth.

St. Louis, Mo., where Mr. Macdonald resides, has a strong Highland colony, and a flourishing society of the Order of the Clans. We have quite a number of subscribers in that great city of the United States—the home of probably as mixed a population as can be found in any part of the globe.

THE WHITE ROSE.

THE STEWARTS' BADGE.

My Highland harp again I string
At day's e'er welcome close,
And for the gallant Stewarts sing
A song on the white rose.

Not faultless was the regal line
Who as a symbol chose
From out the flora of our clime
The snow-white fragrant rose;

But able aye to win and charm—
Though traitors did oppose—
The Highland heart, the Highland arm
To guard their treasured rose.

Forgotten was the broil and feud
And reconciled were foes,
As shoulder up to shoulder stood
The clansmen round the rose.

In trying days, "Come woe or weal,"
Dundee and good Montrose,
And kindred heroes dauntless, leal,
Have bled for the white rose.

From the first morn of Stewart sway
To its romantic close,
Scenes tragic, brilliant, sad, and gay,
Have clustered round the rose.

And still a youth of royal mien
In tattered kilt and hose
Haunts the low wilds of stern Albyn,
His badge a withered rose.

Peace to the brave devoted dead,
In their last long repose,
Who on the field and scaffold bled
For the white regal rose.

While to the ben the mist shall cling,
And stream through valley flows,
In plaintive song the Gael shall sing
Of Stewarts and their rose.

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

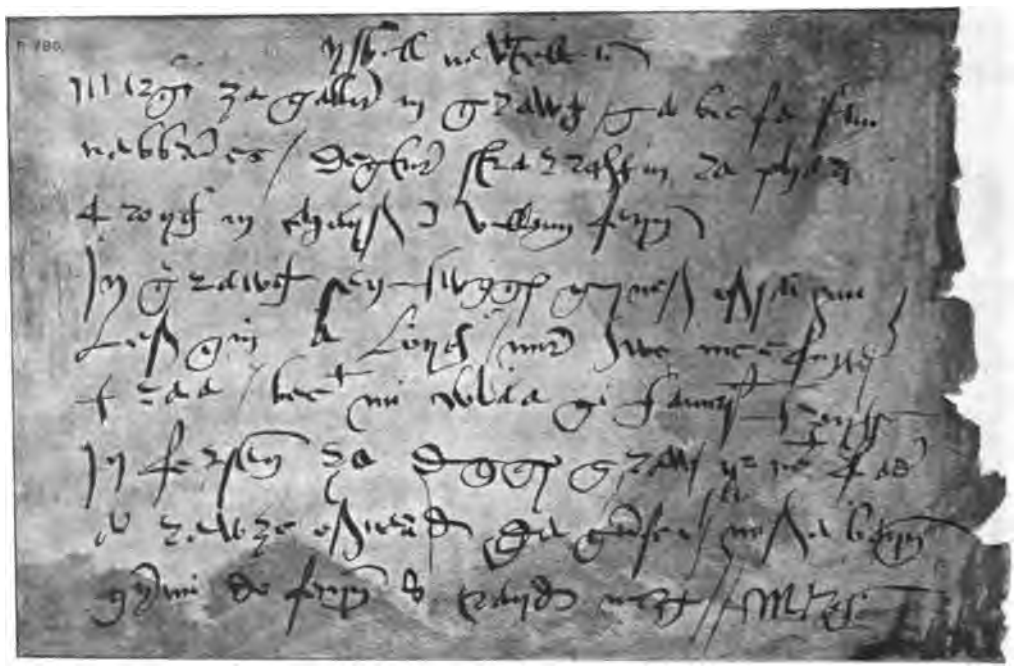
ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

II.—THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK.

By Fionn.

THIS volume consists of Gaelic poetry collected by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, Argyle, and his brother, Duncan MacGregor, who acted as his secretary, in the early part of the sixteenth century, 1512-1526. It is a small quarto of some 311 pages, bound in a piece of coarse sheep-skin, and very much defaced. It lies in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, where it may be examined by the curious.

"The Dean's MS. differs," says Skene, "from all other MSS. in the library in two essential particulars. It is not, like the other MSS., written in what is called the Irish character, but in the current Roman character of the early part of the sixteenth century; and the language is not written in the orthography used in writing Irish, and now universally employed in writing Scotch Gaelic, but in a peculiar kind of phonetic orthography, which aims at presenting the words in English orthography as they are pronounced."*



FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF POEM BY ISABEL, COUNTESS OF ARGYLL

A complete transcript of the Dean's Book, with the exception of those parts that are illegible, was made in 1813 by Ewen MacLachlan, of Aberdeen, for the Committee of the Highland Society. The greater portion of it was afterwards transcribed, translated, annotated, and published in 1862, under the title of "The Book of the Dean of Lismore," by the late Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan, LL.D., Edinburgh. To this volume Dr. Skene contributed valuable notes and an elaborate introduction on the history of Gaelic, and especially Ossianic, literature. All the Ossianic ballads in the Dean's MS. were transcribed by the well-known Gaelic scholar and philologist, the late Dr. Cameron, Brodick, and are published in the first volume of that valuable work—"Reliquiæ Celticæ."

In presenting our readers with a *fac-simile* specimen of this MS. we have selected a complete poem, by no less a personage than Isabel, Countess of Argyle in the fifteenth century. In these degenerate days, when it is difficult to find a Highland proprietor who can speak the language of the people on his estate, it is pleasing to think that Gaelic was cultivated in fashionable quarters in days gone by. Here, then, is the text of the Dean's MS.,

* Introduction to "The Dean of Lismore's Book," by the late Dr. W. F. Skene, page vii.

as transcribed by Dr. MacLauchlan, as well as his modern rendering of the same :—

YSSBELL NE V' KELLAN.

Margi za gallir in grawg ga bee fa fane abrum ee
Degkir skarrichtin ra phart troyg in chayss in vellum feyn
In grawg sen tuggis gin ness oss sai mi less gin a loyth
Mir hwe mi furtych traa beeth mi wlaa gi tannyth troyg
In fer sen za duggis graw ys nach feadis rawge oss nard
Da gurfee missa boyn gymí do feyn is kayd marg.

Margi.

ISEABAIL NI MHIC CHAILEIN.

Mairg do 'n galar an gràdh, ge b'e fàth fa 'n abraim e,
Deacair sgarachduinn r'a phàirt, truagh an càs 'sa bheileam féin,
An gràdh sin thugas gun fhios, o's e mo leas gun a luaidh,
Mar faigh mi furtachd tràth, bithidh mo bhlàth gu tana truagh ;
Am fear sin do 'n tugas gràdh, is nach faodas ràdh os n-àird,
Da cuiridh mise am buan chioma, domh féin is ceud mairg.

Margi.

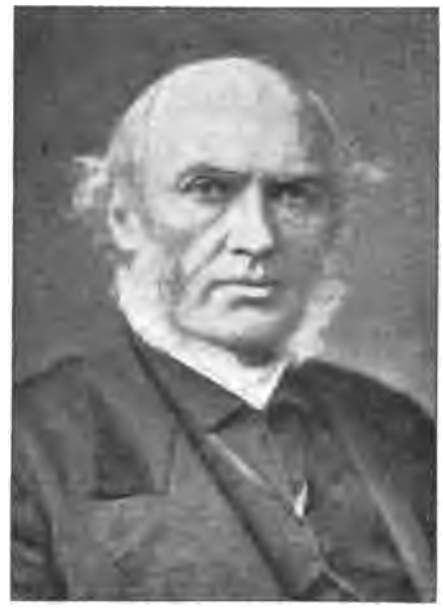
The above has been rendered by Dr. Nigel MacNeill, in his "Literature of the Highlanders," as follows :—

Pity one that bears love's anguish,
Yet the cause that must conceal ;
Sore it be to lose a dear one,
And a wretched state to feel.

And the love I gave in secret
I must ever keep unknown ;
But unless relief comes quickly
All my freshness will be gone.

Ah ! the name of my beloved
Ne'er to other can be told ;
He put me in lasting fetters ;—
Pity me a hundred fold.

The MS. of the Dean of Lismore has a literary and a philological value, and throws considerable light on the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands, and, therefore, we are much indebted to the patience and perseverance of those Gaelic scholars who have placed the treasures contained therein within easy reach of all students of the ancient language.



REV. THOMAS MACLAUCHLAN, LL.D.

Dr. Thomas Maclauchlan, who transcribed and translated the Dean of Lismore's Book, was born at Moy, Inverness, where his father was minister, in 1816. After studying at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities he was licensed in 1837. The following year he was appointed colleague and successor to his father at Moy. In 1844 he accepted a call to the Free Church at Stratherick where he remained till 1849, when he accepted a call to St. Columba Church, Edinburgh. He acted as Convener of the Free Church Committee on the Highlands and Islands from 1854 till 1882. In 1864 he received the honour of LL.D. from Aberdeen University, and in 1876 he was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. He died at Edinburgh, 21st March, 1886.

Among his best known works are "The Early Scottish Church," 1873 ; "Carswell's Prayer Book," 1873 ; "Celtic Gleanings," 1857 ; "The Dean of Lismore's Book," 1862 ; "The Gaelic Reference Bible" which he edited along with Dr. Clark. The "Review of Gaelic Literature" (1872) which appears in "The History of the Highlands and Highland Clans" was from his pen, while he also contributed to current Gaelic Literature.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, has at present a magnificent display of tartans and Highland military dress accoutrements in his windows. The tartan kilt materials worn by the officers of the various Highland regiments are shown, as well as specimens of the artistic sporran tops supplied by him for the officers, privates, and pipers, of these distinguished corps.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HIGHLANDERS:

By John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford.

" . . . . 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from others; valour
That wildly grew in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

THE great antiquity of the Celtic races—of which the Caledonians or Highlanders formed a part, and do yet form a part—is now undoubted. Their language, their ancient religion (Druidism), their customs, their usages, make it evident that their origin was oriental. Their language, even in its modern style, has a greater affinity to the ancient languages of the east, and to the classic languages of Europe, than any other language now spoken.

The first glimpse we have of the Celts in history is from the ancient Greek and Roman historians. They swarmed away from Mid Asia, along the northern shores of the Black Sea, crossed the Danube, and turned southward into Greece; westward along the northern shores of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, into Lombardy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Gaul or France; and crossed the channel into Ireland and Britain, south and north. From Lombardy and Gaul they invaded and ravaged the territories of the infant Roman Republic, and formed settlements eastward of Rome which became eventually incorporated in the Republic. They afterwards swarmed from Gaul, the Alps, and Lombardy, beseiged Rome, and threatened the very existence of the Roman Republic, as told by Livy. It took the Romans ten years to subdue the Gauls, and many more to subjugate South Britain. The Caledonians, within their mountain regions, bravely defied and withstood the legions of mighty Rome, and eventually expelled them beyond the Forth and the Tyne. They overleaped the Roman walls, and ravaged the country from the Tyne to the Humber and the Trent; which led to the introduction into South Britain of the Saxons and the Danes, and other swarms of continental hordes, who expelled the ancient inhabitants of the country, and gradually took possession of it from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth on the eastern side, cooping up the ancient inhabitants into Cornwall, Wales, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Strathclyde. These fierce barbarians were soon followed by a fiercer race, the Norsemen, or the Lochlinnich of the Gaelic annalists, who subjugated the Hebrides and the maritime districts of the northern and eastern coasts of Scotland to the Tay. These portions of the mainland were recovered during the reign of Malcolm Ceann-mor and his sons who succeeded him. The Caledonians in the interior remained unsubdued and independent, thanks to their Grampian mountain fastnesses.

Malcolm Ceann-mor, from his being reared in Northumbria and his marriage with the Princess Margaret, the near relative of the last Saxon king of England, Edward the Confessor, was the means of introducing various Saxon usages in the government of the State and Church, obnoxious to the Celtic population. The removal of the Court to Dunfermline was an event which was followed by results very disastrous to the future prosperity of the Highlands, the inhabitants of which, by the continual incursions of the Norsemen, were being reduced to a condition of poverty. The transference of the seat of government from Abernethy to Dunfermline by Malcolm, caused the administrations of the sons to become inoperative in the Highlands beyond the Grampians, or to be only feebly enforced; and, in consequence, the people gave themselves up to turbulence and violence, revenging in person those injuries which the laws could no longer redress. Especially was this accentuated by the repeated contentions between the sons of Malcolm and his brother, Donald Ban. In the turmoil caused by these revolutions and civil wars, the great districts of Moray and Ross fell under the sway of the native Mor-maors. The Hebrides, Galloway, Argyll, Sutherland, and Caithness, were still to a great extent occupied by the Norsemen. Among the Gaelic tribes, Donald Ban was regarded as the rightful heir by the law of tanistry. In the consequent wars of succession the Normans came in, also the introduction of feudalism. They were useful to the sons of Malcolm in asserting their pretensions to the crown, and for their services obtained large grants of lands, creating an element of further discord.

Released from the salutary control of monarchical government and harassed by these civil wars, the Highlanders soon saw the necessity of substituting some system in its place to protect themselves from the aggressions to which they were exposed. From this state of affairs originated the great power of the chiefs, who obtained their ascendancy over the different little communities into which the population of the Highlands was naturally divided. The powers of the chiefs gradually became very great. They were judges in all cases of dispute between their clansmen and followers; and, as they were backed up by resolute supporters, they soon established within their own territories a jurisdiction almost independent of kingly authority.

From the division of the people into tribes and clans, under separate chiefs, arose many of

those institutions, customs, feelings, and usages that characterised the Highlanders. The nature of the country, and the motives that induced the Celtic inhabitants of the country beyond the Grampians to make it their refuge, necessarily prescribed the form of their institutions.

Unequal to the forces that drove them from the plains, and anxious to preserve and maintain their independence, they defended themselves in those fastnesses which in every country are the sanctuaries of national liberty, and the refuge of those who resist oppression. Thus, in the absence of their monarch, and defended by their mountain barriers, they did not always submit to the authority of a distant government that could neither enforce obedience nor afford protection.

Thus a patriarchal system of government, a kind of hereditary monarchy founded on custom, was established over each clan in the person of the chief. This system of clanship was calculated to cherish a warlike and martial spirit. The young chiefs and heads of families were respected or despised according to their military or peaceable inclinations and dispositions.

The military ranks of the clans were fixed and perpetual. The chief was the principal commander; the eldest cadet commanded the right wing, the youngest the left. Every head of a distinct family, or sept, was captain of his own men. Each clan had its own standard-bearer, who generally inherited the office from a distinguished ancestor. Each clan had a stated place of meeting, or rendezvous, where they assembled at the call of their chief; and on emergency, for an immediate meeting, the "Fiery Cross" was despatched through the country of the clan. This custom is well described by Scott in the third canto of "The Lady of the Lake," the "Gathering." Each clan had its own "war-cry," or slogan, a Scoticism from the Gaelic word, *sluagh-ghairm* (call the people). It served as a watch-word in case of alarm, in the confusion of battle, or in the darkness of night. Each clan had also its particular badge, and its own peculiar, or set of, tartan.

When the warriors went upon any expedition, omens for good or evil luck were always looked for. If an armed man was met, the portent was good. If any four-footed animal of the chase was observed and killed, success would crown the expedition; if it escaped, the portent was bad.

For every expedition of this kind, the tenants had to pay to the chief a night's provisions, and also when he went a-hunting, he who lived nearest the hunting place, had to find, or was bound to supply, a night's entertainment for the chief and his men, and food for the hounds.

There is nothing so remarkable in the social and political history of any country as the succession of the Highland chiefs, and the long and uninterrupted sway they held over their clansmen. The authority that a chief exercised among his clan was truly paternal. He might, with great justice, be called the father of his people. It cannot be accounted for in any other way than that the warm attachment, the respect, the incorruptible fidelity which the Highlanders always displayed for their chiefs, proceeded from the kind and conciliatory system which they must have adopted towards their people, much as the feelings of the clansmen may have been awakened by the songs and traditions of the bards, to respect the successors of the heroes they celebrated.

The tribal divisions of the clans, and the establishment of patriarchal government, were attended with important consequences, affecting the character of the people. It was rendered necessary from the state of society in the Highlands. The authority of the king, from the distance of the court in the south, became weak and inefficient, yet it continued to be recognised, though his mandates could neither stop the depredations of one clan against another, nor allay mutual hostility. This was particularly the case in the reign of the first Stewart kings, when the Lords of the Isles held regal sway and dominated the whole of the Isles, Argyll, and Ross, and even held the superiority over parts of Sutherland and Caithness, creating continued commotions, and setting one clan against another. The only remedy the powerless king could suggest was a *three score* duel on the North Inch of Perth, which he and his court came to witness. No wonder, that with such a government, the Highlands were a scene of turbulence and violence. The state of affairs was no better in the Lowlands and the south, among the clans of those districts, the Gordons, Keiths, Lindsays, and Ogilvies; the Scotts, Kerrs, Douglases, Maxwells, Johnstones, Armstrongs—a continuous source of rapine, turbulence, and defiance of authority, entirely owing to the feudal power and the ambition of the nobility. In this respect, and in respect of obedience to the kingly authority, the Lowland clans and their nobles were greatly less patriotic than the Highland clans, as a fact in Scottish History.

Amid the turbulence and violence that without doubt existed in the Highlands, when no appeal for redress of wrong done, or injuries sustained, could be effectually made to any legal tribunal, yet to prevent the utter anarchy which would have ensued from such a condition of society, voluntary tribunals composed of the principal men of the clan were appointed to assess damages and compensation, and as cattle,

sheep, and goats, were the chief source of wealth, a composition in cattle, sheep, or goats, was the mode of compensation for injuries of any kind or degree, and these tribunals generally determined the amount of compensation according to the nature of the injury, and the ranks and means of the parties. Such compensations were called *eirig*, fine, forfeit.

Besides this, every chief held a court, in which he decided all disputes occurring among his own clansman. He always resided amongst them, knew them personally, and all disputes were settled by his decision. The prosperity or poverty of his tenants depended upon his proper or improper decision, and treatment of them. These tenants followed him in war, attended him in his hunting excursions, supplied his table with the produce of their farms, rent being paid in kind, and they assembled to reap his corn and to prepare and bring home his fuel. They looked up to him as their adviser and protector. The cadets of his family, respected, in proportion to the proximity of the relationship in which they stood to him, because sub-chiefs or chieftains scattered over different portions of his domains, holding their lands and properties of him, with a sort of subordinate jurisdiction over a portion of his people, as justices of the peace, and they were ever ready to afford him their advice or assistance in all emergencies, thus forming a strong and useful tie between chief and people.

(To be concluded).

AROS CASTLE, MULL.

GATHERING OF HIGHLAND CHIEFS AT AROS CASTLE.

THE beginning of the seventeenth century was a troublesome time in the Western Isles. Plot followed plot, and feud succeeded feud, among the Highland clans. King James thought he would step in, exercise his authority, and produce order from the existing chaos. This was easier said than done. Argyll obtained from James in 1607, all those lands in Kintyre and Jura which had shortly before been forfeited by Angus Macdonald of Islay. The conditions on which Argyll got possession were not such as would tend to produce peace. One of the conditions was that he would not let those lands to any persons of the name of Macdonald or Maclean—two formidable clans.

Next year, the King sought to carry out his intention of exercising his power over these lawless clansmen by appointing Andrew Stewart, Lord Ochiltree, lieutenant over the Isles, with Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, and a few others, as a council to assist him. Lord

Ochiltree, with a small fleet and army under his command, visited the Western Isles in August, 1608. He first visited Islay, where Angus Macdonald handed over to him Dunyvaig Castle and the fort of Lochgorme. Leaving Islay he proceeded to Duart Castle, Mull, which Hector Og Maclean surrendered. From Duart he proceeded to Aros Castle, another Maclean stronghold, where he held a court. Among those who attended were Angus MacDonald of Islay, Macdonald of Sleat, the Captain of Clanranald, Rory Mor Macleod, Hector Og of Duart, Maclean of Ardnacross, Allan Maclean, tutor of Ardgour, and one or two others. Finding Angus Macdonald of Islay agreeable to the conditions imposed, he was allowed to return home. The other chiefs not being quite so pliable, Ochiltree, by the advice of his chief councillor, Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, invited them to hear a sermon preached by the Bishop on board the "Moon." Rory Mor Macleod was the only one who could not be coaxed to the sermon. After the sermon, which may have been dry, Lord Ochiltree had no great difficulty in prevailing on them to dine with him.

When dinner was over the host told his astonished guests that they were now his prisoners by the King's order, and weighing anchor, he sailed direct to Ayr, whence he shortly proceeded with his prisoners to Edinburgh. Some of them were confined in Dumbarton, some in Stirling, and others in Blackness. It would appear as if the Bishop did not feel quite at ease on account of the part he took in the kidnapping of those chiefs, for in a letter sent to James VI. he says, "My credeit amangis thir folkis be the forme of this last actioun praetischit amangis thame, somewhat (as apperis) deminischit, that it mycht pleas your Majestie to oppoynt some uther of yonger aige, gritter curage, bettir discretioun and credeit in thois cuntries," etc.

The imprisonment of so many chiefs, together with the destruction of galleys and other vessels, afforded the King an excellent opportunity to carry out his cherished projects in the Isles, and it was the following year that the famous "Statutes of Icolmkill" were enacted.

EACHUNN.

CLAN MACLEAN IN LONDON.—A most successful gathering of the Clan Maclean was held this month in London at the invitation of Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean of Coll, the local Secretary. The Chief, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., and Lady Maclean, were present, and also Mr. Neil Maclean of Breda, president of the society, Dr. Ewen J. Maclean, Mr. James G. Maclean, and other leading clansmen and clanswomen. Addresses were delivered by the chief, the president, and the host of the evening, and it was agreed that such meetings were conducive to the welfare of the society and the benefit of the individual members.

A CHILD OF THE HEATHER.

THE scent of the sun-warmed heather filled the air. Cruachan's twin peaks looked up to a blazing sun, and the heat haze was everywhere. A girl was filling a basket with crotal, which she was gathering from some rocks on the hillside. She paused, and brushed the tangled curls from her brow. It was warm work on a day like this, but her basket was nearly full now. There would be enough in it to dye the wool, which would be spun and woven into a gown for her mother. A little breeze had sprung up and the girl threw herself down amongst the deep heather for a moment's rest before turning homewards. She leant her head against a stone, and sighed contentedly. The blue waters of the loch reflected every fleecy cloud that floated across the sky, and the bees sang drowsily amongst the heather. The girl's eyelids drooped, and the song of the bees sounded fainter and fainter. The sun kissed her brown cheeks, but she did not heed him.

It was not till a covey of grouse rose with a loud whirr that she started up. Surely she had been sleeping! But what was that? Men's voices speaking quite near her. She leant on her elbow and listened. They were at the other side of the boulders from where she lay. She could hear what they said and her face grew pale. They were a party of Macdonalds planning a march on Inveraray in the night. The thatched roofs would be as dry as tinder with the recent heat, and would burn easily, they said. The town would be in a blaze before the folk knew an enemy was in their midst. What would MacCailein Mòr say then, when he looked upon the blackened ruins, and saw his people homeless? Their coarse laughter made the girl shiver in the sunshine. Then she heard they were an advance party on their way to Glen Aray, where they were to await the others before advancing on the town. Oh! what could she do? If she had only been a man! If her brother Rory had been at home, but he had left the day before to sell some sheep and had not returned yet, and there was no one to send to warn them. At length the men rose to go, and the girl lay deeper in the heather till they went further down the hill and disappeared in the wood. The girl sprang to her feet, lifted her basket, and sped round the shoulder of the hill to the cottage where her mother sat waiting for her.

"Morag, you have been long," said the woman, who was sitting at her spinning wheel. "What has kept you? It must be late, the sun has gone from the window."

"The day was warm, mother, and I sat down to rest and fell asleep. Have you wearied?"

"Aye, have I, Morag, I thought something had come over you," said the woman, turning her sightless eyes towards the girl. It was well she did not see Morag's face, or she would have known there was something wrong. A sudden thought had struck Morag before she entered the cottage, and she made up her mind to say nothing to her mother of what she had heard on the hillside. Her heart was beating furiously, but she kept calm before her mother. She prepared their simple meal, and when they had finished, put away the dishes quietly and tidily as usual. This done, she sat down and talked to the blind woman of what she would do on the morrow, and wondered if Rory would be back and if he would get a good price for his sheep.

Presently a knock came to the door, and Morag rose and opened it. Her breath came faster when she saw who it was, but she made no sign. It was a lad she had seen with the Macdonalds an hour or two ago. He looked pale and haggard and asked for some milk. He had come a long way and had further to go. Well Morag knew he had further to go and on what errand, but she could not refuse him common hospitality without exciting suspicion.

"Come in," she said, and pushed forward a wooden stool. He sat down as if he was weary, and wiped away with the back of his hand the blood which was slowly trickling from a sword

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

cut on his brow. Morag brought him the milk and he drank it greedily, then rose to go.

"Will ye no rest awhile," said blind Seonaid, when she heard him rise.

"I must go now, I have comrades waiting for me further along the road," he answered, again wiping away the blood that oozed into his eyes. Morag's heart softened towards the lad, he was evidently weak from loss of blood, and he was so young. Taking a linen cloth from the kist in the corner, she bade him sit down, and she washed the wound and bound it firmly with the rag. He rose again, and bidding Seonaid good-day, went towards the door. As Morag held it open for him, he looked at her with grateful eyes and, seizing her hand, muttered "beannachd leat," and disappeared among the trees.

Morag had happed her mother in the box-bed, and was putting things in order for the night. Moving about softly, she glanced ever and anon towards the bed, and then saw with satisfaction the woman had fallen asleep. She was a heavy sleeper and rarely wakened in the night.

The time had come at last. If she left now, there would be time to get to Inveraray before the Macdonalds. She would go to her cousin who lived at the quay, and he would give the alarm. She would take the short cut over the hills. She knew the way and it was a clear

starry night. Wrapping her plaid round her, and taking a farewell look at the woman in the bed, she lifted the sneck and passed out into the night.

When she reached the top of the hill, she stopped and looked back. The loch lay cold and glistening at the foot of the hill, and she fancied she could almost see the cottage where her mother was sleeping peacefully. She had not dared to tell her of the night journey on which she was going. Seonaid would never have given her consent, for Morag was the calf of her heart, and she knew the dangers which might befall the girl.

Morag drew her plaid closer round her. She had a long way to go, and the night wind made her shiver as it blew cold across the hills, but she never flinched. Her one thought was to reach Inveraray in time, and to be home again by the morning. On she went, stumbling over the rough ground; through fragrant bog myrtle which caught her skirts as if warning her to turn back; through deep heather that came up to her knees. Then she would sink ankle deep in the slimy, treacherous bog, that stretched over every hollow; still on past a ruined shieling and a solitary clump of trees. She started as an owl hooted and flew past her in search of prey.

At last she found herself in Glen Aray, and was now only a mile from the town. She hurried on. She would soon be there and the town would be saved. But what was that? She stopped and listened, her ears strained to catch every sound. She heard the cracking of dry twigs under heavy footsteps, and dark forms confronted her, as they came out from amongst the trees. They were the Macdonalds, whom she had seen in the afternoon.

"Ay, ay, and what errand might ye be going, my white love?" said one of the men, grasping her firmly by the wrist and peering into her face. "It is a strange time to be on the road. It is to Inveraray ye'll be going, I'm thinking?"

Morag tried to shake herself free, but the man only tightened his grasp on her arm till the blood throbbed in her veins.

"Let the lass go," said another of the men. "What harm can she do, and we will have more to do before the sun rises, than fool with women." A roar of laughter greeted this speech.

"Angus is itching to be at the throat of Mac Cailein Mor himself," said the man who had spoken first and who had still a firm hold of Morag. "Well, well," he said to the girl, "for fear ye should lose ye're road, we will put you safe in the wood here, and will come back for a sight of your bonnie face ere the sun sets to-morrow."

Morag listened as if in a dream. What were they going to do? She was powerless amongst these men. They took her into the wood and bound her to a tree, then left her.

Morag's thoughts turned back to the little cottage by the loch side. Would she never see her mother again? Then she pictured the woman's anguish when she awoke and missed her. Her brain was in a whirl, and she strained at the cords that bound her, but it was of no use. It only made them cut deeper. She daren't scream, no friend could hear her, and it might bring the men back. She must wait and suffer the agony of suspense, and the town was doomed now. She could see the Macdonalds stealthily entering the town, firing every home with blazing torches, and she saw men, women, and wailing children pouring out of the houses, half clad and terror-stricken. Oh! it was cruel, and she might have saved them.

Suddenly footsteps came hurriedly through the bushes. The next minute some one was cutting Morag's bonds. She was free! "Go quickly," said a voice she had heard somewhere before, "they wont be back for a while yet." Then the figure melted into the darkness, but not before Morag had recognized the face of the lad whose wound she had bound.

Morag's feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, as she flew on. She felt a breath of salt air as she neared the town, and it gave her fresh energy. The dawn was breaking as she reached her cousin's house on the quay. The door was opened to her repeated knocking, and Morag stumbled in breathless and worn out. Soon she had told her story, and her cousin Donald Dubh, had sounded the warning. Every man who could wield a broadsword had turned out, and within an hour they were on their way to meet the enemy. The Macdonalds were soon driven back after a short fight, and the town was saved.

That evening when the sun was setting, and sending golden shafts of light amongst the trees in Glen Aray, a straggling ray fell upon the dead face of one of the Macdonalds. He was only a lad and had his head bound with a white cloth.

ANNA NIC DHAIBHIDH.

THE REAY CHARTER CHESTS.—Members of the Clan Mackay and others interested in the history of Sutherland, will be pleased to learn that the papers of the Lords of Reay, which have disappeared since the estates were sold by Eric, Lord Reay, have now been found, and are being carefully gone over by a literary clansman with a view to publication. They prove to be of the greatest value, and consist of charters, wadsets, sasines, marriage settlements, contracts, wills, rent rolls, etc., as well as the MS. of a history of the Clan Mackay, which has never been published. To-day we received an intimation that another box of Reay papers had been found, and it is possible that the fine old family portraits which were removed from Tongue House, may also be traced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1900

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue completes Volume 8 of the CELTIC, *and October number commences the new Volume. The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.*

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We will be only able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It will make a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE MACCORQUODALES.—A correspondent in New Zealand sends us the following queries. Can any of our readers oblige him?—"MacCorquodales, 1, Highland appellation or designation; 2, present chief; 3, origin, 4, tartan; 5, coat of arms; 6, crest; 7, badge; 8, motto; 9, tune; 10, slogan; 11, clan to which affiliated; 12, septs or dependents; 13, English equivalents; 14, lands or territory, past or present; 15, could you name any documents, books, or libraries, etc., where such information could likely be obtained."—Yours obediently,

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

MESSRS. MCVITIE & PRICE have just added to their Summer List of Novelties two new varieties of afternoon tea cakes, the Romney and Costa-Rica, which we have sampled and find very pleasant.

ATHOL.

LAND of ben and misty corry,
Sunny braes, and woodlands cool;
Where the Tummel and the Garry
Foaming rush from pool to pool.
Where the lofty grey Schеallion
Its eternal watches keep
O'er the homes of stalwart clansmen,
And the graves where heroes sleep.

Oft the hunter's bugle sounded
In thy corries far and drear,
When the antlered herds surrounded
Were for monarch's sport brought near.
Oft the fiery-cross went speeding
O'er thy heather, moss, and crag,
And the warlike slogan ringing
In thy dales has scared the stag.

Down thy glens of birch and bracken
Mackintosh came long ago,
With his champions of Clan Chattan
On their way to meet the foe. *
And thy passes, since, have echoed
Oft the tramp of host and band
For the field and foray buckled,
Leal of heart and strong of hand.

Shrill the pibroch of Macdonald
From thine olden clachans rose,
When the sons of Coll and Ranald
Gathered round the good Montrose.
And Lochiel and stalwart Appin
Have as victors trod thy lea,
When in rugged Killiecrankie
Rang the slogan of Dundee.

And thine own devoted clansmen
Ne'er less brave have been than these,
When the chiefs of Blair and Struan
Raised their banners to the breeze;
When the "Gathering" of Clan Murray
Over field and forest rang,
And the tartan of Clan Dhonnachaidh
Down the banks of Garry swang.

Valiant sons of valiant fathers,
Ready aye to draw the steel,
For the rights of ancient Albyn—
For their king and kindred's weal.
And thy ducal house, green Athol,
Still sends heroes to the field,
Mindful of their ancient motto
And the symbols on their shield.

Bravely fought thy chiefs and vassals
For the Stuart Kings of yore,
Bravely fight to-day their offspring
For their Queen on Afric's shore.
Proud art thou of Tullibardine
Of Prince Charlie's fateful day,
Write another Tullibardine
On thy scroll of fame to-day.

Hatfield. ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

* Skene, in his latest and most matured work "Celtic Scotland," came to the conclusion that the Mackintoshes and Camerons were the combatants on the North Inch of Perth, in 1369.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VIII.

The Priory of Ardchattan.

The Reformation.—Spoilation of ecclesiastical property.—Priory of Ardchattan founded by Duncan Macdougall.—Glengarry becomes titular of Kilmonivaig.—Titles of Ardchattan and Kilmonivaig from 1447 to 1828.—Names of the Bishops of the Isles, Abbots of Iona, and Priors of Ardchattan, 1629.—Keppoch assists the Campbells to collect the tiends, 1634.—The Gordons contrive to include church and patronage of Kilmonivaig in the Lochaber charters, 1618.—Wholesale bribery and corruption.

PERHAPS no period of Scottish history forms more unpleasant reading than the period from 1560 to 1600, following upon the Reformation, generally so called. There was of old in Scotland, of late years rapidly dwindling, a singular tendency towards questions connected with religion. Roman Catholicism in Scotland, latterly corrupt to the core, but all powerful in the State, fell without

[*From Photo by* *Iain Munro, Oban.*]

ARDCHATTAN PRIORY, ARGYLLSHIRE

a blow. No doubt some of its enemies were sincerely anxious for a purer creed and manner of living, but they either allowed, or were unable to prevent the great property of the Church from being alienated by the Crown to a grasping, poor, and greedy laity. Not only were the stipends allocated to the working clergy miserably inadequate, but the new lay-owners grudged even the pittance, and by the unjust and ruinous system of uniting parishes, many, particularly in the Highlands, already too large for proper supervision—left a withering, lasting, and prejudicial effect upon the ecclesiastical parochial system of Scotland. It is unnecessary to say that those prominent Reformers, the Campbells of Argyll, Glenorchy, and Calder, were high spoiliators. The magnificent ecclesiastical foundations and bequests of the ancient Macdonalds, Macdougalls, and other men of power and rank, fell to men of the new Church, who in time uprooted and expelled the old benefactors even from their remaining lands. It did not happen, however, that such acquisitions—seldom paid for in cash—proved an

enduring success, for certainly, taking Kintyre and Muckairn in illustration, the Argylls and Calders had a very bad time.

The Priory of Ardchattan, within the Bishoprick of the Isles, had amongst its large endowments the parish of Kilmonivaig, one of the two extensive parishes composing the Lordship of Lochaber, and now comprehending the ancient parochial divisions of Kilchoan in Glengarry, and Kilchaoril in the Brae of Lochaber. Ardchattan is stated in that learned and singularly correct work, the *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, to have been founded in 1230 or 1231, for monks of the Order of Vallis Caulium, by Duncan Makoul (Macdougall), said to have been one of the family of Lorn, but very little of its early history is known. I have not observed any writ of earlier date than 1447, when Pope Innocent the Fourth granted a Charter of Foundation. This deed may, however, have been in the nature of a *Novodamus*. Since this period, the charters after mentioned, of the Priory of Ardchattan, including the parish of Kilmonivaig, are fairly complete, and range from 1447 to 1828, when Alexander Macdonell, proprietor of Glengarry, succeeded in making good his claim to be titular of Kilmonivaig. The compiler of the *Origines* frequently, in order to authenticate his assertions, refers to "The Ardchattan Charters and Inventory." In the

[*From Photo by* *Donald Mackay, Oban.*]

BEN CRUACHAN FROM ARDCHATTAN PRIORY.

year 1649, the parish of Kilmonivaig is stated to have been vacant since the Reformation, which entirely suited the Campbell titulars, who uplifted the whole income, that is, so far as absentees, they could manage to do so by the strong hand. I observe that in 1634, these high Reformers were not above calling in the arm of the Roman Catholic chieftain of Keppoch, Archibald Macdonell, to assist them in recovering their dues from the heritors of Kilmonivaig.

It was not until Presbyterian 1720, that the first minister of Kilmonivaig was inducted. The unfortunate Presentee complained that he had neither manse, glebe, kirk, nor competent stipend, and vacated as soon as he could. Since 1720, the succession has been regular, including the widely-known and eminent Celtic scholars, Dr. Thomas Ross and Dr. John Macintyre.

The titles now to be enumerated, embracing Kilmonivaig, extend from Pre-Reformation times to the year 1828.

1. Foundation of the Priory and Monastery of Ardchattan, of the Order of Vallis Caulium, by Innocent IV., Pope of Rome, anno 1447.

Vallis Caulium is latinized from the French Val-des-choux, in Burgundy, the name of the first Priory of the Order of Benedictine Monks, of which the Cistertians are a branch. The name means, literally, the vale of cabbages (or of colewort, or pot herbs, generally), and the three houses of the order in Scotland, were situated at Pluscardine, Beauly, and Ardchattan.

2. The orders and ceremonies prescribed to the said Priory, by Paulus, Pope, dated April, 1465.

3. Confirmation by John, Bishop of the Isles, to the Prior of Ardchattan, and monks serving within the same, of their sundry privileges, dated 19th July, 1469.

4. Letter of Protection, granted by John, Lord Illis, to the Prior of Ardchattan, his monks and monastery, their families, possessions, kirks, lands, and others, goods and gear, moveable and unmoveable, whatsoever, dated 22nd June, 1477.

5. Confirmation by John, Bishop of Argyle, of the parsonage of ane kirk, called St. Moniveke, in Lochaber, mortified to the said Monastery and Priory of Ardchattan, by John, Lord de Illes, with consent of Angus, his son and heir, and the haill fruits and rents of the said kirk, dated last September, 1479.

6. Bond of Maintenance and Protection, by John of Yla, Lord of the Isles, whereby he obliged him and his successors to maintain, supply, and defend the house of Ardchattan, with all privileges appertaining thereto, and specially the parsonage of Kilmonivock, dated 12th July, 1485.

7. Confirmation granted by Robert, Bishop of Argyle, approving the election of Sir Dougall, Prior of Ardchattan, to the said Priory, dated 16th September, 1491.

8. Process laid upon the Bull of the said monastery, for Mr. John Campbell, given out in form of Instrument under the sign and subscription of Thomas Knox, Nottar, dated 28th January, 1545.

The above titles are enumerated in certain legal proceedings, instituted in 1629 by John, then Bishop of the Isles, against the whole vassals of the Bishoprick; and the opportunity is taken of giving from these proceedings, the names of the Bishops of the Isles, Abbots of Icolmkill, and Priors of Ardchattan, immediately prior to the above date, running backwards.

1. Bishops of the Isles, running back from 1629:—
    1. Thomas.
    2. Andrew, father of Thomas.
    3. John Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, Abbot of Icolmkill, and Prior of Ardchattan.
    4. Mr. John Carsewell.
    5. Rorie Maclean.
    6. Farquhar Maclean, brother of Rorie.
2. Abbots of Icolmkill:—
    1. Mackinnon.
    2. Macgillicalum.
    3. Mr. Patrick Maclean.
3. Priors of Ardchattan:—
    1. Alexander Campbell.
    2. Duncan Macdougall.
    3. Macarthur.
    4. Macdougall.

The first of the Campbells who obtained a charter of the Priory of Ardchattan, including the church of Kilmonivaig, was Alexander Campbell, apparently connected with the family of Calder. His charter, following upon the resignation of John, Bishop of the Isles, was granted by King James VI., on 5th June, 1580 Infeftment followed, within the Priory, taken by Neil, Bishop of Argyle. Alexander married Katherine Macdonald, and having resigned his estates, received a new charter from James VI., whereby Ardchattan was erected into a temporal tenandry, including the church and parish of Kilmonivaig in Lochaber, and the patronage thereof, by charter, dated 9th December, 1602. Upon this charter, he was infeft on 21st April, 1606. In 1615, King James annexed the Priory of Ardchattan and Abbacy of Icolmkill to the Bishoprick of the Isles, ratified by the Scottish Parliament in 1617. Alexander Campbell died about the year 1630, and was succeeded by his son, John Campbell, who is served heir in special to his father, *in ecclesiæ et parochiæ de* Kilmonivaig, on 16th September, 1631. John Campbell gets a precept from Chancery as heir of his father, dated 1st October, 1631, on which he was infeft on 12th October following. The subsequent writs are:—

1. Ratification by the Scottish Parliament of Alexander Campbell's charter and infeftment, dated 29th July, 1644.

2. Agreement between John Campbell of Ardchattan and Ronald Macdonell of Keppoch, whereby, in consideration of 100 merks Scots paid by Ardchattan to Keppoch, the latter agreed to assist Ardchattan in the recovery of the teinds of Kilmonivaig, dated at Inveraray, 27th September, 1634.

3. Charter by John Campbell of Ardchattan, in favour of Archibald Campbell, his eldest lawful son, of the lands of Ardchattan and the patronage of Kilmonivaig, dated 9th April, 1652.

4. Sasine thereon dated 15th June, duly registered 19th June, 1652. This John Campbell disponed the patronage of Kilmonivaig to Lord Macdonell and Aros, in 1675, under the circumstances hereafter specified, but in the troubles which befel the Glengarry family, the right of patronage fell into disuse, and it nominally continued in the Ardchattan title deeds, hence the line of Campbells until the year 1828, when the last shred lapsed, is continued.

5. Bond by Æneas, Lord Macdonell and Aros, in favour of John Campbell, father of Archibald Campbell of Ardchattan, for 1600 merks Scots, as the balance of the price of the patronage of the parish of Kilmonivaig and teinds thereof, dated the last day of April, 1675.

6. Special service of John Campbell, as heir to his father, Archibald Campbell, in the church and parish of Kilmonivaig, dated 19th May, 1697.

7. Precept from Chancery following thereon in favour of John Campbell, dated 10th June, 1703.

8. Sasine thereon, dated 17th July, registered 29th July, 1703.

9. Disposition of *inter alia* the church and patronage of Kilmonivaig by John Campbell, in favour of Charles Campbell of Ardchattan, dated 8th February, 1708.

10. Charter of Resignation under the Great Seal, in favour of Charles Campbell, dated 13th February, registered 21st February, sealed 22nd February, 1738.

11. Sasine following thereon, in favour of the said Charles Campbell, dated 10th May, registered General Register of Sasines, 5th June, 1738.

12. Contract of marriage betwixt Patrick Campbell, eldest son of the said Charles Campbell, with consent of his father on the one part, and Lilias Macfarlane, daughter of the deceased John Macfarlane of Gartalane, dated 26th June, 1753.

13. Disposition by the said Patrick Campbell, to Robert Campbell of Ardchattan, his second son, dated 21st October, 1795, registered at Edinburgh, 31st January, 1799.

14. Precept from Chancery for infefting Robert Campbell (his elder brother being dead) as heir in special to Charles Campbell, his grandfather, in the patronage of Kilmonivaig, dated 27th August, 1824.

15. Sasine following thereon, dated 8th September, registered 1st October, 1824.

16. Disposition of the patronage of Kilmonivaig by the said Robert Campbell, in favour of Colonel Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, dated 27th May, 1824.

17. Sasine thereon, dated 17th August, 1824.

The sale to Lord Macdonell and Aros being again renewed and confirmed by Nos. 16 and 17, it might be presumed that Glengarry's rights were unquestionable. This, however, was not the case. Without the shadow of legal right the Gordons had contrived to get the church and patronage of Kilmonivaig included in their Royal Charters to parts of the Lordship of Lochaber as follows :—

1. Charter by James VI. in favour of George, Lord Gordon, of the lands of Inverlochy and others in the Lordship of Lochaber, dated 17th September, 1618.

2. Precept from Chancery thereon of same date, sealed 12th April, 1623.

3. Sasine thereon, dated 11th July, and registered Particular Register of Sasines at Fortrose, 22nd July, 1623.

4. Charter of Resignation and Novodamus under the Great Seal, in favour of George, first Duke of Gordon, of the lands and earldom of Huntly and others dated 21st May, 1684, sealed 10th September, thereafter.

Corruption and bribery unparalleled on the part of the crown officers, attended the granting of this Charter, for properties including the patronage of Kilmonivaig, and property rights belonging to others were introduced wholesale.

5. Retour of the special service of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, as heir to his father, Cosmo George, dated 9th February, 1754.

6. Precept from Chancery thereon, dated 25th March, 1754.

7. Sasine thereon, dated 3rd April, registered General Register of Sasines, 17th April, 1754.

8. Charter under the Great Seal, in favour of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, dated 6th August, sealed 16th August, 1766.

(To be Continued).

ALLT ROAN CHRUAIDH.

AIR FONN :—"*Ho ró, mo nighean donn, bhoidheach.*"

SEISD :— Gur h-iomadh alltan craobhach,
Tha ruith tre choill is fhraocha,
Ach soraidh thor gach aon diubh,
Thoir uams' do Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Cha 'n fhios domh c' àit' an sir mi,
Na 'n tòisich mi ri innseadh,
Na h-uile sealladh fìnealt',
A chit' aig Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An uchd nam beanntan iargalt'
Tha breith a' chaochain bhriagh so,
'S tha iomadh fuaran flor-uisg'
A' brùchdadh 'dh' Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An gaillionn fhuar a' gheamhraidh,
'San silleadh gruaim nam beanntan,
Bi 'n sruth a' dol na dheanntaibh
'S bi strann 'an Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Bi neart an uisg' o'n uachdar,
Teachd 'nuas le farum fuasach,
Bi drochaidean ga 'n sguabadh
Roimh uamhor Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Bi creagan air am spealgadh,
Bi sgàirnich chlachan balbh ann,
'S bi fuaim bhios grabhal garbh ann
Leam `eas-a Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Ma 's toigh leat a bhi seallTuinn,
Air cumhachd tha gun cheannsal,
Thoir sùil is beachd san am so
Do 'n ghàir tha 'n Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha 'n tuil tha domhain, beuchdach
A' sguabadh roimh gach eise,
'S mar urchar, creagan leumnaich
Thar eas-a Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An tiormachd teas an t-samhraidh
'S na gathan gréin a' dannsadh,
'Se siubhal sèimh is fann 'n sin
Tha 'm bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Sin an uair bu chaoimh leam,
Bhi seabhaid§ air gach taobh dheth
'S na h-eòin le ceòl is sùgradh,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha 'n dreathan donn 'san dìg ann,
Tha 'n smeòrach le guth binn ann,
Tha 'n uiseag sùrdail 'seinn ann,
An speuran Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Cearc thomain is cearc fhraoich ann,
Tha speurag sireadh faobh ann,
Tha fitheach, feadag, 's faoileag
Toirt sgriob á Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha cluainean air gach taobh ann,
Tha àilean reamhar, shaor ann,
Tha eich, is crodh, is caoraich,
Air raointibh Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha ach'ean* criochach feòir ann,
Tha bain' is mil gu leòr ann
Tha 'n t-ìm air dhath an òir ann
Am bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha seanairean gun bheud ann,
Tha gillean òga treun ann,
Gniomhach, foinnidh, spéiseil,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha maighdeanan gu guanach,
Gu h-iasgaidh is neo-ghruaimeach,
'S tha mnathan beusach, uasal,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Aultbea. H. M.

* achaidhean—fields. § seabhaid—wandering.

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN SUTHERLAND.

By Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness.

THE subject of this paper is a very wide one, and there are two or three ways of approaching it. We may first interrogate the topographical record and ascertain from the place-names of the present the nationality of the tribes once upon a time in actual possession. There is no doubt that a great deal of the history of the past is embedded in the names of places, and for a long period the only record we possess of our ancestors is the topographical one. By means of it we are able to trace the march of early Celtic tribes through Central Europe, until they took possession of the British Isles, centuries before the Christian era. A careful examination of the place-names of Sutherland makes it abundantly manifest that it was for a long period in possession of the Norsemen. Norse names occur on the coast in some districts in the proportion of three to one, and occasionally may be met with in the heart of the County. There is historical evidence that the Norse power was supreme for a period of about 500 years, in Caithness and Sutherland; that is from 750 A.D. to 1263 A.D., and the marvel is, that Sutherlandshire is not to-day like Caithness, occupied by a Teutonic speaking people, largely the descendants of these Norse invaders. Such is not the case, however; and parts of Caithness and the whole of Sutherland retained the Celtic speech of their forefathers in spite of this more or less complete political subjugation for so many centuries.

(2) Another method of estimating the Norse influence in one County is by an examination of the dialect of Gaelic spoken there. It differs to a certain extent from the dialects of districts farther south, and less exposed to Scandinavian influences. In this respect we shall find a very large number of loan-words from the Norse in the Gaelic of Sutherlandshire. The dialect of the Western Highlands and Islands reveals the same influence, but not nearly to such a large extent, the reason being, as I take it, not that the Norse influence was less paramount in the Western Isles than in Sutherland—for the place-names of the Western Isles are more Scandinavian than Sutherlandshire place-names—but for the reason that Goidelic influences were stronger there to resist the foreigner, with Celtic Ireland on the one side, and the Gaelic Kingdom of Dalriada on the other, in the near vicinity.

(3) The subject may also be approached from the anthropological side. Seeing that a vigorous race existed for centuries in our midst it is impossible to ignore their contribution to the form and feature of the present inhabitants. Can we trace any Scandinavian features—physical, mental, and moral—in the present Highlander? Of course the science of anthropology is yet in its infancy; but still, there are some outstanding racial characteristics, so plain that he who runs may read, and an attempt will be made to point out what may be considered undeniable Scandinavian types in our midst.

In these three ways then, I propose briefly to trace the Norse element in Sutherland—topographically, linguistically (in the Gaelic dialect), and ethnologically, in the racial characteristics, physically and psychologically.

(4) There is a fourth method, which in the hands of competent authorities, might yield valuable results. I mean architectural structures, the remains of forts built very often on prominent and almost detached rocks on the seashore. Two of these are to be met with on the north coast; one, Castle Borve, in the parish of Farr, and another, Castle Bharruich, at Tongue. Now a good many archæologists are inclined to ascribe to these a Norse origin, and their erection so near the sea, with in many cases a passage underground leading to the sea, seems to point irresistably to a Scandinavian origin. Of course, their being in possession of the Clans at a later period, proves nothing one way or the other.

Let us first learn the lesson which the place-names furnish.

The name of the County itself is Norse—

CASTLE VARRICH, KYLE OF TONGUE.

Sudr-land, which means southern land. It was so called in reference to Caithness; for a part of Sutherland lies south of it. But far the greater part does not lie to the south of Caithness, so that the name, as applied to the region of Cape Wrath, is a misnomer. We must remember, however, that the Norsemen never called the north-western district of the County by the name of Sutherland. The whole north-coast from Cape Wrath to Duncansbay Head was called Kata-ness (point of the Catti). It was only in modern times, as recent indeed as 1630, that the Sheriffdom of Sutherland was made to embrace the Reay Country or Mackay's land and Assynt. Thus it happens that there is no Gaelic term for modern Sutherland. *Cataobh* corresponds exactly to the ancient Sudr-land, the south-east of the County; and no native of Assynt or of the Reay Country would say in the vernacular that he came from *Cataobh;* he should at once say that he hailed from Duthaich-mhic-Aoidh or Assynt, as the case might be. Yet in English, he should use the term Sutherland, without hesitation. Because the names Sutherland and Cataobh are not co-terminous it is impossible to translate literally the phrase—a native of Sutherlandshire.

This little word *sudr*, which enters into the place-name, and means southern, is still preserved in the designation "Bishop of Sodor and Man." There is no place of the name of Sodor; but the title dates from the Norse period, when there was a bishop over the Southern Isles and Man.

After the County name, come the Parish names of which there are thirteen. These are Assynt, Dornoch, Golspie, Creich, Kildonan, Lairg, Clyne, Loth, Rogart, Farr, Tongue, Durness, Eddrachilles. Of these, five are clearly Gaelic names—*Creich*, Gael. *crìch*, boundary, gen. of *crioch*, march; *Lairg*, Gael. *luirg*, *learg*, high ground or eminence; *Clyne*, *sgir Chlìn*, is the Gael. *cluain*, meadow, again oblique case; *Kildonan*, the church or *cell* of Donan, an Irish Saint; and *Eddrachilles*, *eadar-dha-chaolas*, literally between two Kyles. Of these five there can be no doubt. Equally certain is the Norse derivation of two parishes at least. *Durness*, which occurs as *Dyr-ness* in the Saga, the point of the deer; and *Tongue*, which is the Norse for a *tongue*, a spit of land running out into the sea. There are *tongues* in Lewis and the Western Highlands, similarly situated. We have thus seven parish names disposed of satisfactorily, five Gaelic and two Norse. What are we to make of the remaining six—Assynt, Dornoch, Loth, Farr, Golspie, and Rogart? In these, there may be traces of Pre-Celtic Non-Aryan language, or of an earlier Celtic language akin to the Brythonic, usually called the Pictish language. In the present state of Gaelic phonetics, it is simply impossible to say what Assynt means, and although *Loth* has been recognised as Ptolemy's Logi by good Celtic scholars, the connection is very problematical. Leaving these as meanwhile insoluble, we are left with this proportion in the region of certainty—two-fifths of our parish names are Norse, perhaps we may safely say one-third of our parochial names are Norse. Can we say of a Sutherland Highlander that he is to the extent one-third of Teutonic origin?

Coming now to place-names of less importance, we find a very large number indeed of clearly Norse origin, side by side with unquestionable Gaelic names. In the south-east of the County, occur a large number of terminal *dales*. Care must be taken here for there is a Gaelic *dail*—a loan-word from Norse dalr; dale, and this Gaelic word dal enters largely into the topography of the Highlands. The rule is that when it comes first as in Dalmore (large dale) it is Celtic; but when it stands last as Langdale, Spinningdale, Swordale, Migdale, it is Norse, and these names were applied by a Norse speaking people, for of course the generic term in Gaelic stands first—*each geal;* but Teutonic, white horse. This terminal *dale* is of such frequent occurrence in the place-names of Sutherland that they easily sum up to hundreds.

2. After *dale* the Norse *gil*, a narrow glen with a stream in it, makes a good second. It also appears for the most part terminally.

HELMSDALE CASTLE, SUTHERLAND.

Examples are Achredigill, Baligill, Smigill, Ritigill, Fresgill, Urigill, Achrisgill, Traligill, Suisgill, Apigill, etc.

3. Norse *bol*, a farm, abode—root in Eng. build—yields the following place-names, Kirkiboll, Torboll, Eriboll, Borrobol, Eldraboll, Learable (mud-town), Arnaboll, and Crosple; a corrupt form *bo* appears in Embo, Skibo, and Skelbo, in East Sutherland.

4. *Melr*, stem mel, bent grass, appears in Melness, Melvich, Achmelvich (Assynt).

5. Fjall, a mountain, is of frequent occurrence terminally. It appears as bhal-val, and al and le (Ben) Loyal, Arkle, and Sabhal.

6. *Vik*, a creek, bay, occurs as such in Kerwick, *vich*, Melvich, and more frequently as aig. Quite a number of names end in aig in the Highlands.

7. *Vollr*, a field (Gen. vallar), appears terminally as wall, well; examples are Golval, Rossal, Marrel, and Langwell.

8. *Setr*, a seat, residence, also mountain pasture, appears in Lewis as shadir, of which there are no less than thirteen; and with us as set, said, and side, terminally Bowside, Linside, Caonasaid (King's place), Bosset.

9. The Norse names for animals are met with frequently in place-names—*e.g.*, the sheep, horse, lamb, salmon, eagle, furnish us with Soa, and Hoan, sheep-isle, Rossal, horse-field, Lamigo, lamb's goe. Lax-ford, Salmon-ford, Beinn-Horn, Eagle-hill. Different kinds of trees, such as the Yew and Ash, and copsewood (rhis), furnish well-known places; the latter as a prefix is very common, Rispond, Achrisgill, Eddrachillis, etc.

10. *Vatn*, water, appears as bhat, in Assynt, in Sandwood, Gaelic, Seannabhat, sandylake. Sand itself occurs in Sango, more and beg, the big and small sandy goes.

11. *Harri*, heights, appears in Altnaharra. *Bakki*, bank ridge in Backie, Hysbackie, coldbackie, and the Norse *thing* is found in Dalting, parish of Farr.

Indeed the parishes of Farr, Tongue, and Durness—Lord Reay's Country, contain a larger percentage of Norse names than any district of equal size on the mainland, outside of Caithness. The coast-names of these parishes are almost entirely Norse, and many are to be met with in the far interior.

Halladale, Holydale, Forsinard, Forsnain, Begas, Kirkton, Melvich, Portskerray, Baligill, Poteegan, Armadale, *Diob-coirean*, Skerray, Torrisdale, Tongue, Melness, Coldbacky, Hope Heilim, Talmine (when an islet), Eriboll, Durness, Sango-beg, Crosspul, Keoldale, from which it can be safely inferred that the Kyles of Tongue, Eriboll, and Durness, were early made use for embarking purposes by the predatory Vikings.

The prevalence of Norse names makes it abundantly manifest that a Scandinavian population once had possession of our fertile straths and glens. They subdued the early inhabitants, who were speaking a Celtic tongue, at first Pictish, and latterly Gaelic or Gadelic. Have they left their impression upon the character of the people, as well as the topography of the county? In answering this question it must be admitted that *language* is of little consequence in determining questions of ethnology. Suppose an inhabitant of Mars was to visit this earth of ours, with a good knowledge of languages, and that he alighted in Galloway, he should find that almost all the place-names were Gaelic, and nothing would be more natural for him than to come to the conclusion that he was in the midst of a Gaelic speaking people. In the same way, did he alight in Durness, he should expect to find the people speaking a Teutonic dialect from the prevalence of Scandinavian names. In both cases he should have been mistaken. In Galloway, where place-names are largely Celtic, the language of the present day is English; in Durness, where place-names are largely Norse, the people speak Gaelic. We may therefore dismiss *language* as a factor in determining ethnological problems. No doubt the people of Galloway are largely Celtic in blood, though not in speech, and the converse is true of many Highland districts—they have a large mixture of Scandinavian blood, though speaking now a Celtic language.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED HIGHLANDER IN NEW ZEALAND.—Many of our readers, both in Kintyre and New Zealand, will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Neil Fleming, of Flemington, Oamaru. He was a native of Kintyre, and, like many of his countrymen, decided to try his fortune in the Australian Colonies, landing in New Zealand. Being a man of great commercial ability and activity, he started business as a stock, shipping, and exporting merchant, and soon acquired a large connection, and was very successful. Mr. Fleming, who was a good Gaelic scholar, took a keen interest in the Scotch societies of Dunedin, and was president of the Gaelic Society and the Caledonian Society. On social occasions, he frequently treated his compatriots to a Gaelic song, in which capacity he had few equals in the colony. In a note which we have just received from one of our subscribers in New Zealand, Mr. D. A. Cameron, of Southland, he says: "I am sorry to hear of your uncle's death—Mr. Neil Fleming, of Oamaru He was highly respected in his district, and I have always heard him spoken of as a highly influential and esteemed member of the community. He took a deep interest in Highland affairs, and will be much regretted by his friends in New Zealand.

"COLIN O' THE SEA."

CATRIONA, with the eyes of the colour of the deep loch, lived with her mother in the little white cottage away up on the hillside. Down in the village dwelt Andrew Mackay and "Colin o' the Sea," in both of whom burned the love for the same woman. Every morning they awoke to feel it hot and close to their hearts, all day it lay in their thoughts, at night it did not sleep. But with Anndra the love-sickness awoke an old, evil restlessness, while Colin desired nothing save to wander along the shore in the dusk-shadows, or climb the heather-clad hillside and dream away the hours.

It had been naked steel between their families in the old days, and because of the sleeping feud the rivals seldom spoke.

After a while it fell out that Anndra went away to the low country where he had an uncle engaged in business. Before he left, he came to the door of Colin's cottage, and beckoned him out. The poet stepped into the gloaming readily enough, for he had foreseen this interview in his dreams.

"Swear that you and Catriona will not meet at all until a year has passed" was Anndra's demand.

Full of an impulsive generosity, Colin swore by that which he held most sacred that his eyes and her's should not meet until a year had elapsed.

"You are my enemy," he said abruptly, "but the Time has not come." And Anndra was satisfied.

Colin kept his oath. For a full year he avoided her who was the light of his day and the spirit of his songs. The better to keep the conditions of his bond, he crossed the island to the far side and spent the summer in an old fisherman's hut. Here he dwelt till autumn came, and then he lay on the moors in the day and slept in the sheiling of a shepherd until the cold weather came, and the term of his oath was nearly spent. In the summer-time, with the flowers and the gentle breathing of the sea around him, his poetry was full of the sweetness of his love, and many a song he sang which none save the sea-birds heard. When the autumn came his muse left him, but he saw many things which were born to him on the lonely moorlands, tinged with purple and brown. Winter brought a return of fiercer inspiration. The wind grew keener, the mists choked the corries, the sea was white with restless foam, the glens were snow-covered. The spirit of the old bards and heroes came over him. He longed for the day when he should meet Anndra face to face. He knew it would come—he had seen it afar off.

At last the day came when his oath no longer held him in voluntary exile. He rose before dawn and watched the light creeping over the grey, silent sea. Then as the old familiar colours came into the world again, he turned his face towards the village.

"She will meet me at the turn of the road," he said to himself. Seated on the broad ledge of the little stone bridge was Catriona. The pale, winter sun fell on her face full of the freshness of the morning; her arms were extended in glad welcome; her eyes flashed with the soft fire of love.

And so they two sat—now silent, now speaking—they scarce knew of what. They were content to sit hand in hand and drink in the beauty of the scene before them and their own dream-thoughts within. By and by, a solitary horseman made his way up the steep hill-road. His horse's hoofs struck a metallic note on the frost-bound stones, and Catriona and Colin turned in idle curiosity to watch the rider. Then she whispered with a trembling pressure of the hand which lay in Colin's—"Anndra!"

"I knew it, heart of me, do not fear," was the reply.

When he reached the crest of the hill, the rider drew rein sharply, the breath of the horse forming great jets of white in the frosty air. He dismounted and approached the two figures.

He was dressed in Lowland style, but beneath the plumed hat of the gallant they recognized his face. Catriona's heart grew chill, as he bowed in mock courtesy, and she knew that, whereas she had never loved him, now she hated him.

"You have made the best use of your time," he said, with a sneer, "despite your solemn oath, your word is as treacherous as the sea, by which you swore."

"It is a lie you are speaking, Anndra Mac Aoidh," cried Catriona, her face paling.

But Colin was silent, lest he should leap upon him as he stood there in the clear morning light.

"The witness is prejudiced," Anndra replied, and made as though he would seat himself beside them. But Colin's sea-heart rose, and he struck the newcomer full in the face bringing blood to his lip.

Anndra's hand went to the hilt of the Spanish blade which dangled at his hip, but he did not draw.

"Will you meet me, Poet?—the old conditions, each man his own steel, and the oath on the dirk to him who falls. I give you the choice of place and time."

And Colin, ignorant of his opponent's skill at the duello, and careless of what he said, answered, "The shore at dawn to-morrow."

"But you have no weapon," was the contemptuous reply.

"I will find one, I am thinking," and Colin turned on his heel and followed Catriona down the village road.

Anndra laughed as he rode along, waving his gloved hand to a score of acquaintances, his cloak carelessly thrown back, and his richly embroidered doublet displayed with cavalier grace. He laughed, because at his side he wore the steel which had never yet met defeat in the duello. Six duels had he fought, and four of his men were cold. They had nicknamed him in Holland "The Sword of Lightning." And he thought of the poet, and laughed again.

That night Anndra drank deep with a few boon companions, but Colin spent the hours in watching from his window. An old claymore was in his hand, a broad, basket-hilted weapon of great age, and with curious engraving on the blade.

And as he sat there in semi-darkness, he spoke to it, chanting, it seemed, some old forgotten lines of hidden meaning.

They were the children of his own inspiration, addressed to the Sea he loved so well, with its heaving swell, its soft, warm motion, and anon the thunder of the surf in the shore-caverns. And the Sea answered, calling him with the gentle sighing of its lapping waves, yet irresistibly. He left his room and moved swiftly shorewards, until he stood before the Atlantic and felt the salt air cool upon his temples. In an hour dawn came—and Anndra. As they met, their faces strangely wan in the weird grey light, Colin felt his blade move in its scabbard like a living thing, and knew that the answer had come.

"Have you no second?" asked Anndra, through his teeth.

Colin had never thought of needing such, ignorant and careless of the etiquette of the duello.

But from behind a great sea-weed covered boulder there glided a slender figure in white with a shawl cast about her shoulders. She stood close at Colin's shoulder, and he smiled to see the discomfiture of the gallant. After a word, Anndra threw off his coat, rolled up his fair linen shirt-sleeves, and handed his plumed hat to the fellow who stood by him. Colin stood ready, his head bare, his dark kilt flapping gently against his lean, brown knees, and in his keen eyes a look of proud disdain. Then they drew. Anndra flung down his scabbard on the wet stones with a harsh clang, and saluted his opponent with supercilious courtesy. Their long blades gleamed blue in the dim dawn-light, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely shore save the rasp and ring of steel on steel.

Anndra's aim was to disconcert Colin with the brilliancy of his swordmanship, confuse him with the rapidity of his attack, and bring him to his knees with some delicate French trick of the wrist and point. But he knew not that in the blade which crossed his flashed the spirit of the sea—that phosphorescent glimmer which haunts the waters ere the storm breaks.

Little by little his strokes grew feebler, his points uncertain, his guards ill-formed. Once his spurred riding-boots slipped amongst the rough shingle, but he was up like a flash and Colin's stroke only glanced on his sword-arm. Then the horror of defeat, the hot indignation of disgrace, broke out upon him, and forgetting his cool scientific play, he rushed at his antagonist. There was a grinding jar, a hoarse laugh, and his good blade snapped like a rowan twig.

"It is the sword of Diarmaid of the Sea-Isles that I am using," said Colin, quietly. And the other folded his arms in sullen silence. The Sea-Poet drew his dirk and held out the naked steel. Anndra took it slowly, and turned towards the rising sun.

"Before this cross and before God, I swear to leave the maid, Catriona, to Čailein, the Sea-Poet, and to quit this isle before noon."

Then he repeated the old, old formula as Colin instructed him, and kissed the cross of the dirk-hilt, the oath that no clansman can break. After that he turned inland once more in the cold, clear light of the early morning, and rode away with his companion.

And then to Colin and Catriona the sun seemed to rise with new joy.

COINNEACH DUBH.

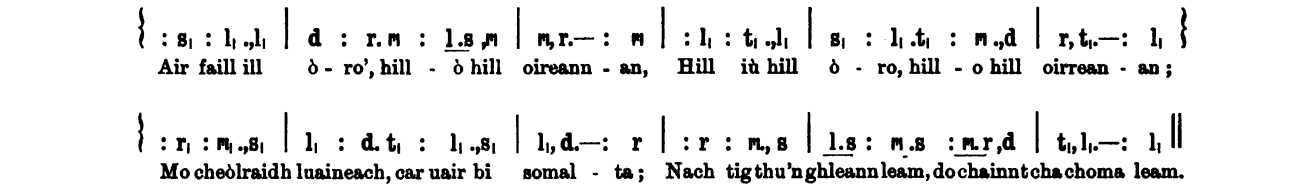
DISCOVERY OF THE EARLY RECORDS OF THE 91st ARGYLLSHIRE HIGHLANDERS.—A very interesting and unique volume came into our possession lately, in the shape of the MS. volume of Monthly Returns of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, dating from the year of its embodiment in 1794 to 1809. It is a large volume of 400 pages, strongly bound in calf, each return being signed by the colonel of the regiment. The records of this gallant regiment were well kept, the whole volume being a model of neatness, and each page containing a return on every department of the corps. Recollecting that the 91st took part in the first Dutch War at the Cape in 1796, we had the curiosity to go over the Monthly Returns for that period, and were amazed to find that the Argylls lost very heavily during the period of their stay in South Africa. Indeed, they lost more men in this first Boer War than they have done during the present, although they have suffered so severely at Modder River, Magersfontein, and other conflicts.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following Gaelic song and its accompanying air received the Third Prize for "Original Gaelic Poetry" at the Mod, held last year in Edinburgh. It is the composition of Mr. John MacFadyen, Glasgow, author of *An t-Eileanach*. The air is a variant of that associated with the well-known song—"Ochòin a rìgh gur a mi tha muladach."

AN CEITEIN.

GLEUS A.


Air faill ill ò - ro', hill - ò hill oireann - an, Hill iù hill ò - ro, hill - o hill oirrean - an;
Mo cheòlraidh luaineach, car uair bi somal - ta; Nach tig thu'n ghleann leam, do chainnt cha choma leam.

Tha 'Ghrian ag èiridh, 's gach gnè a' beothachadh;
Tha oiteag shìochail, troimh 'n tir, a' feothachadh.
Tha tlus 'san àile, 's rinn nàdur mothachadh,
O thig do 'n bheinn leam 's a choill a' smothachadh.

Tha torman alltan fo mheanglain fhocharach,
'S gach geug a lùbadh, fo 'n ùr-bharr cochullach;
Na raointean uaine, fo 'n luachair, bachullach,
'S gach réidhlean ìosal na mhìn-cios fochunnach.

Tha fàir nan sléibhtean fo speuran uinneagach,
'Us lusan snuadhmhor mu bhruachan puinneagach;
Tha ceól nam maighdean a seinn gu luinneagach,
A' táladh bhuailtean, gu cuachach cuinneagach.

Gach flùran maothar le aodann luranach,
An gnuis, gu 'n saoil mi bhi aoidheil furanach;
Gach bile gaineamhain gu seamarach muranach,
Toirt trian deth m' òige le deòin 'bhi cuireideach.

Gur ciùin an t-sàmhchair air làr nan coireachan;
'S tha ribheid shiùbhlach an dlùth 's nan doireachan;
Ri still nan garbh-eas is lainnireach boinneachan,
Gun leum, na geala-bhric, a' deallar' mar ghloineachan.

Cha chuirear còmhla, an crò, mo sheallaidhean;
Tha 'n eunlaidh fhiadhaich, air sgiath, mu stallaichean.
Cha 'n fhaigh mi sòlas, cho beò, an tallachan,
Na 'n cùirtean briagha mu 'n iadh na ballachan.

Cha 'n ann cuir sios air toil-inntinn fhreagarach,
Ri srann na fidhle 'san ruidhle bheadarach;
No ceòl cruit chiatach nam miar-tholl feadanach,
'S gur binn leam duanag na gruagach leadanach.

Ged 's cainnt do mhóran gur gòraich 's milleadh e,
Cluith fhaoin de 'n t-seòrs' ud, bheir brón mar tillear e.
Ach caidir còmhlain—'s ma 's deòin leat fidir e—
Fo smachd na còrach, cha ghòraich idir e.

Na toir leum uibeir an luib gach annasach;
No t-uchd ri sáile, 'san snámh nach aithne dhuit.
Mar steud gun srian ris, 's a dhiolaid falamh air,
Gus an teid deigh'nn* ort fo chreuchdan aithreachais

Do ghean ga d' thréigsinn, do spéis a' fannachadh;
Gun toir thu chùil ort 's gun diùlt thu banaladh;
Ag aithris ùrnuigh 's do dhúil ri beannachadh,
'S do sporan 's iall air 's tu dian ga teannachadh.

'Si 'n acair Neamhaidh tha làidir tabhachdach,
'S cha leig i ceàrr thu air ráith'dean amaideach;
Ma gheibh thu clnnt air, 's an fhìrinn fhaireachadh,
Gu 'm bheil thu snìomhte ri nì bith-mhaireannach.

CRAOBH.

* fetters.

THE KYLE OF SUTHERLAND.

THE KYLE OF SUTHERLAND extends from the Dornoch Firth about two miles in a North-Westerly direction to Inveran, where the waters of Shin and Oykel meet. The tide flows up the whole length of the Kyle, notwithstanding its irregular depth. The scenery around is exquisite; high mountains rise up on both sides, partly bare and partly wooded; some are very steep, while others ascend in a gradual slope.

Not far from Bonar is a wood called Craigendhu which is remarkably dark at night. It is said to be haunted by a "bodach" who is believed to utter fearful screams on a certain night of the year. No one knows the reason why, although it is supposed that a terrible murder took place in the wood, but it is not known who was murdered or who the murderer was.

Farther up the Kyle on the Ross-shire side is a deep round pool called the "mischief sponge bowl"; it is not visible until one is quite at it, because of a small ridge by which the pond is surrounded. Every now and again it is seen to bubble, and as the pool contains salt water it is believed to have some subterranean connection with the Kyle of Sutherland. There is another curious pond near Culrain, where tradition says Montrose when being pursued threw in some treasure. Some miles beyond the Kyle on the river Oykel is a place called Tutumrarach, where the Sutherlands defeated a marauding body of the Macleods of Assynt. ERIC STAIR KERR.

LACHLAN MACLEAN.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 12. Vol. VIII.] *SEPTEMBER, 1900.* [Price Threepence.

LACHLAN MACLEAN,

CHIEF, CAPE TOWN HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

THE subject of our sketch this month is a Highlander whose name has come very prominently into public notice during the past year in connection with South African affairs, his position as Agent for Sir Donald Currie's "Castle" Line of Steamers at Cape Town being one of great responsibility. His fellow-countrymen in other parts will doubtless be glad to learn some particulars of the career of this distinguished Highlander.

Mr. Maclean, fourth son of the late Lachlan Maclean of Greenhill, Tiree, was born at Crosh, Tiree, 28th January, 1852. His mother was also of the clan name. He was educated at the local schools and by private tutors. In April 1868, he came to Glasgow and entered the office of Sir Donald Currie; was transferred to the Leith office in 1871, and to the London in 1874. Four years later he was appointed Agent in Cape Town, South Africa, for the celebrated "Castle" Line. During his residence in Leith he was a member of the First Midlothian Rifle Volunteers, and twelve years ago he took an active part in raising the Cape Town Highlanders, a fine body of kilted clansmen the command of which was offered to him, but which he declined on account of want of sufficient leisure to do justice to the position.

A member of the Gaelic Society of London, he took an active part in forming a kindred institution in South Africa—the Cape Caledonian Society, of which he is a life member. Last year. the Cape Highland Society was formed under the most auspicious circumstances, and the subject of our sketch was elected first chief. It is probably the first purely Highland Society formed in the Southern Hemisphere. The Gaels of Cape Town gave Lord Lovat's Scouts an enthusiastic reception and entertainment, and provided comforts for them and the Highland Brigade. I need hardly add that Mr. Maclean is also a life member of the Clan Maclean Society, and takes a deep interest in all its undertakings.

Although closely occupied with business Mr. Maclean finds time to devote some attention to public affairs, and was Mayor of Claremont (in which district Kenilworth is included) in 1898, and is still a member of the municipality. He was chairman of the Claremont School Board last year, and also of the Finance Committee of the Wynberg Hospital.

It is interesting to mention that Mr. Maclean is fond of all branches of sport—what true Highlander is not?—especially shooting and fishing. The hall of his residence at Kenilworth is decorated with many fine trophies of big game, the result of a shooting excursion on the East Coast, near the Zambesi, in the Beira district. The Cape Game Protection Association founded in 1889, which has done excellent work, owes its inception to him, and he still acts as honorary secretary and treasurer, and is also a member of the Marine Fisheries' Committee—a semi-government body dealing with marine fisheries. This Gael was also the first to introduce trout into South African rivers, which are now well stocked and will be open for fishing in a year or two.

Mr. Maclean is married to Margaret, daughter of the late John Cumming Crawford of Edinburgh, and has one child, "Sheila," born 29th May, 1893. His residences are "Greenhill," Kenilworth, a beautiful suburb seven miles from Cape Town; and "Duart," Seaforth, Simonstown—names which have a Highland significance—the island of his birth, and the ancient seat in Mull of the chiefs of his clan.

TO SOMEBODY.

THY face to see, thy smile to greet,
Thy hand to feel tight-clasped in mine;
Thy breathing soft upon my cheek.
In broken speech to whisper words
Of tenderness.
As we two tread the winding path,
Thy voice to hear, and treasure up
The mem'ry of each low, sweet tone.
In thy deep eyes, fair dreams to see
Of dawning love.
What though the night-wind whistles keen
And stirs the tendrils of thy hair?
To-morrow's sun will pierce the gloom;
What though the chill of darkness falls—
Has love no warmth?

COINNEACH DUBH.

CLACH-AN-T-SOLUIS: THE STONE OF LIGHT.

THE harvest, up amongst the hills at Muilzie, had come to an end, and the lads were as usual preparing for a dance. The sounds of Domhnull Piobair's pipes might be heard evening after evening floating over the loch as he exercised his fingers and lungs for the coming event. The lassies were all in a flutter about ribbons and partners, and the lads vied with each other as to who should have the good looking girls and the best dancers. But none of the young stalwarts thought of plain Mairi Ciar. It was beauty they wanted, not worth.

On the eve of the dance Mairi went to the end of the loch to bring the cows home. The last rays of the setting sun made a shining way from the waters at her feet to the mysterious fields of purple and gold that stretched away beyond and above the gloomy mountains. She sat on a mossy stone at the end of that path of glory to think of the lucky girls and handsome lads who were to be at the dance, to which no one had invited her; and covered her face with her hands. She did not remain long in that position when this vision of sweetness and softness unearthly spoke into her ears, and this was what it said:—

Greas dachaidh, greas dachaidh,
Greas dachaidh, gu luath.
Oir cosinnidh maitheas
Air maise gnùis buaidh;
'Us boisgidh na d' bhroilleach,
A' nochd 's an tigh chiùil,
Clach dhiomhair an t-soluis
A dh' fhosglas gach sùil.

Home hasten, home hasten,
Home hasten, apace,
For goodness shall triumph
O'er beauty of face;
And bright on thy bosom
Shall sparkle to-night,
A charm that gives novel
Perfection and sight.

For a time she did not take her hands from her eyes, for she was afraid. When at length she ventured to do so the sun had set, the glory of loch and sky had vanished, and the curtains of night were falling over the surrounding hills. She put her hand to her palpatating heart, and lo! there was something in the folds of the plaid over it. It was a stone, clear as crystal, encircled with a triple band of gold. She rose and hastened home with the cows, and as she drew near her mother's cot saw Archie Crùbach, the tailor, limping about the door. He had come to invite her to the dance. Although she knew that none of the other girls would have him for a partner, she was glad he had come for her. She determined to tell no one the story of the mysterious stone, went about her evening work as usual, and was ready as the hour of the dance drew near to accompany the lame tailor.

The dance was a grand affair for Muilzie, for the tacksmen (the grandees of the glen) and their wives were there. The lads and lassies were, of course, in their best attire. There were not many silk dresses, but no lack of comely forms. When the dance began, little agile figures stepped and reeled with all the unstudied grace of the days when the world was young; and the bright tartans of the Frasers and Chisholms mingled with the darker one of the Mackenzies.

There was a good-humoured clapping of hands as the tailor limped in with Mairi Ciar. Isabel Alainn, the beauty of the township, nudged her partner, Donald Roy, when the twain entered as if they were subjects for sport. But when the tailor and Mairi joined in the next dance there were whispers of surprise on all hands on the manner in which they acquitted themselves. Mairi's stooped little form straightened until she seemed three inches taller than when she entered. She danced with ease and grace wonderful to behold, and her face was lit up with an undefinable beauty, the effect of which soon began to tell upon the lads. Even Donald Roy, the son of one of the tacksmen and the handsomest lad in the township, to his partner's mortification could not keep his eyes off her. The mysterious stone sparkled in her breast, but the lads took no notice of it. The girls however did, and came to the conclusion it was only an eight-sided crystal from Scoor-na-lappich encircled with a bit of brass wire. The tailor, too, seemed an altered man. The contracted sinews of his lame leg relaxed as the dance proceeded, and at length the limp in his gait wholly disappeared. His only uneasiness arose from all the lads wanting to dance with Mairi. Never before was there a dance at Muilzie of such a hearty, jovial kind. The whisky Farquhar Mor brewed for the occasion was producive of nothing but good humour. All the lads seemed under a spell of unalloyed happiness; and the girls seemed equally delighted, making no slighting remarks upon one another, as girls sometimes do. There was, however, one exception; the fiend of jealousy entered into Isabel Alainn. Donald Roy's attentions to the once despised Mairi Ciar hurt her as nothing else could, and as the two were standing together conversing about the dance, she stepped up to them and joined in the conversation; thinking her own beauty would put Mairi's new charms in the shade. The result, however, was a disappointment to her, for the light of the

stone in Mairi's breast shone full in her face and disclosed the ugliness of her nature. Selfishness, vanity, and hate were imprinted upon her features in a manner that made Donald shudder, and revealed to Mairi that the powers of the stone were manifold. From that night Donald transferred his affections to Mairi; and the only satisfaction Isabel got was that when he made the matrimonial proposal he was rejected. Mairi remained true to the tailor who thought her worthy of attention when none else did, and eventually they married. The issue of the marriage was one son, and Mairi like nine-tenths of the daughters of Eve, similarly favoured, made an idol of him.

There came a day when the son not only attained to manhood, but fell in love with one of the bonniest girls in Muilzie. The mother was full of anxiety. She was prejudiced in the matter of beauty, doubting the goodness of all who possessed it; and thought too that there was no one in the township good enough for her son. She bethought her one day of the mysterious stone that, for the long happy days of her wedded life, had lain in the chest which

HARVEST TIME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

contained the few things of value she possessed, and determined to try its power upon the girl of her son's choice. With this object she one afternoon pinned the stone in her breast and went to the loch side, the common pasture of the township, knowing that the girl would be there to milk her father's cows. They met, but the stone revealed to her no evil in the girl, indeed, it seemed to have lost all its power. On her way home she sat down on the spot where she heard the voice long years before to think the matter over. Dark threatening clouds hung over the hills; the wind with a low moan came down the corrie close by; the loch looked grey and cold, and the rushes on its margin shivered. These sights and sounds depressed her, and she put her elbows on her knees and covered her face with her hands. As she thus sat a stern voice sounded in her ears, and this was what the voice said:—

Chum gu 'm faiceadh càch do mhaise
Thugadh clach an t-soluis duit,
'S cha b' ann 'chum gu 'm faiceadh thusa
Ann am maise cuirig uilc;
Pheacaich thu, us bithidh prabach,
Bho so mach gu làth' do bhàis,

'S cha 'n fhaic maighdean mais 'na maitheas
Ann ad mhac o so gu bràth.

Unto thee a charm was given,
Not 'neath beauty sin to see,
But that other eyes might beauty
Beneath plainness see in thee.
Thou hast sinned and ugly shalt thou
Be from henceforth till thou die,
And thy son shall find no favour
Ever more in maiden's eyes.

Mairi thenceforth was the ugliest hag in Muilzie; and the sin of the mother was visited upon the son, for all the girls took a strange dislike to him, and to wed him there was no one.

A. G. M.

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN SUTHERLAND:

By Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness.

II.—Language and Ethnology.

We now come to the second method of tracing the Norse element in our midst, viz., the prevalence of Norse words in our Gaelic dialect. The proportion of Norse words in the Gaelic of Scotland is much larger than in Irish. In the latter, indeed, it is almost a *minus* quantity, although the Danish power there was very great. The reason is obvious. Ireland had a rich literature of its own before the arrival of the Danes; so that their presence and political supremacy for a time, in Dublin, left few traces either upon the place-names or language. Not so in Scotland; we borrowed freely from the Scandinavian, and there is little doubt that for a time there was a keen struggle for the ascendancy between the rival tongues in both Caithness and Sutherland. In the former, the Teutonic tongue prevailed, except in the hilly districts, by sheer weight of numbers; in Sutherland, the Gaelic tongue prevailed for the same reason. In common with the Western Isles and Highlands we borrowed largely from the foreigner, and in some departments we have adopted almost wholesale vocabularies.

1. Terms connected with shipping. The Norsemen were expert navigators, the Celts were not. It is probable that on the arrival of the Scandinavians they found that the Gaels had not made much advance on the *coracles* of Columba. It was natural, therefore, that the latter should adopt Norse terms connected with the sea, just as the Norsemen appropriated Gaelic terms of agriculture, and carried these with them into Iceland on the fall of the Norse power in Scotland in 1263. The following are among the most common:—*bàt*, the most common name for boat in Gaelic, was borrowed into Welsh and Irish from Ang.-Sax. *bât*, but into Scotch Gaelic directly from Norse, *batr*; *sgioba*, crew; N. *skip*, a ship; *rangan*, boat-ribs; *tobha*, rope (N. tog); *tobhta*, rower's bench; *birlinn*, a galley; *coit*, a small boat; *culaidh*, boat; cp. Shetland *whelly*, wherry; are all from the Norse. The fewness of native shipping terms in Gaelic is significant. With one or two exceptions, in places where the fishing industry is easily and almost necessarily prosecuted, no branch of the Celtic race takes kindly to the sea. Hunting seems to have been the ideal life for them in ancient times; and their great desire in modern times is for a pastoral life, although the fates have dealt unkindly with them, in locating them in Scotland on the sea-coast.

Further Norse terms connected with the sea are:—*àbh*, a hand-net, N. *haf-r*; *abhsadh*, slackening sail, N. *halsa*; *acair*, anchor, N. *akkeri*.

Fresh-water fish names are native:—*breac*, trout; *bradan*, salmon; but salt-water fish names are largely Norse, such as:—*sgait*, skate, N. *skata*; *geadag*, grilse, N. gedda; *cilig*, cod, N. *keila*; *saoithean*, coal-fish, N. seid-r, saithe; *cudaig*, young of coal-fish, O.N. *cod*, fish-fry akin to Eng., cod; *trosg*, cod, N. *thorsk-r*, etc.

2. Names of implements and utensils; *casaidh*, a straw basket, Lewis *cisean*, N. *kass-i*, a basket; *sgeap*, a bag for carrying grain, N. *skeppa*, a measure; *locair*, plane, N. *lokar*; *sìoman*, a rope of straw, N. *sima*; *biota*, a wooden pail for carrying water from the well, N. *bytha*, a pail; *biotà-bhùirn*, a pail of water, N. *brunnr*, well; *cùdainn*, Sc. *coodie*, a small tub, N. *kut-r*, cask; *sgùlag*, a basket for holding the fisherman's lines, N. *skola*; *ballan*, a wooden vessel, N. *bolli*, bowl; *bleaghan*, a worthless tool, N. *blad*; *clobha*, a pair of tongs, N. *klofi*, fork.

3. Nicknames, etc. It is a curious and significant fact that our vituperative vocabulary is largely borrowed from the Norseman. In the March number of the *Celtic Monthly* I have given a list of the most common epithets of contempt, which need not therefore be reproduced here.

4. Another class of words, with a strong mixture of Norse, is the nomenclature of peat-cutting. Thus:—*torra-sgian*, peat-cutting spade, is a hybrid, made up of Norse and Gaelic *torf*, *sgian*. The Reay Country form of the word is *toirsgil* cp. N. *torf-skeri*, peat-cutter; *bac-moine*, peat-bank, is another hybrid, *bac* from N. *bakki*, bank, so frequent in place-names. The arrangement of peats on the bank-head known as *baire*, also *stoireag* (dais) and *rùghan*, a larger heap, and *brìg-mhoine*, heap of peats, N. *brik*, Eng. brick, are all Norse. In all probability the Celts had no occasion to cut peats until after the

Norse invasion when their forests were burnt. The mythical tale of *Dubh-ghiubhais*, the Scandinavian witch, who set fire to all the forests of the Highlands as far south as Badenoch, may contain a historical fact.

III. The prevalence of so much borrowed Norse material in our Gaelic dialects implies a close intercourse between the two races. Have the Norsemen left their impress on the character of the people as well as upon their dialect and place-names? This brings us to the third method of approaching the subject, viz. ethnology. The whole subject of Highland ethnology is yet in a chaotic state. Sufficient progress, however, has been made to enable one to see that hitherto erroneous opinions prevailed on this subject. It is usual to speak of the Highlanders of Scotland as a purely Celtic race, because they speak a Celtic tongue, but *language* is a very unsafe criterion in determining racial characteristics. "Skulls are harder than consonants." Some of the best ethnologists find that pure Celtic types are exceedingly rare in Scotland; craniological measurements and physical features go to prove that a larger amount of *Celticism* is to be found in Devonshire than in the Scottish Highlands. Though the ancient Britons were overcome politically by Romans and Anglo-Saxons and Normans successively, yet the physical type prevailed, the foreign element being gradually assimilated. Hence it is misleading, and scientifically wrong to call Englishmen of the present day an Anglo-Saxon race *Anglo-Celtic* would be racially a more correct designation. So far from being a pure Celt, the Scottish Highlander of the present day is a combination of widely different races.

1. He must possess elements of at least two pre-Celtic races and non-Aryan; one of these races being Iberian, a small, dark, puny race, of a quick, skilful and cunning disposition. These were the *cave-dwellers*, largely subsisting on shell-fish and marrow bones; the other pre-Celtic race is supposed to be Finnish, a tall, fair-haired race, probably the builders of such constructions as the stones of Callernish.

2. A Pictish element. At the dawn of history South, East and North Scotland was occupied by a large-limbed, warlike race, speaking certainly a Celtic dialect more akin to the Brythonic than to Gaelic; but their language, as already stated, determines nothing as to race; some authorities maintain that the Picts are non-Aryan; others, that they are Goths; others again, Celtic. The Caledonians were a sept of this race; and all that is known with certainty is that they spoke at one time a Celtic dialect akin to the Brythonic, and latterly a Gadelic dialect imposed upon them by the Gaels of Ireland.

3. A Scandinavian element. The last foreign element on a large scale was received on the arrival of the Norsemen. In this way several races contributed to build up the present Highlanders; can we trace with any definiteness Norse characteristics among the people of Sutherland? After the lapse of centuries is it possible to trace the physical and mental characteristics of some of our progenitors? All such attempts must be only tentative, and made with the extremest caution; for on such a subject it is most difficult to generalise. The Norse type, fair and sandy hair, fair skin, and blue eyes, is still very persistent in the district. In Caithness, which is almost wholly Norse, hundreds of this type may be seen, and large numbers in Sutherland, though not to the same extent.

4. Psychological characteristics, however, bear a greater strain in questions of ethnology than either the colour of hair or eyes. The Norsemen were distinguished for their roving habits, and something of this spirit has descended to the Sutherland Highlander, who may be found in all quarters of the globe. No doubt the pressure of circumstances accounts for the larger colonies of Sutherland and Reay Country men to be met with in the New World. Still the *spirit* was there; the same spirit of adventure that induced so many of them to become soldiers of fortune in the Continental wars.

5. The Scottish Highlander generally possesses a solidity of character for which we look in vain to his supposed cousins of France and Ireland. For genuine Celts they are altogether too practical, shrewd and sober-minded. Rob Donn is more of a *sage* than a poet living in cloud-land; and if his maxims of wisdom savour of Pope, it is not because his parish minister was a reader of the English poet, but rather on account of the same Teutonic strain in both. Comparing Sutherland with other Highland Counties of stronger Celticity it is not too much to infer that its Liberalism in politics and religion, and the absence of loyalty to exploded causes, is due in no small measure to a larger dash of Norse blood in the veins of its people.

(Concluded).

THE MÒD.—Our readers will notice from our advertising pages that the Mòd at Perth has been postponed till the 29th November. The number of competitions and prizes is largely increased, and we trust that many of our readers will compete.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.—Captain A. Gordon MacRae of the Argylls has been appointed in command of the Recruiting Staff in Glasgow, and is desirous of securing Highland lads for the kilted regiments in which special advantages are offered See our advertising pages.

SUTHERLANDMEN IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mr. D. Mackay, a subscriber in New South Wales, sends a most interesting letter on topics relating to Sutherlandshire, from which we quote the following passages, feeling sure they will be read with pleasure by our many readers in all parts of the world hailing from that county.—

In your last *Celtic Monthly* I notice a reference to Colin Macdiarmid's verses. He was my grand-uncle—a brother of my grandmother, as your contributor, Rev. Adam Gunn, states. I have heard my mother, in this country, referring to the death of Colin Macdiarmid by drowning. "Colin's body could not be found, and my mother, who was ill, was not informed of the occurrence; but she appeared to divine what had happened, and remarked—'Colin is dead and you cannot find his body (they had search vainly for it during two days) but look in a corner of the lake (mentioning it) and you will find his body there.' Her words came true." It is strange for me to be reminded of that story by a look at the Magazine for last month.

A brother of Colonel Kenneth Mackay (who is commanding the New South Wales soldiers in South Africa) named Donald Mackay has just cycled around the continent of Australia in record time—a most hardy and plucky journey. The heat, rough roads, etc., are only known to those who have resided in this country.

I notice by the papers that Lord Loch is ill. He was governor here for some years. I never hear the name or see it, without thinking of the shudder with which some old folks from Sutherland mentioned his father's name.

NOTES ON THE MACGREGORS.

Mr. Frederick Greer, Co. Tyrone, who is seventh in descent of his branch of the Greers (a sept of the Macgregors) in that county, sends me some notes on the Clan Gregor which are worthy of publication and may not be known to many of our readers of that clan. The first paragraph is particularly interesting. He says:—

In a letter I received many years ago from Mr. Robert Hyde Grey of Northcliffe Hall, Cheshire, he told me that his friend, Mr. Macgregor of the Board of Trade, when at Rome, was told by a Cardinal there that he had seen a document in the Vatican Library in which it was stated that Pope Gregory IV. had sent his legate to Dunstaffnage to act as proxy at the baptism of a son of King Alpin who was named Gregor.

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822 the Clan Gregor, from hereditary right, had charge of the Regalia of Scotland on that occasion; and in a letter I received many years ago from the late Admiral Sir Malcolm Macgregor, Bart., he said he had a picture of the clan under his grandfather bearing the Regalia at that event. The procession, which was marshalled by the Lyon King of Arms (of Scotland), surely ought to be of some authority in the matter.

I was in the Trossachs in 1873 when the present chief, Sir Malcolm, was born, and a dear old Highlander, Peter Macgregor by name—who pulled me about in his boat on Loch Katrine, and brought me to all the places of interest and repeated portions of the Lady of the Lake about them—was the first person from whom I gained the intelligence of the birth of the young chieftain.

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

III.—THE FERNAIG MANUSCRIPT.

By Fionn.

THIS MS. is next in importance to that of the Dean of Lismore to which we have already referred. It was written by Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, chief of his name, about the year 1688, and the subsequent five years. It consists of two small volumes of paper, seven inches long by three broad. Six leaves were cut out of the second volume amounting probably to some six hundred lines of poetry. At present the collection contains about 4200 lines of poetry. From the facsimile submitted herewith it will be observed that the handwriting, which is that characteristic of the period for writing English, is neat and clear, though small, obscurities being caused mostly by the fading of the ink. From the catalogue of Gaelic MSS. made by the Rev. Donald Mackintosh and included in Vol. III. of the edition of Ossian published in 1807, we learn that the MS. was then in possession of Mr. Matheson of Fernaig, father of the late Sir Alex. Matheson of Ardross. It passed through the hands of Dr. Mackintosh Mackay, and on his death in 1873 it was handed by his trustee to Dr. Skene.

Professor MacKinnon read a most interesting and valuable account of this MS. and its authors, to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in whose *Transactions the paper appears.

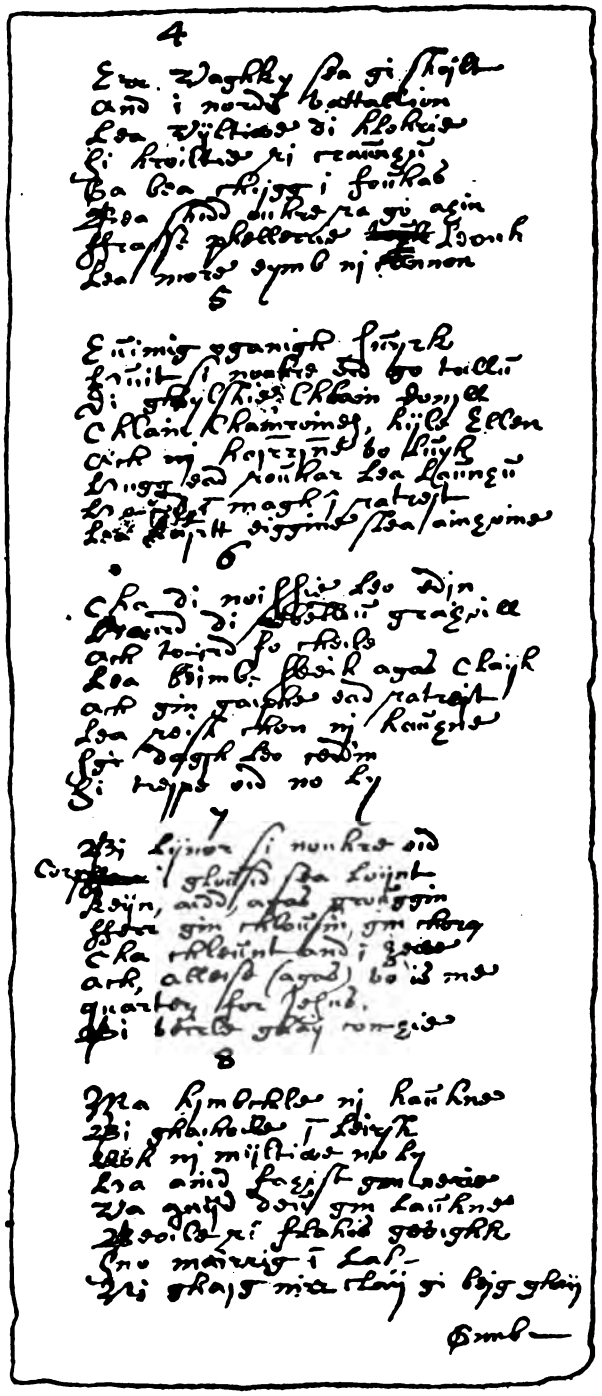
The orthography is on the whole phonetic. Macrae's spelling of the same word varies considerably even on the same page. But, as the writer of the introduction to the transcript of this MS. in "Reliquae Celticae" remarks, "Macrae's phonetics are much easier to understand than the Dean of Lismore's, both because he does his work better and because his Gaelic is practically the modern dialect still spoken in Kintail."

There is no love song and no drinking song in this MS., the contents of the collection being mainly Political and Religious. The religious poetry forms about one-half of the contents, and is on the whole of considerable merit.

A complete transcription of the MS. appears in Vol. II. of "Reliquae Celticae," from which our fac-simile page is reproduced, and a few of the poems are there rendered into modern Gaelic.

*Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. XI., 1884-85.

Professor MacKinnon and Dr. Geo. Henderson have also rendered a good many of the poems into modern Gaelic. The following is a transliteration of the verses in the facsimile page. We may state that the extract is from a poem addressed to the Highland gentlemen who fought at Killiecrankie, 1689, and is entitled:—"*Soraidh a chaidh a chur am meadrachd Dàin, dh' ionnsuidh nan uaisle Gaidhealach, a bha ann an là Raoin Ruairidh.*"



IV.

Err Vaghky sea gi shojlt
And i nordu vatallion
Lea Vijltive di hlohrie
Si hroiltie ri craunthu
Ga bea chijgg i fouhas
Bea shid ouhre ra go athin
Frass phellerrie leouh
Le more eymb nj cannon.

V.

Euimig oganigh suyrk
Huit si nouhre oid go tallu
Di ghoylshie Chlain Donjll
Chlain Chamroines hijle Ellen
Ach nj hajrrinne vo luyh
Hugg ead rouhar lea launthu
Ho-jrd im magh i ratrejt
Lea kajrtt eiggine slea ainthoine.

VI.

Cha di noissie leo edin
Ho-ird di rebelldu gratheill
Ach to jrd fo cheile
Lea bejmb skeih agas claijh
Ach gin gaiphe ead ratrejt
Lea reish chon nj hauthne
Sgi dagjh leo ceidin
Si trejpe oid no ly.

VII.

Bj lijnor si nouhre oid
Cory i glousid sea loijnt
Keijn, aidd, agus grouggin
Ferr gin chlousin gin chora
Cha chleunt and i zeve
Ach, alleise [agas] vo is me
Quarters for Jesus
Bi veirle ghaij con-thie.

VIII.

Ma hjmbchle nj hauhne
Bi ghailhoile in leirsh
Roh nj mijltive no ly
Ha aind fathist gin nerie
Va quijd deu gin lauhne
Beoile ri flahis gevighk
Sno mairrig in lah
Ni ghajg nirr claij gi bejg ghaij.

Gimb.

The following is a modern Gaelic rendering of a few of the preceding verses taken from Dr. Henderson's "*Leabhar nan Gleann*," page 278.

Air "Mackay" s e gu seòlt
Ann an òrdugh "bhatallion"
Le mhiltibh de shlòghraidh
S a shròilte ri crannaibh
Ga b'e chitheadh am fuathas
B'e sid uair dha go fhaighinn,
Fras pheilearaibh luaidhe
Le mòr fhuaim nan "cannon."

Iomadh òganach suairce
Thuit san uair ud gu talamh
Do dh'uailsibh Chlainn Dómhnuill
Chlainn Chamroin s shìol Alain;
Ach na thearuinn bho luaidh
Thug iad ruathar le lannaibh
Thoirt a mach an ratréut
Le ceart éiginn s le h-ain-deoin.

Cha do shnosadh leò eudann
Thoirt do réubaldaibh grathail
Ach toirt fo chéile
Le beum-sgeith agus claidheamh
Ach gun ghabh iad ratréut
Le réis chon na h-abhna
S gu d'fhàgadh leo ceudan
San t-sréip ud na'n laighe.

Duncan Macrae—"*Donnacha nam Pìos*"—to whose industry and perseverance we are indebted for this literary treasure, had a tragic end. "His wife," says Professor MacKinnon, "was heiress of Raasay; but she, more zealous for the dignity of her own clan than that of her husband, secretly conveyed the title-deeds of Raasay to a relative of her own, and deprived the Macrae's of the lands. Duncan Macrae prospered notwithstanding. He bought the lands of Affaric from the Chisholms, and went to the east country to complete the titles. His attendant on the occasion possessed an unfortunate gift, known as '*An Eòlas Aoin*'' or '*Eòlas na h-Aoine*,' by which he could cause the death of anyone seen by him crossing a stream upon a Friday. When returning from the east country with the title deeds of Affaric, it is said, in his possession, Macrae and his attendant attempted to cross the river Connag at Dorisduan. The river was in flood. The attendant crossed safely, and thinking that his master had also gained the bank he turned his averted eyes upon him, when the flood carried the chief to a swirling pool. Strong saplings grew upon the edge of the pool, by the help of which Macrae could swing himself on solid ground; but ever and anon the attendant was constrained to look in his direction when he instantly dropped into the water. The chief was drowned, by which accident," says the family historian, "the family lost much property by the destruction of bonds and other papers he had by him." A pibroch called "*Cumha Dhonnachaidh nam Pìos*" was composed upon the occasion, two lines of which run—

'S grianach an là, hó!
Thainig lighe anns an abhuinn, hì!

We commend to our readers a careful perusal of the articles referred to giving details of the contents of this MS. as well as much that is interesting regarding its compiler, and we have no doubt they will agree with the conclusion arrived at by Professor MacKinnon: "Altogether the Fernaig Manuscript appears to me to be an important contribution to our stock of Gaelic Literature. The political and religious intelligence, the devout and tolerent spirit, the strong sense and literary power displayed by the various writers in rude and turbulent times, are creditable to our people, while the enlightened compiler is a Highland chief of whom not only the Macraes, but all his countrymen may well be proud."

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Handsome Donation to the Highland War Fund.

SOME time ago we had the honour to receive a letter from Mr. Archibald Campbell, president of the Celtic Society of New York, stating that his society had collected a sum of about £40 which the members desired to remit through the *Celtic Monthly*, and wished to know before remitting if we would be willing to accept it for the relief of the dependents of our Highland soldiers who had been killed or wounded at the front. We need hardly say that we were only too proud to be entrusted with such a duty, and lost no time in saying so to our patriotic countrymen in New York. A bank draft for £40 19s. 8d. has just reached us, accompanied by an interesting letter from the worthy president. The donation we have handed over to the Highland Societies' War Fund, with a suggestion that it be spent entirely in the Highlands. The following is Mr. Campbell's letter:—

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 20th inst., and can only thank you very sincerely for undertaking the task of forwarding the money to the proper parties. I am sure I can speak for the society when I say that we feel highly flattered by your kind tribute paid to our society in your letter, and I am still more certain that I speak for our members when I say that we all deem it a privilege to be able in any way to alleviate the suffering or cheer the hearts of those of our countrymen who have experienced such heavy losses through the cruel ravages of war. I cannot tell you how proud I feel at receiving your very kind letter; how pleasant it is to think that we have kinsmen across the seas who are all working for the same object, trying to draw the Celtic race closer together and keep alive the grand old traditions of our forefathers before the world. You would be astonished if you were here to see the enthusiasm that is kept up amongst the Highlanders. Truly, absence from home makes the heart grow fonder, and we all long to see another sight of the grand old hills.

It is very kind of you to have publicity given to our efforts, and we can only thank you again and again, and still feel our gratitude but poorly expressed. Enclosed you will find draft for £40 19s. 8d.—Yours very truly, A. CAMPBELL.

BEANNACHD DHEIREANNACH AN EILTHIRICH.

(Translated from "Clàrsach nam Beann, "page 23.)

The emigrant's bark o'er the blue waves was bounding,
And the shores of auld Scotia were fading from view;
The voice of the watch through the storm-blast was sounding,
"All hands, of your country and homes take adieu."
Still in auld Donald's breast burned a Gael's devotion,
Though bitter and sad in his heart the emotion,
As fast 'neath the waves of the dark rolling ocean
From his gaze the loved land of his childhood withdrew.

O Scotia, he sighed, with heart-breaking emotion,
I leave thy fair hills for a shore distant far;
For the greed of red gold o'er the waves of the ocean,
That race whose bright steel never failed thee in war,
Whose name is entwined with each legend and story,
Where thy claymore in battle won honour and glory,
Are swept from their homes in the glen and the corrie
As the blast of the North hurls the mist from the scaur.

How changed from the days when our chiefs gathered round them,
True loyal hearts 'mid the pibroch's wild strains,
Who for their chiefs e'er a foeman could wound them,
With the best of their hearts' blood have crimsoned the glens.
But those heroes now sleep 'neath the sod of the valleys,
To whom the leal hearts were a pride and a solace,
Who ne'er would desert for the gay southern palace,
The gray mossy tower 'mid the wild craggy bens.

Has Scotia forgotten each legend and story
Of the men who ne'er failed her on foray or field,
And gave not to her arms but prestage and glory,
When called for her honour the claymore to wield?
Who stood for her freedom through battles and sieges,
Whose deeds have adorned and emblazoned her pages,
Who ne'er through the storms and the conflict of ages,
Left a blot on her name or a stain on her shield.

Proud land of the moorlands and storm-swept mountains,
Of glen and of corries, of craigs and of carns,
Of clear wimpling burnies and cool crystal fountains,
Of braes and of forests, of lochs and of tarns,
Who now since snell ruin thy sons has o'ertaken,
Will the sweet weird strains of thy wild harp awaken
In thy bonnie green glens and thy corries forsaken,
While exiled in sorrow the Gaelic heart mourns.

O far from my thoughts when I roamed o'er the heather,
Culling gaily in youth's happy hour from each store
The pleasures of life with heart light as a feather,
That I as an exile would leave thy loved shore.
The wee cot in the corrie, the home of my sires,
Where for ages blazed bright on its hearthstones their fires,
But all hope to return in my bosom expires,
And the graves of my sires I shall view nevermore.

Though the stars in the blue lift shine bright and unclouded,
Yet gloamin' has mantled the mountains in gloom,
And thy dun hills for aye from my vision are shrouded
Sweet land of the song where the heatherbells bloom.
The stars in their course through the blue vault of heaven,
A glint of thy hills on each evening are given,
But an exile for aye from thy shores I am driven,
And to view thee no more is my heart-breaking doom.

Proud queen of the ocean farewell, but remember,
When boldly thy foemen are gathering afar
Thy power to defy and thy empire dismember,
Vain, vain will the call be o'er mountain and scaur
For the steel of the race o'er the ocean waves driven,
Whose homes and whose land to the stranger are given,
Who from shieling and cot without pity are riven,
That race who ne'er blenched on the red fields of war.

Loved land of my sires though I leave thee forever,
No hand can e'er sever the strange wizard spell
That binds my auld heart to thy dun hills of heather,
Where swells the wild pibroch and blooms the bluebell.
Sweir, sweir do we part, proud land of the ocean,
And still in my heart burns the warmest devotion,
As I bid to thy shores with heart-breaking emotion,
Loved land of my childhood, for-ever farewell.

OHIO, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

PENMORE, ISLAND OF MULL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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VOLUME IX.

WE have no sensational announcement to make in connection with the new volume, which commences with our next number. The *Celtic Monthly* enjoys a circulation and popularity which no former Highland magazine ever attained, and we do not think that at its present very moderate price its attractiveness could be much enhanced. We receive many letters from readers at home and abroad congratulating us on the excellence of the *Celtic*. Our subscribers in distant lands are particularly flattering in their remarks, and often assure us that they look forward to the arrival of the magazine each month with the greatest interest, and that their copy is usually passed from hand to hand until it returns to its owner in a very tattered condition. Encouraged with these assurances we feel that we could not do better than continue our ninth volume on the "old lines," and hope to make it, if possible, even more attractive than its predecessors.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We will only be able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It will make a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

A JACOBITE GAELIC SONG.

THE following is a translation of a portion of a well-known Jacobite song beginning—

"A Chlanna nan Gàidheal
Dha 'm b 'àbhaist 'bhi rìoghail,
Ho ró, togaibh an àird!"

The author of the song was Alexander MacDonald (Alasdair Mac Aonghais) son of MacDonald of Achatriachadan in Glencoe. He was born about 1665. Although eighty years of age, in 1745 he joined Prince Charles. He did not live to return to his native glen; he died at Dunblane and was buried there. The translation was discovered inside a copy of Stewart's collection of Gaelic songs (1804) which we possess.

ROUSING SONG TO THE GAELS.

Clans of the Gael,
Royal of yore,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Follow your Prince
Like the dearest of kinsmen,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Follow him ev'ry man,
Wait not, delay not,
Think not of danger:
But trusting in Christ,
Actively, forwardly,
Stormily onward,
Armed for the combat;
Let there be merriment on your long journey,
May you have ardour and fierceness for exploits,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

On leaving the hamlet
All will be over.
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Parting from wives and from homes,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
On nearing the conflict
Let each man be two men,
Stretched be each arm,
Each heart like a lion:
Daringly, sternly,
Deftly, with boldness,
O may each field be won,
Ever victorious;
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

Let not your flesh tremble
At sound of the powder,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Nor change come upon you
At sight of the muskets dark blue,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
When that sound is over
Then vanishes danger and hurt;
Be ye in clusters,
As is ever your custom,
Patient each brave one—
Piercing and dealing blows
Mightily, herd-like,
Until the enemy cannot withstand you
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY.

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART IX.

The Rev. Dr. Ross informs Glengarry of his privileges.—Glengarry issues a presentation to Rev. Dr. Macintyre for the parish and is supported by Campbell of Ardchattan.—Duke of Gordon contests the right and lawsuit follows.—Gordon of Glenbucket's Inventory of Deeds saves the property to the Macdonells.—Cumberland destroys all the title deeds of the family by the burning of Invergarry Castle in 1746.—Disposition, charter and resignation of the patronage, tiends, and vicarage of Ardchattan in favour of Glengarry.

THE Duke of Gordon had, without protest, presented the learned Dr. Thomas Ross to the parish in the year 1776, as did John Macdonell of Glengarry, Mr. John Skeldoch in 1725. Dr. Ross was very much about Glengarry, and so frequent a visitor at Invergarry House that he had a bedroom specially reserved for himself, and he it was who in all probability told Glengarry of his family's rights which had fallen into desuetude. In any case, upon Dr. Ross' death on 15th October, 1822, Glengarry issued a presentation to the worthy Dr. John

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LOCHAN, GLENKINGIE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Macintyre, who had been a tutor in his family. With Dr. Macintyre, and his famous Blarour teacher, Mr. James Munro, I, in early life, had the honour of being acquainted.

The Duke of Gordon also issued a presentation which brought matters to a point. Upon an investigation of his titles, Campbell of Ardchattan became satisfied that the right had been alienated by his predecessors to the Glengarry family, and declared his willingness to associate himself now with Glengarry in vindicating the right. Naturally the Duke of Gordon, who nearly fifty years before had himself presented the late incumbent, declined to recognise the legal right of Glengarry, and the business went into court. For a time the issue was doubtful, as Glengarry had great difficulty in establishing that his predecessor, Lord Macdonell and Aros—who being a Roman Catholic, was debarred from presenting parish ministers directly, or indeed at one period from personally holding the property—had either paid a price, or received a disposition, or been infeft in the property. The loss of the Glengarry papers in

1745-46 seemed to have included the necessary missing documents. Stimulated by Glengarry's determination to conquer the Duke of Gordon, for their own credit, Glengarry's law agents, assisted by Ardchattan, exerted themselves with an assiduity which ultimately proved successful. The story is best told in the last of the Glengarry legal papers, dated January, 1828, and shows that the care of Gordon of Glenbucket, himself a Catholic—in so fully narrating the nature of the deeds in an Inventory of Titles, prepared in 1744, fortunately itself escaping destruction after Culloden, and only just discovered—saved this estate to the Glengarry family, although Colonel Macdonell himself did not survive the pronouncing of a favourable decree. The Duke of Gordon died two years previously.

This latest paper in the cause bears that John Campbell, second of Ardchattan, son of the Commendator, Alexander Campbell, appears to have lived to a very considerable age. Long prior to his death he granted a charter of Kilmonivaig in favour of Archibald Campbell, his eldest son and heir. In the year 1675, he, John, with consent of his son and grandson, conveyed the patronage in favour of Donald Macdonell, brother german of Eneas, Lord Macdonell and Aros, the then Glengarry, for behoof of his Lordship. The reason of the conveyance having been taken to Donald, the brother, was that Lord Macdonell was a Roman Catholic. The conveyance itself, and the other papers in relation to it, are not now extant, in consequence of the whole title deeds of the family having been destroyed by the burning of the castle of Invergarry in 1746, by the troops under the command of His Royal Highness The Duke of Cumberland; but that such deeds did exist as well as the import of them, is proved beyond the possibility of doubt by an original inventory of the titles of Glengarry, made up in the year 1744, by John Gordon of Glenbucket, then factor and manager for Glengarry, and who appears to have been for sometime custodier of the title deeds of the family. The inventory is entitled—"Inventory of the rights of lands, belonging to John Gordon of Glenbucket as follows." Attached to the inventory there is this docquet.—"St. Bridget, 28th January, 1744. Received all the papers from John Gordon of Glenbucket contained within the eleven preceding pages. In witness whereof I have subscribed this my holograph, place and date above mentioned.—(Signed) John M'Donell of Glengarry." The correctness and authenticity of this inventory made at so remote a period, and when no sinister object could possibly have been in view, must therefore be beyond all doubt.

This inventory contains a special enumeration of a great many titles in relation to the conveyance granted by the above John Campbell of Ardchattan to the Macdonells of Glengarry of his patronage of Kilmonivaig. Amongst others are the following entries:—

Item. Principal disposition by John Campbell of Ardchattan, with consent of his sons and grandchild therein mentioned, to Donald Macdonald, brother german to Eneas, Lord Macdonell, of the patronage of the church of Kilmonivaig, teinds, vicarage and parsonage of the same, and teinds of the salmon and other fishings of the said parish, containing an obligement upon Mr. Alexander and Duncan Campbell, sons of the said Ardchattan, because of his said grandchild's minority, whereby they obliged themselves that he shall ratify the said disposition after his minority, etc., dated 29th April, 1675.

Item. Charter thereon by this Ardchattan, *eo die*.

Item. Instrument of resignation upon the disposition in the hands of the Lords of Exchequer, dated 16th July, 1675.

Item. Two principal agreements betwixt Ardchattan and Lord Macdonell, whereby Ardchattan dispones the bye-gone teinds, both parsonage and vicarage of the said parish, preceding the year 1673, in favour of Lord Macdonell.

The pursuers in the action (Ardchattan and Glengarry) have not been able to discover any evidence of a crown charter having actually been

From Photo by [*E. E. Henderson, Govan.*

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passed upon the above instrument of resignation. But there is a writing which proves to perfect demonstration not merely that the transaction was completed, but that this sale of the patronage was made to Donald Macdonell for behoof of his brother, Lord Macdonell, the representative of the family of Glengarry; that is—A bond by Eneas, Lord Macdonell, to the seller, John Campbell of Ardchattan, for the balance of the purchase money which bears date, the last day of April, 1675, the very day subsequent to the date of the disposition.

The inventory further contains various writs relative to the full and final settlement of the price, showing that the balance was paid at different times, partly in cattle and partly in money, the following entries being the latest:—

Item. Registered obligation by Glengarry to Ardchattan for £921 0s. 8d. Scots, dated 6th December, 1684, with another by Glengarry to Ardchattan for thirty cows, of the same date, both registered at Edinburgh, 22nd January, 1695.

Item. Principal discharge by Ardchattan to Glengarry of the said two obligations, dated 15th November, 1708. And so Glengarry made good his case.

Glengarry, as I have said, died shortly before judgment was pronounced, and the estates being greatly embarrassed, this patronage with Glengarry and Glen Quoich estates was, within less than ten years, lost to the family.

I conclude the references to the titularity of Kilmonivaig by giving the names of the occupants of the parish, payment of whose tiends were enforced by Ardchattan, with the assistance of the Keppoch of the day, in the year 1634, viz:—

Donald Glas McRanald in Fersit, John McInnes Vc Donill Vc Gorrie in Munessie, Duncan Beg McDarchie Vc Eanvane there, Duncan McChombich there, Archibald McInnes Vc Ean Dow in Clyanik, Donald Glas McRannald younger there, Ranald McDonill Glais Vc Rannald in Achaneich, Rorie McDonchie Vc Eanvoir in Bothrawie, Dougall McDonill there, Marie nein Innes Vc Allister, widow in Achnacothine, Gilpatrik Dow there, Ewin McEwin Vc Eachin in Achachar, Tawose McEan Roy there, Ewin McInnes Vc Donill there, Dougall McAllester Vc Donill in Inverlair, John McEwin Vc Ean Vc Donill there, Alexander McRannald na Hinsch in Insch, Angus McDonill Vc Inis there, Neill, his brother, there, Allester McInnes Vc Allester in Calshomand, Duncan McEwin Dow in Innachan, Ewin McEwin Vc Chynish there, Allester Vc Donill Vc Allester there, Margaret nein Allester Vc Ean Vc Innes in Brekletter, Angus McNeill, her son, there, Ewin McEan Vc Donill Vc Neill in Lenachanbeg, Donald McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Neill in Lenachanmoir, Gillandreis McEan Vc Gillandris there, Neill Oig McEan Dow there, Duncan, his brother, there, and others there, Donald McEwin Vc Donill in Lindally, Ewin McDonill Vc Allester in Achandaill, Finlay McDonill Roy, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean Vc Eachin and others there, Angus McAllane Voir Vc Ean Twaich in Innerlochay, Paull McDonill Vc Phaill there, John McDonill Vc Ean Volliche there, William Cattich there, Ewin McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Allane in Tirlundie, Ewin Vc Allane Vc Ewin Vc Ean in Tomcharrich, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean our in Tomleik, Donald McWilliame Vc Donill our in Stronbeg, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean our there, Paull McDonill Vc Allan in Brenachan, Allester McInnes Vc Ean Dow in Daldunderik, Gorrie and Donald his brother, Allester Oig McRannald in Bohuntin-a-choille-a, John McInnes Vc Donill Vc Gorrie there, Rannald Oig McRannald in Keppoche, Angus McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Innes in Innerroybeg, Ewin McJames Vc Awe there, Finlay McJames there, Allester Oig Vc Ean Vc Allester Dow in Achaderry, Sorle McDonill Vc Innes in Achaderry, Angus McDonill Vc Gow there, John McInnes Vc Gillechallum in Uruchareoin, Archibald, his brother, there, John McInnes Dow in Bohinie, Murreich McAllane Vc Ewin in Innerroymoir, Allester McDonill in Gleneves, John Roy McDonill Vc Allane in Bonchaiskie, Katherine nein Donchie Vc Innes in Achanaconn, Allester McDonill Dow there, John McDonill Vc Allester in Bar, Gorrie McAllester in Glenfyndrik, severally accused of spoliation in 1631 and 1632 of the small teinds of the parish of Kilmonivaig.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HIGHLANDERS:

By John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford.

Affection of foster-brothers.—Sir Ewen Cameron's life saved.—Ewen Macmillan's affection for Colonel Sir John Cameron of Fassiefern.—The Laird of Coll.—Mackays and Sinclairs: another apron for Neil.—The Macleans at Inverkeithing: another for Hector.—Macnaughton is true to his trust.—£1000 offered for Cluny's apprehension.—£30,000 reward fails to tempt the Highlanders to betray Prince Charlie.—Attachment of Highlanders to their chiefs.—Highland Regiments.—80,000 join the army.—Evictions, cruel and ungenerous.

(Continued from page 206.)

THERE was another powerful tie between chiefs, chieftains, and the commonalty—the custom of fosterage. It was an ordinary habit if a chief had a large family of sons to send them to be reared in the family of one of these cadets, or tacksmen, and the same habit was commonly practised in the family of the tacksmen, sending one of its sons to be reared in the family of a respectable clansman. The family so honoured by chief or tacksman was ever after bound in mutual affection and brotherhood. Foster-brotherhood was a bond that in many cases proved stronger than the natural. Many a foster-brother sacrificed his life to save his superior. The gallant old chief of the Cameron Clan, Sir Ewen, at the battle

of Killiecrankie, owed his life to his foster-brother's quick eye in observing a deadly blow aimed at his chief in the tumult and confusion of the attack. He stepped in front of him and received several mortal wounds. Numerous instances of this undying affection are recorded of officers in the Highland regiments being saved from danger and death by this grand feeling, fidelity in a foster-brother. Who has not heard of Ewen Macmillan's fidelity to his foster-brother, the gallant Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, at the battle of St. Pierre, and his devotion to him when he died a soldier's death at Quatre Bras:—

"Where Cameron heard the wild hurra!
Of victory as he fell."

One chief was distinguised from another, not by his wealth, or splendour of equipage, or dress, but by the number of followers and the number of guests he entertained. What his retainers gave him was spent amongst them in the kindest and most liberal manner. At the "Big House," or Castle, every individual was made welcome, and was treated according to his station, with a courtesy, and regard to his feelings unknown in any other country.

Dr. Johnson, in his tour in the Hebrides, thus describes a meeting of the young laird of Coll with some of his retainers. "Wherever we roved, we were pleased to see the reverence with which his subjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dress. His only distinction was a feather in his bonnet, but as soon as he appeared they forsook their work and clustered about him; he took them by the hand, and they seemed mutually delighted. He has the proper disposition of a chieftain, and seems desirous to continue the customs of his house. The bagpiper played regularly when dinner was served. His person and dress made a good appearance, and he brought no disgrace upon the family of Rankin, which has long supplied the lairds of Coll with hereditary pipers."

This condescension, while it raised clansmen in their own estimation and drew closer the ties between them and their superiors, seldom tempted them to use any improper familiarities. They believed themselves well born, and were taught to respect themselves in the respect they showed to the chief and their superiors, and thus, instead of complaining of the difference of station and fortune, or considering a ready obedience to their chieftain's call as a slavish oppression, they felt convinced that they were supporting his honour in showing their gratitude to the generous head of the family. Hence, the Highlanders, whom more savage nations called "savage," carried in the outward expression of their manners the politeness of courts, without their vices, and in their bosoms the high point of honour, without its follies.

The reciprocal ties which connected the chief and his clan were almost indissoluble. Numberless instances of the fidelity, thus engendered, of clansmen and others whom they respected, might be adduced. In a conflict between the Mackays and Sinclairs a mother accompanied her five sons, all good swordsmen, to see that they behaved like men, and to tend them if wounded. The expected fight took place. The chief, to show his men a good example, fought in front. The Sinclairs almost surrounded him. The Amazon, seeing the unequal combat, sent one of her sons to the assistance of his chief; he fell, when she called to another to go forward, exclaiming, "aparan ur air beul-thaobh Neil" (a fresh apron in front of Neil).

This is the counterpart of a similar episode in the battle of Inverkeithing, where the chief of the Macleans, Sir Hector Roy of the battles, was hard pressed by Cromwell's soldiers. Seven Macleans, it is said, one after another fell in front of their brave chief defending him from the pikes of the Englishmen. He, and they, fell with their backs to the field, their feet to the foe. Urged on by their affection for their chief and their fidelity to his service, as one fell the other came forward with the cry, "another in front of Hector." Unhappily their prowess, their devotion, their fidelity in this instance was unavailing, though it was true to the death, and those phrases still remain in the memory of those clans to the present time as watchwords, and reminiscences of heroic devotion, and fidelity to the trust they asked, and no doubt promised and vowed to defend.

Many other instances of incorruptible fidelity might be adduced amounting to heroism of the highest type, and almost incredible fidelity to trust, were they not well authenticated. A Menzies clansman, though a Macnaughton, was sent to Edinburgh with a horse for Prince Charlie. Reaching that city he found that the Prince and his army had left for Carlisle and England. His orders were to deliver the horse to the Prince, and to no other. He followed in the track of the army and reached Carlisle, where on making some inquiry he found it had left, and being suspected he was taken prisoner. He told his captors the horse was for the Prince. They tried to make him disclose who sent the horse. He refused to say, as it might implicate his master. They threatened to hang him, but he still refused, and was led to the gallows. He was again pressed to disclose who sent the horse, and asked if he was serious in his refusal. He asked his captors if they were serious in supposing him to be such a villain, and forget his master and the trust he reposed in him. If

he did, he could never return to his native Glenlyon. Sad it is to record that the brave, faithful fellow was executed, sealing the trust reposed in him with his life.

Hundreds of the Macpherson Clan, after Culloden's dark day, knew where Cluny hid himself in the mountains of Badenoch for the long space of nine years, yet, for nine long years, hunted like a wild animal of prey, with a reward of £1000 for his apprehension, dead or alive, no Macpherson was base enough to betray the secret, and Cluny lived to escape to France, where he died within a few years from the privations he endured in his lengthened concealment.

All know of the marvellous escape of Prince Charlie himself, and although £30,000 were offered by the government of the day for his apprehension, even for his head, no Highlander, amongst the many who knew him, and into whose hands he was obliged to place himself, no one of high degree or low degree was found to be so base as to betray his Prince, all their thoughts were concentrated upon assisting him to escape. Even the so-called seven robbers of Glenmorriston shielded him, found him such food as was within their reach for several days, and one of them conducted him to another safe retreat. Robbers they were called then; we call them men of honour of the highest loyalty, of the greatest fidelity, shedding a blaze of the most honourable renown on the Highland character. Their own lives were at stake in preserving the life of their Prince, and they saved too, the British Government from committing a deed, however justifiable by law, that would rebound to its everlasting discredit in the story of the country.

The forfeiture of so many Highland Estates in 1716 and 1746, led to singular acts of devoted fidelity on the part of clansmen and impoverished tenantry. Their estates were administered by crown officers, and the rents paid into the exchequer. The devoted and faithful tenants, while they paid the government rent by the left hand, also paid over, by the right hand, to the factors, as much as ever they possible could, to be sent to France to their exiled chiefs who managed to escape to that land of refuge. All honour to those brave men who risked their lives and their homesteads in obedience to what they considered their bounden duty, in asserting their ideas of affection, devotion, loyalty and fidelity to superiors who trusted them, and whom they and their ancestors respected for generations.

Were any further exemplification of the attachment and fidelity of Highlanders to their chiefs and families necessary to be related, it is found in the celerity with which regiments after regiments were raised in the Highlands and Islands for the service of their country and the credit of their clans and chiefs. The force and strength of that disinterested fidelity that spurred on the Highlanders to follow their chiefs to the field and to the cannon's mouth, and produced displays of national feeling and intrepidity which have procured for them a name and a character never to be forgotten in the story of their country, and throughout the world, so long as bravery in the field is admired, and good conduct in quarters is appreciated. The Highland soldier in the past was second to none and superior to many. The promptitude and zeal with which they formerly adopted the quarrels of their chiefs and obeyed the slightest signal for action were now displayed on behalf of the government, when the seven years' war broke out, and other wars that followed in its wake. Highlanders in their thousands enlisted at the call of some favourite chief, or some favourite captain they knew. The scene was extraordinary; it was such as Sir Walter Scott described in the Lady of the Lake, in the "Gathering" canto. Were there not upwards of eighty thousand men raised in the Highlands, north of the Clyde and the Tay, in defence of the country from 1756.to 1816, besides numberless reinforcements for the fighting regiments as fast as they were depleted by the casualities of war? These soldiers, by their loyalty and fidelity to their country's honour, acquired immortal renown for themselves, and shed an effulgent glory on the land of their birth.

Is it not lamentable to reflect that such devoted, disinterested services, such loyalty and fidelity, should afterwards be disregarded by chiefs and chieftains—and above all, by the government of the king and country; that the atrocious Highland Clearances were permitted by the government of King George at the time these gallant soldiers were fighting the battles of their country, and winning victories for it in every clime—in India, Egypt, America, Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, Netherlands, Cape of Good Hope, and the West Indies? Their parents, relations, and friends, were driven away from their ancient abodes to find a refuge in the wilds of America, or go whither they would list, to make room for four-footed animals; driven from lands their brawny arms had defended from many an enemy, and preserved for their chiefs for many centuries, and fought for in many a sanguinary conflict. This astonishing ingratitude is a dark and signal stain on otherwise bright escutcheons. The love of gold dimmed the sense of affection and gratitude for the brightest sense of fidelity that an inferior could show to a superior, or that a subject could evince towards the government of his country. The

Highland Emigrant's prognostication has come to pass :—

" Ach feudaidh caochladh teachd ri am,
'S gu 'n iarrar sinn air feadh nam beann,
Ach beann no gleann cha toir a h-aon
A leanas armunn dh' ionnsuidh 'n raon."

(Concluded).

JOHN SINCLAIR, SHEPHERD.

A True Caithness Story.

THE call had come to John Sinclair, and he hesitated. To most men it would have seemed the chance of a lifetime, but to John it only appeared as the putting away of his old happy life of freedom, and the entering on a new untried phase, for which he felt himself singularly unfitted. It was a generous enough offer to educate him for the ministry, with a suggestion of all that influence could do for him after his college career if he acquitted himself well.

Had the offer come ten years earlier, when John, head of Standard Six, was just about to leave school, there would have been no hesitation; he would have accepted the offer with the gratitude which, no doubt, it deserved. But since that time he had dreamed dreams and seen visions. The shepherd, perhaps, sees nature in more moods and aspects than most people, and, generally, either regards her with indifference, or merely from a weatherly point of view. With John it had been otherwise. He loved the moorlands over which he had wandered with his collies, and he knew every bird that made its home there; every boulder of the rock-strewn hills of Ross-shire and Skye were familiar to him; every loch in Sutherland; and every inch of the bleak, wind-swept moors of Caithness. Perhaps he ought to have been a poet or an artist, but circumstances had made a shepherd of him, and he had the reputation of being both "skilly" and "canny" in his calling.

No one could have realized more fully than he did himself how singularly unfitted he was to be a "shepherd of souls," and yet he hesitated. There is in the Scotch character a desire to rise in the world, which may be, according to circumstances, either a blessing or a curse. This ambition makes such men as Macdonald of Omdurman, but it also makes not a few of our land-agitators and some of our sticket ministers. The ambitious side of John's nature might have lain dormant forever, overshadowed by his dreams and his love of nature, had it not been awakened by this offer from his uncle, the fish-curer.

He stood now by one of those deep fissures, locally termed "goes," which indent the coast of Caithness. His mind might have been compared to the white-topped breakers which seethed and foamed many feet below him, in such a misery of doubt and uncertainty was he. Philosopher enough to know that "contentment is better than riches," he yet questioned would he be contented to live the old life again knowing what he had rejected. And again up rose the visions of moonlit nights, the tender radiance of Summer sunrises, the gorgeous splendour of late sunsets, the shy awakening of Spring on the hills, and the golden glory of Autumn.

"I cannot leave it all," said John.

"Aye," said John's other self, "but if you had more education you could write about it all and put it in a book."

"Nay," said John, "it seems as if that would be something like leaving the substance for the shadow."

And so he argued back and forth, without coming any nearer to a decision, until the afternoon was far advanced. Then, like a flash of light, an inspiration came to him. A few months before he had been shepherding near Brubster, and he had been used towards sunset to walk over to Isauld to watch the sun disappear in the Atlantic. Often he was late and only saw the after glory; often, too, a grey evening came and he saw nothing but grey clouds and grey sea, and Hoy itself only appearing like a grey line of mist on the horizon. But sometimes John would surmount the last incline to see the sun just kiss the ocean, and the whole western sky and sea light up with such a transcendent radiance as surely is only seen where sun and water meet on the horizon.

John took out his watch; he made a rapid calculation and found that he had just time to walk to Loch Brubster and back before sunset.

"Now," said John, half aloud, "if I get back before the sun touches the sea I'll stay as I am; if otherwise, I'll be a minister."

He had a vague undefined idea that he was leaving the case in the hands of Providence, and that he was no longer responsible for the shaping of his own life.

Now, as every Reay man knows well, Brubster is a good step from Isauld, and John found on his return journey that he had considerably over-estimated his walking powers. The last half-mile he took at a run. He had no time to think, but his fixed idea was to reach the top of the incline 'ere the sun touched the waves. Hot, dusty, panting, he pressed on with eyes half-closed. At the brow of the eminence he stopped, then with a great and

bitter cry he threw his arms above his head. The sun was below the horizon, and the sea was like liquid fire; the western sky was of the same radient effulgence.

"It is done," said John, and turning his back on the glory of crimson and gold, with head bent and eyes fixed earthwards, he went home.

* * *

John did well at College. He made no friends; he was too much used to his own society to wish to make any. Indeed, he worked so hard that he would have had no time to be sociable had his inclinations lain in that way. Moreover, he worked to allay the hungry yearning for the old life of fresh air and freedom. Every night he dreamt of the hills and moors; the cry of the pee-wit came to him in his dreams, plaintive, pleading, like some spirit urging him to return to all that had made life pleasant to him; he seemed to hear the bleat of the ewes with their young running beside them, and the bark of his collies keeping good watch.

Once, whilst walking through one of the side streets of the "grey city," he saw a linnet imprisoned in a cage and fluttering against its prison bars. He gazed a moment, and then opened the door and let the little captive fly.

What he did in his vacations I do not know, most probably he worked as hard as he did in term time. That he did not return to the North is certain; had he done so there would have been nothing more to tell, for he would never have returned to College. As it was he left when his time was up with flying colours, taking the second prize in the Logic class and the third in Moral Philosophy.

"Weel done, John," said his uncle, "I've no fear but you'll do the family credit."

The fish-curer was wealthy and much respected; by his influence John was, in due course, appointed assistant to the minister of H—, a manufacturing town in Lothian.

And now began a time of trial and humiliation for him. The society in which he found himself was a tea-party and soiree giving one, and the task of handing about cakes and making small talk was one for which neither nature nor up-bringing had fitted him. The matrons tried to be motherly to him, but his curt manner, born of shyness, repelled them; and it is only just to state that their daughters did not laugh at the young minister until his gaucherie compelled them to do so.

And his efforts in his spiritual duties were not marked with any greater success. His sermons were full of quotations from the ancients, and he had a flow of eloquence which pleased a certain class of his hearers, but for spiritual good they were as barren as a field of dry stubble.

At this time John possessed one friend, an old man, who in his young days had been, in a small way, a taxidermist, and who still earned a slender livelihood by occasionally practicing his craft. A few dusty and moth-eaten specimens of his handiwork adorned one side of the little workshop, but the remaining walls were hung with cages, whose occupants were canaries.

"You seem fond of birds," said John, one day.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old man, slowly, "fond I am of burds an' that's why I keep nocht but canaries. There's a use for everything, sir, an' a place for everything, an' everything for its ain place; an' I've thocht mony an' mony a time that the Almichty provided canaries for cages that we michtna seek to catch the wild mavies an' lavoracks an' pen them up. Do ye see my meaning, sir?"

"Yes," said John, slowly, "I think I do. But suppose you catch a wild linnet, and give it a gilded cage and seed and sugar, is it not only fair that you should expect it to sing for you, and—and—to do you credit?"

"Na, na," said Sandy, looking John through and through with his keen old eyes, "na, na, ma freen', the linnet wud be a fule if it didna mak' its escape on the meenit the cage-door was opened, an' soar awa' back to the free life for whilk the good Lord made it."

Sandy was a member of the Free Church. A Ross-shire man he had, as a devoted adherent of the great Dr. Macdonald, "come out" in the Disruption of '43. He had indeed seen stirring times in Ferintosh, and many an anecdote he related to John of the Apostle of the North and other men who had left their comfortable manses and glebes for conscience sake. And John, listening, wondered if such an option had been given him would he have had the determination and courage to follow the dictates of conscience; he dared not answer his own thoughts.

At last he came out with all that was in his heart, and told Sandy of his call to the ministry; of his hesitation, of his final acceptance, of his college life, of his present difficulties, and of his knowledge, growing clearer daily, of his unfittedness for his position.

"You see," he ended, "it was like a bargain between my uncle and me; he gave me the money for my education and I was to be a credit to him."

"Man, man," said Sandy, "think o' yer Maker first an' yer uncle aifter! Were ye not ashamed to tak' the solemn vows on ye for sich a motive? Can ye stand up in the pulpit ilka

Sabbath an' preach Christ, not for His sake, but that ye may be a credit to yer uncle? When ye were oot on the lanely muir, when ye were roamin' on the hillside, ye were walking wi' yer God; an' when ye sang in the blitheness o' yer hairt ye were praisin' Him as weel as ony o' the linties aroon' ye. 'Deed, man, I can only compare ye tae a puir bullfinch in a cage that's forgotten its native sang for a tuppenny tune learnt it by its maister. Gang back, lad, gang back tae the wurk yer fitted for, an' remember that ye canna serve God an' Mammon."

When he had finished speaking John left the shop without a word. Nor did he return for some days. During that time he struggled between a sense of grievance against his old friend and a knowledge of how right was Sandy's opinion of him.

After all, in what way could he be said to be fitted for the ministry? He knew, the knowledge had been growing in him for some time and he now confessed it to himself with shame, that he had no special convictions. When he had been out all day with Nature he had felt the care of Nature's God around him; since he had left his simple pastoral life for a more artificial one he knew that he had himself also changed, although, perhaps, he could scarcely have defined in what way, so slow was it and subtle. His prayers were the vain repetitions of the heathen, and his preaching but vacant chaff. As a shepherd of souls he was starving his flock. In some of these hours of self examination, when he laid open the barrenness of his own soul, he classed himself with:—

> " . . . such as for their bellies sake
> Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
>
> * * *
>
> Blind mouths! that scarce know how to hold
> A sheephook, or have learnt aught else, the least,
> That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

The old dreams and visions had left him, and now that he had the education he had lost the inclination to write.

It may perhaps be thought that at this crisis John might have taken counsel with his spiritual master, the Rev. Murdoch Smithson. Truth to tell, he had once made an attempt to confide in that kindly, if somewhat pompous, gentleman, and had much the same experience as George Fox, the Quaker, when he consulted with the clergy of the neighbourhood.

"Yes, yes, my dear lad," the elder man had said smiling and interrupting John's stammering utterances, "we have all been through the same mill in our young days. These thoughts are simply a phase through which we all pass, simply a phase. Or," he added as an after thought, "they are most probably the wiles of the devil. Resist them. Some innocent recreation is a great help."

Others besides John have experienced the effectual silencing of such an answer.

So when John could bear his own thoughts no longer he returned to Sandy. As he reached the house door he noticed what an unusual quietude reigned within. The latch, however, yielded to his touch, and he stepped into the little shop. Pausing for an instant on the threshold he noticed with surprise that all the cages were muffled in cloths and the little songsters silent. Almost instantly the door of the bedroom opened and a rough, burly figure, whom John recognised as the parish doctor, appeared. On seeing John he uttered an exclamation of relief.

"A minister, thank goodness," he said. "Go in, I can do nothing further."

"What's the matter?" asked John. "Is Sandy ill?"

"Dying," replied the doctor, briefly. "Suffered from an incurable disease ever since I knew him. Great patience. End come sooner than I expected. Wanders a bit now. By the way, does your name happen to be 'John?' By jove, is it really, though? Perhaps its you he's asking for. Go in, man, go in." So saying, he opened the door and pushed John, too bewildered to resist, into the tiny bedroom.

One of the parish nurses was seated beside the bed, but she moved to make way for him.

"There was a man sent from the wilderness," said old Sandy's voice, low and feeble, "an' his name was John. Aye, I telt the laddie to gang awa' back tae the wilderness an' herd his sheep. I'm afeard that I hurted him, but he's no' fit yet tae feed the flock o' the Lord. He disna ken, the laddie—?" He opened his eyes.

"John! Hae ye come! It's me that was thinking lang for ye!"

Then he turned fiercely on the nurse. "Gang awa' oot o' this, wuman! Didna I tell ye that I had done wi' oot ye an' yer kind livin', an' I can die fine wi' oot ye tae! Gang awa' wi' ye,"

And the nurse left the room.

"I wanted to tell you, Sandy," said John, bending low over the bed, "that I know you are right in what you said to me, but how can I disappoint my uncle? However, it's not of myself, God knows, that I wish to speak now. Sandy, man, what will I do without you? Can I do anything for you? Would you—would you—I mean—don't you think that I ought to say a prayer for you?"

Sandy's eyes twinkled in spite of mortal weakness.

"Och, lad, dinna fash yersel', dinna seek to play the meenister wi' me! You an' me's been guid freens in life, an' why should we mak' ony

difference evernoo'? But, laddie, there's one thing that ye can dae for me."

"Aye," said John, with bent head, "anything that I can do I will do gladly."

"Tell thon uncle that ye made a mistake, that yer no' fit tae be onything but a shepherd. Tell that tae him honestly."

"Sandy, having put my hand to the plough how can I look back?"

"Aye, but dae ye mind the feenish o' the text? If ye think that yer fit for the Kingdom o' Heaven yer a prooder man than I tak' ye for. Gae back tae yer wurk, John, an', if God will, light—may—come tae—ye—some—day." His voice had grown so low an' feeble that John could scarcely distinguish the words. "Except yer hairt . . . like a little child . . . no wise . . . enter." He suddenly raised himself in bed and said in a loud, clear, voice, "Open the room door, John, an' tell that meddlin' wuman to let me hear ma burds."

John obeyed, and removed the cloths from the cages. The birds, thinking no doubt that it was a somewhat abrupt dawning, burst into song. So, with the sound of the music he loved best following him to the confines of this world, old Sandy crossed the bourne.

* * *

Over the moor by Brubster walks a man clad in shepherd's plaid; on his face the look of one freed from a heavy yoke. His steps are directed towards the sea and the sunset. He reaches at length the brow of the hill, and sends his gaze seawards—sunwards. Only the grey impalpable mist, grey clouds and a grey line of sea. He wanders on until he reaches the edge of the cliffs, and remains there, walking back and forth, for many hours, a lonely soul, but no longer warring against his own instincts. At last he turns his eyes landwards—skywards, and lo! above Ben Rath, high in the heavens, shines, softly effulgent, the star of evening.

"Emblem of hope," said John Sinclair, "so, if God will, light may come to me some day."

Conon Bridge. MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

"ARGYLL'S HIGHLANDS, OR THE LAND OF LORNE," by Cuthbert Bede, will be published immediately. It is a handsome volume, illustrated with a large number of fine engravings of Kintyre, Islay, and other places of Macdonald interest. We have just spent a delightful holiday in Kintyre, visiting the ancient strongholds of the Lords of the Isles, and have collected a great deal of valuable information never before published, which will appear in the appendix of this work. An account of the emigrations from Kintyre to America, Canada, and the Australian Colonies is given, with interesting particulars regarding the various settlements. The sites of the Macdonald strongholds at Askomill and Smerbie were also indentified.

THE MACGREGORS, GRIERSONS AND GREERS.

The following appeared in *The Dumfries and Galloway Standard* for February 6th, 1889.

"TWO charters were exhibited by Mr. William Dickie on behalf of Mr. Kerr, factor for Sir Alexander D. Grierson of Lag and Rockhall, before 'The Natural History and Antiquarian Society,' Dumfries. One was a charter of the lands of Drumjoan in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright to Gilbert Grierson, granted by Princess Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and widow of the fourth Earl Douglas, Lord of Galloway, and dated at her castle of Threve, 9th April, 1429. The seal bore the arms of the Douglas family; of the Lordship of Galloway and Annandale; and the French Duchy of Touraine. Gilbert Grierson, described in the charter as 'her faithful squire,' was also a relation of the Princess, having married her grand-daughter. The other was a tack of the lands of Allanton and Kilbryde in the barony of Keir, granted by Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell (whose seal and signature were attached) to John Grierson of Lag in 1539. This was the Lord Maxwell who was taken prisoner at Solway Moss, and the father of Lord Herries, so closely associated with the history of Queen Mary. It was pointed out that a close relationship by marriage had subsisted at that time between both the Maxwell and Grierson families and the Douglases of Drumlanrig; the granter of this charter having been married to Janet Douglas of Drumlanrig, daughter of James, sixth baron; and the grantee's mother being Agnes Douglas of Drumlanrig, daughter of William, fifth baron."

Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, Lord of Galloway and Duke of Touraine, was eldest son of Archibald the Grim, third Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway, and succeeded his father in 1401. He was killed at Verneuil (1424) in France, after which victory for the arms of England, Scotland through the release of King James I. of Scotland was detached from the French Alliance.

John Macgregor of Glenurchy was taken prisoner at the battle of Dunbar (1296), and in the list of prisoners he is stated to be one of the *Magnates of Scotland.* His lands were restored to him conditionally on his serving King Edward I., and at his death, which took place it is said in France, he left an only daughter who married John, son of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochawe, by Lady Mary Bruce, sister of Robert (Bruce) I.

Some of the Macgregors joined Bruce and

some took part with Alexander Macdougall, whose wife was a sister of Comyn, slain by Robert Bruce and Kirkpatrick in the Chapel at Dumfries. Gilbert Grierson was descended from one of these loyal Macgregor barons, as his position, name, and alliance clearly show that he was neither a waif nor a stray.

In the Macgregor history by Miss A. M. Macgregor, it is stated that the Griersons are not Macgregors, and yet we Greers of our ilk, who claim descent from Sir William Grierson of Lag, Knight, through his son, Sir James Grierson of Capenoch, *have always considered ourselves Macgregors—and will do so still.* Some writers about the Griersons reject the relationship *which we are proud of.*

Captain Joseph Henry Greer, late 74th Highlanders, and senior branch of my family, who is the sixth generation from the first owner of his place (in fee simple) *which is called Grange MacGregor, bears by heraldic right the Macgregor arms,* as depicted in Sir Robert Douglas' baronage.

My ancestor, Henry Greer, emigrated from Northumberland in 1653, and is stated—in an old pedigree which is in my possession, made in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1720, during the life of Robert (died 1730), second son of the above Henry—to be "Henry Greer, gentleman, son of Sir James Greer."

The following is a letter received by my late father, Thomas Greer of Tullylagan, from Colonel William Grierson, son of Sir Robert Grierson, Bart., of Lag, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Carnwath, his wife :—

Dumfries, 25th Nov., 1861.

My dear Sir,—I am duly favoured with your kind letter to me of the 20th inst., together with the very interesting statement to "The Macgregor" that you presented me with when I had the honour of a call from you here in May last. These two sketches are invaluable in the present day to any who can lay claim to being a link of that ancient and honourable clan.

The clear and concise manner in which the work has been got up must have been the result of much labour, and all your name and lineage ought to consider themselves deeply indebted to you for the pains you have taken in drawing up this most interesting biography.—Believe me, my dear sir, your very sincere friend and affectionate cousin, Wm. Grierson.

My arms—which are attached to the pedigree of 1720—which belonged to my great-great-grandfather, John Greer, who was the second son of James, eldest son of Henry Greer, Ireland, 1653, aforesaid are :—*azure,* a lion rampant, *or* armed and langued gules, between antique crowns of the second, on a canton *arg.* an oak tree eradicated, surmounted by a sword in bend sinister ensigned on the point with a royal crown, all ppr. Crest, an eagle displayed, charged on the breach with a quadrangular lock. Motto, *memor esto.* Registered in Ulster Office.

I visited Lag Castle, then a ruin, in 1873. Lag Castle was built about the middle of the fifteenth century. Colonel Grierson had long been dead.

Capenoch went to T. Kirkpatrick, Bt., of Closeburn, by marriage with Susanna, the heiress of James Grierson. Lord Torphichen, the heir general of the ancient Douglas family, is descended from this union. Closeburn has gone by sale to the Bairds, and Capenoch by the same means to the Gladstones. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In the Dumfries and Galloway paper, from which I have already given an extract, it is stated that Agnes, daughter of Sir William Grierson, Knight, was the mother of Annie Laurie, but this is not the case. She was the daughter of John Laurie of Maxwellton by his second marriage with Miss Riddell; his first wife was Agnes Grierson of Lag. William Douglas of Fingland, son of Archibald Douglas, Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, was the author of the song. Annie Laurie married Fergusson of Craigdarrock in 1709, and her descendant is the present owner. Some years ago when living near Bath, I copied the following inscription in Weston Cemetery from the the tomb of a descendant of Annie Laurie :—

"To the memory of General Sir James Fergusson, G.C.B., Colonel of the 43rd regiment, of the family of the Fergussons of Craigdarrock in the County of Dumfries, N.B. He served during the Peninsular campaigns from 1808 to 1814 in the Light Division, and was three times a volunteer with the storming parties of the 43rd regiment. He terminated his long and distinguished services as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the fortress of Gibralter. Born, March 17, 1787. Died, Sept. 4, 1865.

Behold the eyes of the Lord is on them that fear Him, on them that hope on his mercy. Psalm 33."

Grierson of Lag, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Laurie of Maxwellton, were created Barts. in 1685, and are all related to the Craigdarrock family. The last Sir Robert Laurie, Bart, Captain, R.N., a brave naval officer, was Hereditary Knight Marshal of Scotland.

Co. Tyrone. FREDERICK GREER.

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